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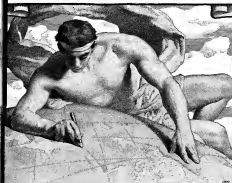
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Inside With the Publishers

In this issue of The Busy Man's will be found articles on Vacation, Outdoor Life, etc. This is the season when our readers are planning their holiday trips and it is to assist them to derive the greatest benefits from these outings that we inserted such articles. More space than usual is devoted to articles selected from the best fiction of the month. In short, we have endeavored to make the July number as much as possible an outing number without departing from the policy of the magazine.

Every week brings favorable comments on The Busy Man's Magazine from the leading papers in Great Britain. We regret that space will not permit us to publish the comments in this issue, but it is our intention at an early date to devote considerable space to these. We had not looked for such a hearty reception on the other side of the Atlantic. We knew that the basic idea of the magazine was sterling; but that there should be such a rapid increase in the number of its readers was beyond our greatest expectations.

In the near future The Busy Man's will be read in all quarters of the globe. We have just received a letter from Business Systems Limited, Toronto, manufacturers and dealers of Loose-leaf Systems and Supplies. We quote this letter in part, as it serves to show the progress The Busy Man's is making:

"It will no doubt be of interest to you to see the enclosed post card which is a reply to one of the ad-

vertisements which we are carrying in your paper. This reply is but one of the many we have received; but having come from Russia, we feel that it is particularly interesting, showing, as it does, the widespread interest which is taken in your magazine, and the possible results which come from advertising in the same."

Business Systems, although but two years in the field, have eighteen traveling accountants in Canada, an office and three salesmen in London, and branches in many foreign countries. The progress of this concern in Canada has been so rapid that they have been compelled to erect a new factory in Toronto, which they will occupy in September. The Busy Man's has found a new market for the products of a concern whose reputation is almost worldwide. Many letters of a similar nature to the above are being received, showing that The Busy Man's also ranks first among the magazines of to-day as an advertising medium.

We are always pleased to receive letters from our readers, giving us their frank opinion of the magazine. If there are any parts of The Busy Man's which they do not like we want them to write calling our attention to them. No criticism is bad—it's all food from our point of view. Many of the improvements made are the results of suggestions from our readers. We intend to add other features and when any such addition is made we solicit the criticisms of our readers. Every criticism is of value to us.



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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XIV

JULY 1907

No 3

Vacation for Business Men

By Jas. W. Sutton, M.D., Physical Director University of Toronto

IN making a few suggestions that may help the man of business not only to enjoy, but to derive the maximum amount of benefit from his vacation, I have in mind the average business man, the man upon whom fortune has smiled to the extent that business no longer has need of his services. Such men, with their motors, clubs, yachts, and other pleasures, are not classed here as business men. I have in mind the man whose business requires his brain and body constantly. He may be struggling to keep the business afloat, to meet competition, or to make his business a factor among the industries of the country; or maybe, he is a trusted employee, burdened with responsibilities.

The advisability of an annual vacation in this twentieth century is apparent. In past years men adhered closely to business day in and day out, year in and year out. The boast of the successful business man in the old days was, "I have not taken a holiday in thirty years." The successful man of to-day makes no such boast. He takes an annual vacation,

with what result? The average business years of the life of the business man have been prolonged some seven years within the past few decades. The necessity of a vacation is likewise apparent. The wear and tear on body and mind by business makes it essential that rest and recreation be obtained at least once a year. Some inkling of this vacation necessity comes to us as we think of what life would be without our regular weekly day of rest. This is recognized all over the world by progressive nations. Japan, whose rapid civilization makes the world pause in wonderment, has adopted the Christian Sabbath—the weekly rest day. France, as we know, tried the plan of one day's rest in every ten days. The authorities were forced to return to the old rule of one day's rest in seven, owing to the deteriorating effects upon the people physically of the lengthened period without rest.

The business man who refuses to take a holiday, is practising poor economy in the matter of physical well-being. Health of body, strength and clearness of mind, are his greatest assets. To adhere to business so closely that a vacation is out of the

question, is the height of folly from any standpoint, economical or otherwise. Not only does the body become lethargic, but the mind is less clear, and the outlook less buoyant. The actual number of years of active business life—years worth so many hundreds or thousands of dollars each—is lessened. It has been a source of wonder in these later years that some men have remained in harness so long.

We can cite numerous instances, with names, of prominent business men whose lives have been preserved to the business world by the simple matter of a regular vacation—men, hopes for whose health had been abandoned, and, in some instances, for whom papers of commitment to an asylum had been signed by the court. These men were preserved, I say, by a sensible vacation. Close application to business, without vacation periods, is responsible for the prevalence of that dread disease, neurasthenia.

The man of business must try to arrange his holiday at the most convenient time. The loss to business is then a minimum, and the peace of mind resulting from this fact is a tonic in itself. He does not feel that the sacrifice is too great.

The latter part of July is, to my mind, the most suitable time. By taking it earlier, he may have to come back to town in the very hottest part of the year. By taking it later, he is apt to be too fagged by the summer weather to enjoy his holiday. During July and August there is less business being done, and therefore the monetary loss is least. There will be some exceptions to this rule, due to the nature of the business.

Where to go is a question difficult to answer and sometimes fraught with much domestic infelicity. Compromises are often necessary. We have all heard of the business man who settled everything by compromise. As the vacation period approached, his wife and daughters expressed a desire for the seaside; he himself was bent on taking the family to the mountains. There was a deadlock. A friend to whom he

had confided the difficulty asked him a few days later if he and his family had finally decided where they would holiday.

"Oh, yes," he said, "We have compromised the matter. We are going to the seaside!"

Everything considered, it depends more upon the temperament than on the age of the man just where he would receive the greatest benefits.

The young man feels that Atlantic City would meet his requirements. I have been surprised at the beneficial effects of a ten-day or two weeks' trip to Atlantic City upon some of our younger men. The mountains, with the bracing air, beautiful landscapes, and glorious sunsets, appeal to many and give that restful, hopeful feeling, that is worth so much—a buoyancy of feeling, that gives the clear brain to plan, and instills the nerve to execute. There is a something in the mountains that calls forth the noblest that is in a man. Our modern business methods are criticized for unscrupulousness, but the standard of business life suffers not the more for the heartsearchings in the pure mountain air.

The seaside strikes a responsive chord in some men. The roar of the ocean is soothing, and the largeness of the outlook toward the sea suits their perspective. The bathing and the music seem to rest their tired brain. To them the change is a rest. While the seaside may give more enjoyment to the man of highly nervous temperament, its beneficial effects, aside from the exercise of bathing, scarcely equal the benefits obtained by other forms of holiday life. Of course, if these other forms do not appeal (after a trial of them), he would naturally obtain more benefit from the seaside. Country life offers the most recreation and rest from business. Not the country life, where the farmer makes a specialty of entertaining city boarders. This latter, with its unlimited supply of canned meats, vegetables, and even canned milk, is scarcely the ideal spot to secure an entire change of life; but a country home where the best they

have is not sent to market but used on the table. A country district, with its home life, a nearby stream for swimming, fishing and boating, and roads for a quiet walk or drive, is almost ideal. Perhaps the best life for enjoyment, and mental and physical renewing, is found in the camp or the summer cottage. The summer cottage, where city life with its principles, social etiquette and frills, is always in evidence should be avoided. Such places have been overdone. People have become wiser in the last few years, and are abandoning these miniature palaces. The summer cottage, with its three or four rooms, used only for sleep, or as a refuge from a storm, is the ideal spot. This form of vacation life gives the highest rate of interest for time and money spent.

This question of how long to stay must be settled by the individual.

A month should renew a man completely, two weeks revive him, and even ten days fit him to start the business wheels again.

Many suggestions are promiscuously thrown out by health advisers as to what to do during vacation. What not to do seems to be more in order. Therefore, I will first mention a few things not to do: In the first place "don't" take your business with you. Before you start away make a resolution that you are "quit" of business until you return. Don't take those papers along, that you think you could work out better whilst lying around on the long summer day. You must remember that your mind is to have a complete rest or change, and that for the time being you are simply an animal, that is, you are to eat, sleep and exercise.

Make this resolution, and so arrange matters, that your resolution may not be easily broken. It may be well, therefore, to avoid the place where there are six meals a day, and the telegraph station is just across the street. Leave everything pertaining to business so there will be no cause for worry. It is "worry" that will spoil your recreation. As John Temple Graves says: "There are only

two things that worry us—the things we can't help, and the things we can help." Therefore, if instead of worrying about the things we can help, we try to help them, we'll remove most of our worry.

Select a quiet place with about two miles a week, and a few miles from a telegraph station. Leave your address behind, of course, but you are only to be reached in the event of some special emergency.

Just a digression here to say that many men have secured a wonderful degree of enjoyment and health by taking a "walking trip." Usually in two for company, after picking out a suitable district, mountainous or otherwise, they have walked a number of miles each day for two to three weeks. There was no particular schedule, no particular number of miles—some days ten miles, other days twenty and thirty; sometimes a stop for an hour's fishing or swimming—just an easy, careless, life with the outdoor exercise to strengthen them. This recalls to my mind the fate that befell a couple of my friends during a walking expedition in the hilly districts of North Georgia. They got along the first day or two very nicely. Everybody was friendly, and not the slightest trouble arose in getting food at the farm houses on the route. Then things took a change. No one had any food to give or sell at any price. The outlook was serious. Walking to develop an appetite and nothing with which to appease it is no joke. Getting off their route, they were in danger of being lost. They had been without food from early morning. It was now evening, and not a house in sight, nor a light anywhere. To add to their discomfort, they came to a fork in the road, and were unable to agree as to which was the proper route. Finally they discerned a signboard on a tree, and felt that enlightenment was near. Unfortunately, it was too dark to make out the inscription, and they seemed for the moment as badly off as ever. The younger fellow climbed the tree, and extracting his last match, carefully struck it, and read the following ap-

appropriate directions: "Eat Blank's pills for that full feeling." They finally got to a point, from which they were able to take the train home. The explanation for their treatment was that word had been passed along ahead of them that they were "revenue officers" looking for illicit stills. Under the circumstances they were fortunate in getting home at all.

As a practical illustration of the benefits of a walking trip, I will simply mention this concrete case. A Toronto man taking a walking trip every summer. He has his blood examined before he goes and on his return. The percentage of haemoglobin (life-giving portion) increases about ten per cent. in the three weeks.

Relaxation is the supreme requisite for the maximum benefit from a vacation. To secure it you must be a boy again. This is the keynote of successful relaxation. If every man were to make this his motto, he would come back rejuvenated—a youth in body and mind. Remember, I didn't say he was to become "one of the boys." There is some distinction, but I'll not press the point.

If you are fond of swimming find the "swimming hole," or the place where the "bunch" of boys go; I do not mean that fashionable resort where, if your shape is not that of a Sandow, you do not go into the water, but parade the beach instead. Go to the place where you can walk in, flop in, dive in, or go any old way; the way you did as a boy. However, do not stay in quite as long as you did when you were a boy. The length of time you should remain depends upon how you feel an hour or two later. If not depressed, you may remain for a longer period the next time, or even go in twice a day. If you go fishing, dig your own bait, early in the morning, or even the night before, as you used to do. Don't hire a man to dig the bait; hold your rod, put on the bait and take off the fish, just because you can afford it. Be yourself of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. Don't forget to take your bait, I mean your lunch. Have

it ample, but simple. The "boy" spirit holds good for boating, baseball, tennis, and other games, in which you were prone to indulge. Enter into them with the same boy spirit.

There should be some routine for the day. You ask, did the boy ever think about routine? I mean, there should be some degree of regularity in your very carelessness. The rising should be early. If you wish to sleep, do some of it about the middle of the day and retire early. Dancing and visiting until the midnight hour and sleeping in late in the morning may coincide with the idea of the careless life, but the best part of the day is being wasted. Get up early, eat a cracker and take a drink of grape juice. Then take a short swim, a walk through the woods, or an hour's fishing. You come back ready and eager for breakfast. The cracker and grape juice "stay" the stomach, fit you for the hour's exercise, and in no way interfere with the enjoyment of your breakfast. After breakfast, it would be well to sit around for half an hour, then a couple of hours for a walk, tennis, golf or an hour's boating. Perhaps a swim would suit you better. Take a half-hour's rest before dinner. After dinner, an hour's rest or even a dose will prove acceptable and beneficial. Then indulge in a fishing expedition—although the fish do not bite so well in the afternoon—a game of ball, if you are one of the younger men, or watch a game, if you are one of the older men.

Just another digression here for a word of warning to smokers for after dinner. The majesty of men on a holiday, will smoke more cigars or tobacco in one day than they do usually in a week. I am not criticizing tobacco, but I wish to say that tobacco was never found in the text books under the heading of tonics. It is a depressant pure and simple, and this should always be remembered. The good of your holiday is lessened by this over-indulgence. The whole motor function is depressed, the stomach becomes irritable, and the heart reflects the condition of the stomach.

Remember then, that although your vacation would not be a vacation to you without your pipe or cigar, over-indulgence may be the means of spoiling it entirely. I would like to emphasize this matter of excessive smoking. It is responsible for more ills than we can estimate. That a man can smoke a cigar occasionally, and enjoy the best of health is an absolute fact. But that a man can smoke hour after hour, and be at his best, mentally and physically, is impossible. Smoke, if the enjoyment of your vacation is enhanced thereby, but smoke in moderation.

I have purposely avoided the "diet" question. From my observations, a man leading the outdoor animal life can eat almost anything.

After all, the keynote, as I said before, is to live the "boy life" again. Eat heartily as does the boy, but more around as he does also.

This endeavor to live the "boy life" as nearly as possible, is my simple message to business men for their annual vacation. Let your motto be: "Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight, Make me a boy again, just for 'my vacation.'"

The Man Who Was Afraid

By W. H. G. Wyndham Motre in Person

INGRAM yawned, put down his paper and moved toward his desk to finish some legal work that he had brought home from his office. He had scarcely time to glance at it when three white-robed figures filed into the room so silently that he was unaware of their presence until Natalie, the oldest, spoke.

"We knew you'd be lonely without mother," she volunteered, "so we've come down."

He looked at her with a smile. "Mother wouldn't allow this if she were here."

"But mother isn't here," said the baby, creaking a large, ugly wooden dog on wheels, "that's why we came down."

"You're an immoral young ruffian," declared his father, taking him on his knee. He was delighted to see them, but for discipline's sake felt impelled to offer some objections. "You ought all three of you to be in bed."

"We ought all to be asleep," agreed Natalie, "but we knew you wanted us to come and see you."

He glanced down at the patient face of Graham, the middle child, whose lameness awoke the tenderest feelings in his heart. "What do you want me to do, Sonny?" he asked.

"I'll be Daniel," said Graham, brightening, "and you be the biggest lion that roars."

"And I want you to tell me a story," This from Natalie.

The baby wanted no better occupation than to sit with his arms about the dog's neck and talk to it.

Ingram proved such an excellent lion that Graham soon became tired of play and was carried to bed in his mother's room, where, that she might minister the more readily to his frail body, he occupied a cot by her bed. For that night she was absent, but he was not afraid and soon sank into sleep. The baby and his companion were deposited in the night nursery, and Ingram went down stairs to tell Natalie the promised story.

"What shall it be about to-night?" he demanded. "It must be a very short one, for it's nearly eleven and I have a lot of work to do."

Natalie reflected. "Tell me about robbers who steal diamonds and murder people."

Ingram started. "What a horrible subject," he said. "Where did you learn of such things?"

"Mary told me," she answered. Mary was a nurse gifted with imagination.

"Mary should not fill your mind with horrors," he declared with some heat.

"They're true," she said. "Mrs. Probyn had all her diamonds stolen last night, and Mr. Probyn was hit on the head. Perhaps they'll come here to-night."

Ingram took a cigar from his case and lighted it with hands that were not too steady.

"Are you sure it is true, Nat?"

The child, delighted to find she had an interested listener, plunged into a gossamer account of their neighbor's misfortune, as related by the servants and overheard by her. When she had finished she demanded a similar story in return.

"It's too late," said the father, "I have so much to do. You know," he said with a smile, "if I didn't work you couldn't have pretty clothes and nice toys."

With that acute observation possessed by children she perceived something unusual in his manner, but she supposed it might be fatigue, and flung her little arms around his neck and trotted obediently to bed.

Meanwhile Ingram was brought face to face with a problem about which he had never cared to think. Big, strong, healthy man as he was, there was in his heart such a dread of violence and lawlessness that the child's tale had awakened in him a thousand recurrent fears. This uncontrollable cowardice had remained carefully concealed from his friends for the reason that there came, in this modern life, so few opportunities for a man to evince personal courage; strength so often passes for that he had been unsuspected, but in the depths of his heart he knew well what a craven he was. Natalie's story took him back with a leap into his own childhood, which had been made none too happy by the foolish and terrifying stories told him by ignorant and superstitious nurses. They flooded back to him now, those stories of banshees, of strange evil spirits who inhabit the depths of woods, and of misshapen animals who prowled around houses at night.

With an effort he banished these legends and told himself that burglars would never rob a house within a half a mile of Probyn's the next night after committing a deed of violence. He felt calmer after he determined to keep the lights burning and to buy a Boston terrier for his wife the following morning. But all the time this question came back at him, "What should I do if I came face to face with an armed burglar?"

Then, in the silence of his own house an impotent rage took hold of him that courage, which should be the birthright of every man, was denied to him. He tried to imagine what men of his acquaintance would do if they suspected the presence of burglars. He pictured him, firm and resolute, with unfrightened eyes and calm, remorseless hands—while he shuddered at the mere idea of such a contingency.

For almost an hour he sat there; then he read until the clock chimed two. On the stroke of the hour he became aware of slight noises in the hall, noises which might well be occasioned by the soft foot fall of some one descending the stairs. When he heard them again they were nearer, and he knew something, or some one, was creeping along to the open door of the library. With strained eyes he watched for what seemed an incredibly long time. Then, with her finger on her lips, Natalie came into the room, wearing the look of a new importance.

"They're up there in mother's dressing room," she cried; "I heard them. If you go up now you can catch them."

Ingram wrung his hands in despair. "O God, for the heart of a man!" he moaned.

The child looked at him in surprise. Why, she wondered, did he not go at once and save her mother's pretty jewels? That he could do so she had no doubt. But the man's first impulse was to run for help; and he did not dare to brave the long tree-shaded path where armed men might be lurking, anticipating his coming. A sudden cunning came to him.

"What nonsense!" he said to the girl. "You've been dreaming—too much mouse pie. You were afraid because of what Mary said."

She looked at him half indignant; "I'm not afraid with you."

He broke into a laugh that had something of hysteria in it. It seemed to him so tragically ludicrous that she believed so thoroughly in a man who dared not stir for terror.

She looked at him grave-eyed. "Why don't you go up? There are two of them. I saw their light through a chink in the door."

There was no help, he knew, from his servants, all of whom were women, and slept in a distant wing. It seemed better to temporize, to allow he burglars to get away with what they wanted and suppose he had not heard. The other children were asleep, and if he could keep Natalie with him for a while all would be well.

"What a fanciful child you are!" he exclaimed. "Of course there's nobody there. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you are good I will sing that song you like about the Dollie and the Soldier Man." Before she could reply, he seated himself at the little piano in the corner and crashed out some jumbling chords, singing of the sorrows of the china dollie whose little heart broke because of the faithless soldier man. Surely, he thought, the sounds must carry upstairs and startle the men. He understood perfectly well that growing up within Natalie, who watched him, was the suspicion that he was afraid; but that could not give him courage.

Suddenly she cried for him to cease. "Listen," she said. "What is that?" Then she crept out into the hall. In a few seconds she was back. "Baby has waked up," she said. "He will wake Graham, and the men are in his room. Father, you must go up. He is so frightened at night without mother."

Then he thought of the waking of the child, the delicate, hyper-sensitive little Graham, over whom he had promised to keep especial watch. Suppose the child woke, and to stifle his

cries the men hurt him—even killed him.

"My God!" he cried aloud, "I can't stand that. Give me the heart of a man."

Then, still consumed by fear but mastered by something higher, he crept quietly through the dim-lit nursery, where the baby was whimpering, and paused at the dressing-room door. Then he flung it open.

There were two men. One was kneeling with an open trunk at his side, while the other stood over him examining a tiara which had been a wedding gift to his wife. Ingram looked at him for a moment. He did not know that he had fought with fear and conquered, he only knew that he must protect his children. With his powerful fists clenched he rushed at the standing man and struck him full in the face. And as he stooped to strike the other there was a flash and, a bullet through his shoulder, he fell to the ground.

When he came to himself he was lying in his bed, stiff bandages. A trained nurse was busying herself with medicine bottles. She turned as he asked, "Is Mrs. Ingram here?"

"Now, you mustn't speak," said the woman gently, "she doctored."

He interrupted her with impatience.

"I must see her, and at once!"

"For a few minutes then," she said. He dared hardly look at his wife's face as she entered. The events of the night were very clear in his mind, and it seemed that the whole world would stamp him as a coward. He could hardly bear his kiss, so poignant was his feeling of shame.

"Christine," he said slowly, "are the children all right?"

"They are all waiting to see you, darling."

"I can't see them yet," answered. "I've something to tell you first, something to confess. You wouldn't have married me if you hadn't thought me to be an ordinarily brave man. Well, I'm a coward. When Natalie told me the men were in your room I was horribly afraid. I determined to let them take everything. I have never had a fight in my life. I am

afraid of dogs and horses. It was only when I thought if anything happened to Graham I dare never face you that I went into the room. I had to tell you this, dear, because I don't want my life to be a living lie any more. Christine, don't despise me."

For a moment she made no answer, and his ears caught the sound of rattling wheels as baby dragged his gigantic dog, the dog to whom he told his heart. As the child passed the door the father could hear him

half chanting, half talking—"An' they was two bad, wicked men an' my farver took his sword and catted off their heads!"

The words seemed a horrible mockery to the sick man as he lay waiting. Suddenly he felt her arms about his neck.

"My dearest," she whispered, "how many men are there brave enough to fight with fear as you did and to confess as you have confessed?"

On Growing Old Without Regret

By John Burroughs

Growing old is a kind of letting go; we let go our hold of many things to which we have been wont to cling, in other words, at about sixty—earlier with some persons, later with others—we reach the negative side of life and say "no" where we used to say "yes." We are done with many things, we are done for the most part with novel-reading, theatre-going, hunting, fishing—though my grandfather was an enthusiastic fisherman at eighty-four. We lose our taste for travel, for new people and new scenes. We become less combative and argumentative and more tolerant and sympathetic. Growing old is a hardening process as regards the physical frame and a softening process as regards the feelings and emotions. We are more tender and considerate with others; it takes more to move us to laughter, and less to move us to tears; we are more prudent but less restorative and original; our wisdom increases, but our power of initiative lessens. While as we may to keep our courage up, old age is a falling off, a drying up, a letting go. Our ambitions fade, our enthusiasms cool, our pleasures are less intense. But strange to say—and this is one of the things that make old age more tolerable—we do not regret it; we do not regret that we have got through with many things that we see our younger people sweating over; we rather feel like congratulating ourselves that we are done with this and that and the other and can drift with the current or rest at our moorings and see the procession pass.

Then, of course, there are compensations, many of them; not the least of these are greater breadth of view, more charity, more serenity, and a more profound appreciation of the value and the meaning of life. We sail, or we swim in deeper waters; the hurrying and turbulent currents are behind us, the shoals and reefs are now cleared, and there is little to disturb or make us afraid.

Succulent Dinners that Swim the Sea

By Agnes Deane Cameron in Saturday Evening Post

THE Pacific salmon-pack year by year adds to the world's wealth a sum greater than the combined output of all the gold mines in the Yukon. The canneries of the Columbia alone paid out sixty million dollars in workers' wages during the last quarter of a century and sent a hundred million dollars' worth of canned salmon to the waiting breakfast tables of the world. Last year Alaska put up over two and a quarter millions of cases of canned salmon.

For three long Summer months, in clustering millions, flashing in the moonlight, scintillating in the sun, from unknown depths and basins uncharted right up to the cannery doors the salmon swim, and all but deliver themselves into the expectant tins of the fish-packer.

On the west coast of America swim five species of anadromous or sea-going salmon: Quinnet, Sockeye, Coho, Humpback and Dog. The largest and individually the most important salmon, is rich in names; he is known as the Chinook of the Columbia, the Spring on the Fraser and the King salmon in Alaska, the Indians call him the Tyee (Big Chief), and the Russians the Schaviche.

The Quinnet runs to fifty and eighty and even ninety pounds, and its rich, red and tender flesh gives it the sterling mark in that conservative English market which long ago declared that all salmon should be served red whether Nature agreed or not. The Quinnet has a wide range; it runs from the Sacramento south to Behring Sea, and turning south on the Asiatic side moves downward to Northern China, affecting by preference the large rivers with snow-fed or glacial tributaries.

It is a beautiful fish of clear, bright, silver hue, and a most determined traveler. It has been proved without shadow of cavil that in the Yukon

at spawning season the Quinnet ascends to Cariboo Crossing on Lake Bennett, full twenty two hundred miles.

The Quinnet is the largest, but if gross value and quantity be considered, the Sockeye salmon easily takes first place. He is in the sea what the Douglas fir is on the land to all this great Northwest country. He, too, has a multiplicity of names; on the Columbia he is the Blueback, in Alaska the Red salmon, while the Fraser fishermen have dubbed him the Sockeye, a familiar corruption of the Siwash saw-que. The Sockeye is easily the neatest and most symmetrical of the salmon, and it is a little difficult for the landsman to appreciate how plentiful it is in season.

In Alaska the seines for taking the Sockeye are paid out and drawn in by steam power. Five thousand fish is the minimum haul—it wouldn't pay to operate the machinery for a less number; twenty thousand fish at a draft is a daily occurrence; and, by actual count, in the year 1896, sixty thousand fish were used from one haul and forty thousand were released because the canneries were glutted, making one hundred thousand fish at one taking of the net.

One hundred thousand fish at an average usable weight of five pounds each runs into five hundred thousand pounds. This one take would put a half-pound tin of prime Sockeye salmon into the frill dinner-pail of every man, woman and child in a city of a million population.

The Sockeye is a gayly-colored fish, the youthful bright blue of its back and side with a touch of silver on the belly changing at the time of its river-ascent into a vivid crimson body-coloring, with a head of olive-green.

The Coho—or Silver—salmon is a big fish second in size only to the Quinnet, but its pale flesh discounts it somewhat in the regular market;

when canned it describes itself as "medium red salmon."

The Humpback and the Dog salmon are the humble brothers of the race. The Humpback almost unknown in the Sacramento, Columbia and Fraser, is most abundant in Alaska. Extremely fecund, it swims in millions, breeding near the sea in brooks, swamps and brackish estuaries. Although the cheaper fish are making their way more and more into the world's market, while the Sockeye, the Coho and the Quinnet swim, we do not like to consider the Humpback as a white man's fish. It is sent to the negroes of the South, and the Chinese and Japanese buy it; during the season fresh Humpback sell in the open market at a cent apiece with no takers.

The Dog salmon also is almost without honor in his own country, where he is known as the Chum and the Calico salmon—the Russians call him Hayko, and he is Sake to the Japs. But caused by any name, candor sees in him a mushy individual with a strong taste of mud; salted he is accepted by Japan and, frozen, by Germany, but the Dog salmon is not good enough for America.

In respect to their food-values the five Pacific salmon may be represented by the first five digits: Quinnet, 5; Sockeye, 4; Coho, 3; Humpback, 2; and Dog salmon, 1.

The Summer-swarming salmon in masses choking the river-estuaries of the Pacific are muscular, rigid, fat, firm of flesh, in the very pink of condition, each fish a little craft of itself, just so many pounds of succulent food furnished with propulsive machinery.

As the revolving seasons roll, out of the ocean in uncounted myriads they come, each salmon urged forward by a creation-old instinct to seek the upper reaches of its native river, there to deposit the spawn and mill of the new generations. The time and the place of its coming are known; man merely spreads his net receptacles and the salmon catches itself.

At the river-mouths devices ingenious and many are spread out to

gather in these swimming dinners: weirs and fish-traps, fish-wheels, miles and miles of gill-nets, thousands of pound-nets and bottom-trawling seines. The yearly levy of the canneries exceeds three hundred million pounds; wonder is it that any one salmon runs this grim gamut and escapes the cordon.

A packer carrying one hundred thousand cases of salmon uses over a million fish. Forty million fish are packed every year on the Fraser and Puget Sound and in Alaska, and half of these are females intent on depositing their spawn. A conservative estimate gives thirty-five hundred eggs to each female, so we find man with his glistening, rapid, noisy machinery in the Pacific canneries destroying the unthinkable number of seventy billion eggs that female salmon came up from ocean-depths to deposit on the far inland river bars.

Nature is a stern old mother; if she is to continue to supply so richly the luxurious tables and the humble lunch baskets with these incomparable dinners, then man must supplement her losses; the yearly tale of seventy billion wasted eggs must be offset by just so many artificially hatched baby salmon, thus the great uncompromising pendulum of cause and effect will swing even.

Destiny rather than man's wisdom has declared that some fish shall pass through the river mouth unscathed on their spawning journey toward head waters. The danger for these is not yet over. The thrifty settler on the river bank tosses out of the stream his year's supply of fish; he uses a pitchfork and throws the shining salmon out like so many forksful of hay or grain.

The Indian, too, takes his tale. All up the length of the river, at vantage points where rock-ledge just over swirl, you see the half-civil Siwash with scoop net and spear toiling hour by hour (for this with him is the day's work, not sport). The fish are thrown to waiting wives and children. Improvised smoke houses kipper the fish, sun and pine bark smoke combining to give just the desired flavor.

This long line of drying fish in the boiling gorges of Columbia and Fraser is a veritable dab on the landscape to the train-tourist rushing down the canons to the sea; to the Siwash it is Heaven-sent manna. In the long Winter nights over the watch-fires they will eat the salmon by the struggling light of a fishy broiler, the oilskin or candle-fish, which, dried and smacked in a lump of clay, burns like any taper. The grizzly and the black bear, too, scoop up juicy salmon from the silver river beaches.

Urged onward by Heaven-implanted instinct, past danger of pitchfork and paw of bear and scoop net, some salmon safely swim. These take no interest in things by the wayside. On and on they go, breasting currents and jumping rapids, the miles count up to hundreds, the hundreds become thousands, and still the salmon swim on, their ultimate goal the gravelly bottoms of the shallow reaches of head water kept ever in view.

As they come from the sea the sexes of the salmon are practically indistinguishable. Entering fresh water a great structural change takes place. Over those weirs and seines and gill nets at the river mouth might well have been written: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." No individual of either sex of any Pacific salmon ever returns to the ocean after spawning.

Up to this time the salmon has lived to eat; from this on to the time of his death no food is taken into his body; he feeds upon his tissues, his whole organism changes.

Approaching the spawning beds the gastric mucosa is in a more or less desquamated condition, the digestive organs shrunken to one-tenth their normal size, the stomach is no bigger than a walnut, all fat disappears, the jaws of the male salmon become hooked and prolonged, and ungainly canine teeth appear; even if there were a desire for food these developed beaks of the male would effectually preclude feeding.

Slab-sided, sorry-looking fish they are; the female becomes a dusky olive,

the skin of the male turns red; immediately before spawning the roe of the female amounts to one-quarter of the whole body-weight. Spawning completed, both male and female die. The salmon affords the world's most striking example of the sacrifice of the individual to the general good, the only good that Nature seems to recognize—the perpetuation of the species.

The Blueback or Sockeye ascends the Columbia even to the Redfish Lakes in the heart of the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, more than a thousand miles from salt water; we have seen that in Alaska they go twice this distance, and in the Fraser the very head waters are reached.

At the "redds" or spawning beds there is a definite pairing off; gorgeously brilliant are the colors the salmon have assumed in honor of the nuptial season. By tail and anal and ventral fins a shallow nest is scooped out of the gravel, both fish assisting in the work, and on this bed the eggs are laid.

After the female has extruded a few eggs she swims away, and the male, taking her exact position, extrudes over these a small quantity of milt. Every five minutes, day and night, for a fortnight this process is repeated. The fight for a salmon's life begins before its birth. The deposited eggs are non-adhesive and separate and thousands of them become hirsute tidbits for fish and birds and reptiles. Here the swan leads her cygnets one another bird devouring a gallon of ova a day; soft-footed others steal out by night and eat their fill; loons, hungry hordes of ducks and still-legged herons feed on the eggs.

To beat off the marauders is the work of the male salmon. Enemies of his own kind also assail him, and here, exactly as in seal life, the mating male must fight with the super-male. "Dare, never grudge the throne," in his motto; do not those little red globules hold potential salmon?

The running water rolls away the eggs, but the shabby-looking parents

are grim fighters; they scrape up sand and retaining pebbles; neither day nor night does their guarding vigilance slacken. In an ecstasy of militant devotion fins are slit and torn, the lashing tail is worn to a mere stub.

But with the dawn of a new life the end of the old is near. Fungus grows on those tired bodies, eyes become blinded and gills destroyed, parasites attack the filaments and "worms destroy this flesh." Great is the grip of heredity; succeeding generations of immolation and self-devotion have eradicated all desire on the part of the salmon to return to salt water. He spawns once and in the consummation of this act dies.

His poor, emaciated body floats off, and none so poor to do it reverence. We hate to tell it, but ghastly pups devour the spent salmon by thousands, and tons of them are yearly used to enrich the soil. Thus with repeated regularity does the sea pay its lordly toll to the land. Small wonder the Northwest farmer becomes rich when from the wilderness of the sea for two thousand miles lumps of phosphorescent fertilizer swim up and literally jump on his fields to die!

Eight days after being spawned the embryo fish begins to get his little backbone—in the strenuous life that stretches before him he will need it. Next day his eyes bad off from his brain; it isn't till the twelfth day that he gets his alimentary canal—eating is neither the first nor the last aim of a salmon's existence. At two weeks, from the alimentary canal, the liver buds off, and the first indications are given that this Sockeye of ours is to have a heart. In another week, on the under side of his head the mouth begins to show up as a V-shaped slot. From this on till the end of the seventh week no noticeable change takes place.

About the fiftieth day a little tail pops out of the ovum and the baby attains to the name of an alevin, a fishlike body attached to a yolk. The little chap is altogether transparent; for six weeks he grows without hunger, and is entirely self-sustaining, Judaslike carrying the bag. Our life-

tle alevin, like a young Chinaman, takes a new name with every gradation of his growth. His teeth and fins are now well developed, he is a couple of inches long, and with the entire absorption of the yolk-sac he turns into a fry and seriously takes up the white man's burden of curing has own living.

Out from his sheltered cradle he swims, snapping at minute crustaceans, nibbling a caddis-fly and valiantly attempting a mosquito; it is the graduation from the kindergarten, and here begins the lifelong fight breathed by his parents. Every salmon is born an orphan, each is a self-made fish. Not one has the benefit of the sage advice of a mother, but some prenatal instinct when he is yet but two inches long reads for him the Law of the Road: "Gobble the Little Ones and Run from the Big Ones."

So, snapping at food, he drops down stream with the current foot by foot toward the sea. Experience teaches him that keeping his head up stream will expedite matters; breathing in that position lets the water in at the mouth and out again at the gills; it brings, too, food to that insatiable little stomach.

So he early learns one life-lesson. Years from now, whether gill net catches him or spoon of the trawler, whether his last gasp is in a landing net destroyed by Jock Scott or Silver Doctor, one thing is sure: he will die with his head up. In the daytime the game little fellow bugs the pools, migrating chiefly by night; the water-coussal dives after him and the king-fisher teaches him to swim deep and lie low. The true Ishmaelite of the Ishmaelites, everything bigger than he which moves is an enemy; true, he did have a thousand blood-brothers of the same vintage, but in salmondom brotherhood counts little and comradeship nothing.

How fast does he travel? And how long does it take him to reach salt water? Perhaps he covers ten miles in each twenty-four hours; if he was hatched at the head waters of one of the long rivers his seaward journey

may take him six months, maybe a year.

His first contact with salt water is exhilarating, the brackish waters of the estuary makes his gills tingle—with joy he comes to his own. He is now three or four inches long, and with his advent into the sea is known as a parr.

In the sea a new set of enemies has to be studied and taken account of. Here are fish ducks and cruel-eyed cormorants, and a whole host of salt water fish the very color of the kelp they hide among. A wound is fatal, for no deformed fish is allowed to swim; every bigger fish is to such the kind of surgeon that ends his misery—as there are no floating orphan asylums so there are no fish hospitals.

Little is known of the ocean life of salmon or seal or whale. The fish culturists at the hatcheries, by attaching silver disks to liberated salmon and by identification fin marks, have arrived at the conclusion that four years is the average sea life of a salmon; that at the end of that period he seeks his native stream to breed.

In those four years he does nothing but dodge enemies and eat, eat, eat, getting silvery and plump and strong for the long lasting of the river ascent or for the slicing knives and labeled tins of the canner. In the sea, sickness and sharks, sea lions and seals, all levy their toll of mortality, but on the whole the salmon's chances of life are greater in the open sea than elsewhere. He is strongest here, and, moreover, Heaven has gifted him with great speed—he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.

But when it comes to pitting himself against the cunning and commercial cupidity of man our salmon has a sorry chance. Some pass the barriers safely, skitter their tails and exclaim with Job, "I have escaped with the skin of my teeth." But where one lays his tired bones by the side of his forefathers and mothers on the breeding-beds thousands and tens of thousands of his blood brothers, fat and fit, are cut down in their prime, dead a tiny sepulchre in the Golgotha of the canning sheds, occupy for a period re-

served seats on the top shelves of corner groceries, to finally lay their bones by the side of restaurant plates.

Many are the methods of capture. It was the gill netters we saw setting out from the mouth of the Fraser. Two men and three hundred yards of gill netting go to each boat. A gill net is simply an immense sheet of web twenty or thirty feet deep and a quarter of a mile long, kept upright in the water by weights below and corks above.

The river-seeking salmon swimming against the tide thrust their heads through the meshes and obligingly catch themselves by the gills. At the slack of the tide the fishermen draw in their nets, row or sail back to the cannery and are credited with the tally of their catch. The gill netters were in the beginning the main supplies of the cannery; the deadly fish traps and swift gasoline launches are rapidly relegating them to second place.

Seining, the most picturesque of all the ways of salmon-taking, can be practiced only where there are shelving shores. Great seines are thrown across likely bays and river reaches in the road of the ascending salmon; when the harvest has collected, horses attached to the net ropes plunge into the stream and draw out the seams of struggling fish. A cordon of weather-beaten fishermen, each with one bare foot on the lead-line, stands waist deep in the running water and lifts high the edge of the beaming nets, while others grab the squirming fish and toss them into boats which with all speed hurry the catch to the canneries. It is cold, wet work. The seine fishermen earn every dollar the season brings them.

The fish-wheels of the Columbia look like the ordinary water-wheels of the Rhine; turned by the current they are most effective, scooping up the fish on the revolving paddles, lifting them aloft and sliding them down slanting troughs to boat or bank at the rate of four to six tons of salmon per wheel per day.

Of all methods of taking the salmon the trap is the most deadly. In the Brit-

ish Columbia waters traps were, until two seasons ago, prohibited, and their general use is not now permitted by the Dominion Government, in whose hands the supreme jurisdiction rests over all Canadian waters. Only in a restricted stretch of coast from Victoria west along the shore of Vancouver Island are Canadian staked trap nets licensed; sixteen of these were in operation in 1905, and twenty-six locations were licensed last year. The Columbia mouth is where one sees them in unrestricted numbers. In a single locality, Baker's Bay, near historic Astoria, can be counted over fifteen hundred of these traps. Enormous catches during big runs are made in these deadly contrivances. In 1905 the Pacific American Fisheries Company in one of its traps in Puget Sound is said to have taken at one haul three hundred and forty thousand salmon.

A salmon trap is an elaborate affair, costing all the way from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars to construct. A trap consists of a lead or wall of net fixed to massive piles running out from shore four or five hundred fathoms, and placed in the known route of the salmon. When the shining army of fish moving on, a solid mass imbued with singleness of purpose, finds itself confronted by this barrier it swerves aside, and here a narrow door or slit in the wall invites an entry. Once through this opening a cleverly-constructed maze leads on the crowding salmon toward the terminal inclosure or heart. A cone-shaped tunnel leads from the heart into the pot or final trap, so that the fish passing through this horizontal funnel have no means of returning.

Alongside the pot is a further quadrilateral inclosure, the spiller, into which the fish are admitted when the pot becomes crowded. In a big run the pot has been known to become so packed with living salmon that the sheer weight of the uppermost fish crushed and killed those in the bottom of the net.

Some catches in Puget Sound have been so enormous that the bottom could not be raised, the brailer net

usually lifted by a winch could not be moved and the pot with its weight of captive salmon had to be cut out and towed to the cannery.

Professor David Starr Jordan, the eminent fish authority of California, under date of February 15, 1907, says: "I think the trap in all its forms ought to be swept out of Puget Sound, and for that matter from everywhere else."

Would you enjoy an experience stimulating and exciting? Then get up at daybreak some August morning and board a tug at Victoria Harbor for one of the Todd traps and see the early spill.

At the trap the captured fish are lifted from the chamber and spilled into scows in the steamer's tow, salmon by the thousand—scurry, shining Sockeye, fat and kicking. The occasion calls for "Haste!"—minutes are money; the object of every scientific cannery-man is to get the fish from the sea to the tins with the very least possible loss of time.

The scene shifts to the cannery wharves, long, black, wooden affairs, centipede-like, stepping out on stilts into the water and cruiting in the Summer heat a smell compounded of salt and seaweed and salmon. Every inch of space as we step up gingerly to the cannery door is slippery with salmon—salmon under foot and in the waiting scows above us, around us, and in the air—the air more insidiously than anywhere else. Until to-day we never knew the sea held so many fish.

At the cannery, amid a vociferous clatter of Japanese, Chinese, English and choicest Chinook, the big fish are tossed from the scows and slapped on the cannery floor, each one as it lands sliding off on its own account. The whole awakened hive is humming—a salmon-cannery in the height of the season is the busiest place on this earth. Every wheel in that network of most modern machinery is clicking, each man and woman stands at appointed station, and with the slippery thud of that first fish on the cannery floor the day's work begins.

The whole stretch of that cannery floor is soon piled deep with salmon

—the workmen in rubber boots stepping from wharf-edge to cleaning bench are thigh-deep in the struggling mass.

A modern cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Time-saving devices are installed at every turn, and men and machinery work at lightning rapidity; the whole rapid process of canning is cleanliness itself, the human hand scarcely touching the fish from trap net to tin.

The marvelously ingenious machinery and the human interest of the drama both compel us. The romance of the human factor is giving way to the romance of ingenious and fascinating machinery. The Pacific cannery is a man of means and ready initiative; no cost is spared if a new piece of machinery promises to save time for him. The slow things go first, so the Siwash will pretty soon find himself as a factor entirely eliminated from the canning equation, for the Pacific Siwash is the slowest thing on earth with the one possible exception of the Pacific squaw. Messenger boys and Canadian savings bank clerks are swift to these.

Mr. E. A. Smith, of Seattle, two years ago, with one invention, revolutionized the whole process of salmon-canning. His first cleaning machine was at once dubbed by canners "The Iron Chink" and the name sticks. This wizard machine cleans thirty thousand fish in a run of ten hours, doing the work for which fifty-one expert Chinese operators used to be paid. The Iron Chink cleaned so many thousands of fish, increased packs so many thousands of cases and saved so many thousands of dollars that all prejudices against innovations were early swept away, and its use in the modern cannery will soon be universal. The machine takes the fish just as they come from the sea and puts them through the entire cleaning operation, handing them to the filler to pack into the tins. Prior to 1906 the cutting off of head and tail were separate operations requiring two men, one with a hand saw to take off the head and the other with a rotary knife to cut off the tail. This is all

done now by the Iron Chink automatically; cut the header and curtailer, exeunt also that long line of silent squaws. This intelligent machine adjusts itself to the size of each fish introduced to it.

The inventor of the machine never entered a salmon-packing plant himself till he took in the model of his completed invention; it was by a close and scientific study of the structural anatomy of the salmon that he worked out the details of his invention.

The machine handles forty-five fish a minute. In the pockets of its revolving drum the drenched fish are carried round to rapidly-moving circular knives which divide them into fillets to fit the can. A ticker on the cutting machine automatically counts the salmon.

Then, either by squaws or by the long fingers of the artificial squaw that fascinated us when we first stepped into this hothouse of heat—the red, luscious cuts are packed tightly into the cans. Then a plunge into the washing vat.

The cans, at a rate of a hundred and twenty a minute, are now fed to a machine, which at lightning speed affixes a top to each. In great iron crates the tins are steamed for half an hour, and vented to allow all air to escape. Hermetically sealed they go to the steam retorts, and, for an hour and a quarter, are subjected to a temperature of 240 degrees Fahrenheit and a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

By this process every essential oil juice of the salmon, every natural savor and flavor is conserved. The filled cans roll themselves into brightly-colored labels and are packed away in cases of spruce—spruce still redolent of the impenetrable woods out of whose margins space has been nibbled for the greedy, noisy, amphibious creature that we call a salmon cannery.

Canned while he is almost alive and kicking, a salmon can be served spiced and touting in a cut-glass bowl at a London club just three weeks from the time he gave his first ill-advised wiggle into the Straits of

Fuca fish trap. With the fresh fish better time than this is made. Last Summer, thanks to years of wise hatchery regulations and conscientious enforcement of game laws, California enjoyed a largely increased fish trade. Fresh salmon were shipped in refrigerator cars from Monterey Bay to New York on express trains; there transferred into the refrigerating department of ocean liners, and landed in Europe and sold as fresh salmon within two weeks.

The canned salmon of the Pacific Coast has a present aggregate value of over twelve million dollars a year. Not only is it the cleanest and most nutritious of all canned foods, but it will keep for an unlimited period and in any climate. Eight years ago an official report was made to the Inspector-General of the United States Army upon the quality of the rations issued to the troops mobilized at Chickamauga on account of the Spanish-American War, and of two hundred and forty thousand cans of salmon critically inspected two only were found spoiled.

The San Francisco fire destroyed three hundred thousand cases of Red Alaska salmon, practically all the spot stock held on the coast. This brings Red Alaska into a clean market. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Every handler of this brand of salmon on account of the San Francisco disaster increased his fish business perhaps fifty or one hundred per cent.

Official reports and market quotations rarely mention the "mild cure" or "sharp frozen" fish, yet it is a branch of the salmon industry of rapidly-increasing importance. The Federal reports state that as far back as 1904 the markets took from the three Pacific States 15,799,646 pounds of mild-cured and fresh-frozen salmon, with a total valuation of over a million and a half. It is the mild-cure industry which fixes the price of raw fish on the Pacific Coast.

The Pacific Coast exhibits the anomaly of international jurisdiction over what Nature intended to be one fishing industry. The salmon hatch-

ed in the head-waters of the Fraser, returning as adult fish in the Summer, run, before they reach their parent streams, come within the sphere of action of the Oregon and Washington fishermen, and up to the present it has been impossible for Canada and the United States to agree to mutually-observed protective measures. Alaska fishermen largely take advantage of a law enacted by the last session of Congress, which encourages private salmon-hatching by allowing rebates from the canner's license in proportion to the number of salmon they turn loose.

In Alaska lives one of the broadest-minded men on the Pacific Coast; he usurps the function of a government, and for the benefit of the world at large, at his own cost, maintains a salmon-hatchery. This philanthropist, John C. Callbreath, away back in 1892 fertilized a million salmon eggs, arranging with the Indians for the right to Jadjeska stream, a half-mile rivulet, the outlet of a little lake about forty-two feet above tidewater, and here for fifteen years he has continued to bring forth millions of baby salmon to take the place of their canned parents.

This hatchery is a private enterprise, unconnected with any cannery or fishery and is supported wholly by its public-spirited and enterprising owner. Perhaps for communities, states, and even nations, there is an object lesson here.

Potentially, salmon is more than an asset to the wealth of the Northwest Coast. Prime salmon is a product with the highest possible food value. Pounded for pound in brain, blood, bone and muscle-making elements, it is one and one-third times as valuable as sirloin steak, one and two-thirds times as valuable as fresh eggs, twice as valuable as bread.

Under present economic conditions the working borders of Continental Europe for the most part must go meatless. As the grazing lands of the world steadily come under cultivation, beef will become more of a luxury. The world's population, too, is increasing at a rapid rate. What's to take the place of beef? We must

farm the sea, and to farm these pastures we need seed. Factories, farms, mines, smelters, pollute the head waters of rivers, and in time these waters refuse to nurture baby salmon. What happened centuries ago on the Thames has already happened to the Sacramento, and what has happened to the Sacramento will happen to the Fraser. Art must supplement Nature.

It is easy to hatch ninety per cent. of salmon eggs in a hatchery, whereas Humphry Davy estimated that not six per cent. of the eggs deposited on the "redds," or natural hatchery places, come to perfection, and Stoddard holds that only four or five fish

fit for the table is the result of thirty thousand ova on the spawning beds.

If these rich sea harvests of salmon are to continue to be reaped concerted action must be taken by all concerned to replenish the sea with seed—that is, with artificially-hatched fry. If this is done, and proper conditions as to close seasons enforced, the possibilities of the salmon industry of the Pacific Coast are stupendous. The cannery man, without fear of mixing his metaphors, may exclaim, "The world's my oyster!" The supply will be practically limitless, and the demand will not be lacking—that is a matter of education only.

Backgrounds

By GLEN ELLERY CHANNING in *Harper's Magazine*

It had always been understood that Cordelia was to write. The pen was a kind of legacy in her family, a Fletcher and a writer being almost synonymous. The understanding had been in a measure unconsciously expressed at the baptismal font, when she received the name of that ancestress who had shared with several other ladies the privilege of denomination as "The Tenth Muse," a few centuries before. The way of escape which a brother might have opened to Cordelia was denied her; she had no brother; but there was nothing in Cordelia's own temperament which implied a wish to escape. In a New England college town a girl takes as naturally to the higher mathematics or the higher thought as in Spain to flirtation, and Cordelia was eminently the product of her environment. Neither had her family any of the prejudices which would have made them prefer an illustrious son to an illustrious daughter, and from the first Cordelia's career was accepted with as much seriousness as Cordelia's brother's could have been.

Even Cordelia's beauty was of a Muse-like kind, which she accentuated very slightly and quite innocently by

her manner of dress and the fashion of coiling her fine hair. She had that gift of toilette which does not amply accompany the literary temperament. In her fingers a mere hat became a crown, and the twist of a ribbon an accent arresting to a painter's eye.

"It is the artistic temperament in Cordelia," said her mother, almost exclaiming.

Everything that is tacitly recognized under the head of an "advantage" was secured for her by the loving assiduity of her parents; she was sent to Bryn Mawr when the time came, as her brother would have been sent to Harvard; the New England professor stretching without demur his slender salary to cover the expenses which he readily apprehended as essential to the culture of a writer's mind. Cordelia was the child of his later years; he was beginning to grow less strong and he looked forward with a sunset hope to his daughter's career.

At college Cordelia was a success, liked by her instructors for her studious gravity of attention in class, and adored by the girls for her skill in millinery, combined with an admirable

amability. Very few last in her particular set failed to receive a transfiguring touch from her fingers during the term. In truth, it was a gift Cordelia herself thought too slightly of to begrudge its exercise.

In her last year at college her father began to fail. A European vacation was suggested by his medical advisers, and even hesitatingly considered by Mrs. Fletcher.

"I do not see my way," answered Professor Fletcher, with mild dignity. "We cannot break Cordelia's course at this moment; our daughter's career, of course, takes precedence of everything with us."

Mrs. Fletcher assented. When Cordelia came home from college—then, it was understood, she would begin to write. Her mother already spoke with a pride only tempered by long association with careers of Cordelia's. Until then sacrifices were necessary; after that all would be simplified.

It was thus they explained to themselves the presence of Dick Kent beneath their roof. Dick was a New Hampshire boy who had worked his way through college,eking out a small tutorship by a subordinate post on a minor newspaper. He was an avid student of history, which had naturally attracted him to the gentle occupant of that particular chair, and his board money had been a distinct help. Neither was there anything unbecoming in this form of hospitality to one "in college circles."

"Our daughter also writes," Mrs. Fletcher had said, in receiving him into the family, and Dick had inquired with characteristic directness:

"What has she written?"

"She has not published yet," Mrs. Fletcher had replied, with a gentle dignity which touched the young man. "She is completing her college course."

"Oh!" said Dick, gently, in his turn. Subsequently he heard so much about Cordelia's home coming as to arouse a certain interest in that event. And now Cordelia was come home.

He raised his eyes across the supper table (in college circles she still supped) with distinct curiosity.

"Somehow," he thought, "I didn't expect her to be like that," and he looked more than once.

After supper they strolled on the lawn.

"What makes you want to write?" asked Dick.

Cordelia considered him a quiet minute. "What makes you?" she replied.

Dick laughed. "Well—I have a liking to ens—"

"So have I," said Cordelia, sedately.

"And I rather tumbled into it," Dick explained, "back home. I applied for a job at horse-shoeing; at type-setting, and I got the type-setting; they scoured up this for a little country sheet—and in the city I did reporting. I suppose I must have a kind of bent that way—and a fellow must do something."

"So must a girl," said Cordelia. Dick considered the moon-maiden a moment from a new point of view. "What do you mean to write?" he asked.

"Cordelia colored with a fine displeasure. "I would rather not talk about it, if you please," she said coldly.

She knew very well what she meant to write—and it was neither advertisements nor reporting.

"Don't you think"—she spoke deliberately—"all that miscellaneous kind of work injures one's style?"

"Well, you see," Dick made cheerful answer, "I haven't any style to injure as yet—never had time to cultivate one. Maybe when I'm fifty I shall be able to give my mind to it; the next ten or fifteen years, I expect, I'll have to thank my stars for a chance to write any old way."

Cordelia looked a little gravely at the young man.

"You must care something for literature itself," she said. "Haven't you any literary aim or intention?"

Dick heaved a thoughtful pebble or two.

"Yes, I suppose I must," he admitted. "And—well, I don't know whether you would call it literary or not, but I'd like to write a little live history.

Maybe I shall get around to that, too, by and by; I keep on hammering at it right along." He looked at Cordelia gravely. "You know—I admire your father's work so much; I think I admire him more than any one I ever saw; if I can ever do half such good work—"

Cordelia nodded; she, too, admired her father's work—within limits.

The young man looked at Cordelia's reposeful figure in the moonlight; her hands were clasped lightly before her.

"You ought to write poems," he said.

Cordelia colored again. She could not tell him it was one of the things she intended to do.

Cordelia's home coming grew wonderfully to be a natural thing, so that Dick marvelled how the house could ever have appeared natural before. She took, without assumption, but by easy right, the first place in the circle. What Cordelia thought was listened to respectfully by them all. Dick was often abashed by the fine acuteness of her criticisms, but Cordelia was not bashful of criticism. Her quiet equality with the great and illustrious dead filled him with mild amazement, while her quiet equality with the scarcely less illustrious living, who in the natural order of university life visited her distinguished father's home, filled him with boundless envy. He himself had all the halting diffidence of untutored and unproved youth, but Cordelia bore herself as one of them. It was true she had not yet written her book, but she was going to, and with Cordelia intention was accomplishment. Thus for she had done always exactly what she set out to do. Dick listened dumbly while the celebrated man of letters, impetuous all the way from England to lecture at the university, sat respectfully receiving Cordelia's views upon his own particular speciality.

"I liked so much that little story of yours in the last *Millennium Magazine*," said Cordelia, graciously. "It was so subtle and so true."

The Eminent murmured a humble word of thanks. He had never thought of the tale as a slight thing before—rather as compressed magnitudes; but

the praise of this young person put him right. Cordelia was always infinitely more critical than the critics—but she was always Cordelia—and therefore charming.

Except for these stray stars of literature, life went on as quietly as might be. Cordelia had early elected to spend her mornings at her rooms—sometimes she even had her coffee sent up; it was understood at such times that she was writing. But there remained the balance of the evenings and the long afternoons under the college elms or on the river; and of course in the end there was the inevitable—with its inevitable sequence.

"At least," pleaded Dick, "give me some reason."

"I don't want to marry at all," said Cordelia—"certainly not for a long time."

"But why?" persisted he. "Because there are other things I mean to do," said Cordelia.

She did not add "And, anyway, you are not the kind of man I mean to marry"; but Dick laid down his oars and gazed at her forlornly.

"I know," he said, "you ought to marry an awfully eminent and distinguished man, and there's no danger I shall ever be that; but—Cordelia—I'm doing a lot better with the Comet than you know, truly; and then there's this about it—an awfully eminent and distinguished person might not be half so proud of your career as I should be."

There was something immensely attractive about the stoop-shouldered, keen-eyed, clever young fellow, a kind of quick, manly intuition which Cordelia could not help feeling and liking. For a moment she swayed irresistibly towards it, then she remembered.

"No," she said firmly, "and please don't ask me again."

Dick took up his oars.

"All right," he answered, setting his lips a little. A few days later he left, on a working vacation job for his paper.

The house was quieter than ever; but quiet as it was, the family united to make hedges and shelters of a

deeper quietude about Cordelia's working hours.

"Don't disturb Miss Cordelia for anything—she is working," was the charge to the one maid; and, "Don't trouble about the dusting, dear—I can do that," to Cordelia herself.

"Your mother will help me," the Professor would gently repudiate Cordelia's perfunctory offers. "Keep the freshness of the morning—and your strength—for your work."

So Cordelia shut herself in her room, or sat in the shade of the large trees, or wandered down by the river bank, stylographic pen and manuscript book in hand, for hours together. She got countless volumes from the library and read them diligently; she had always been a great reader, like all the family, but now her tables and chairs were formidable with their load of learning.

As the Summer wore on she began to look and feel fagged.

"It will be easier to work in the cool weather," she told herself, combating a certain languor in her labors.

These formed, at any rate, an admirable pretext for the declining of unwelcome invitations (and most of the invitations were unwelcome), and reared a fine barrier of defence against social intrusions—and these intrusions were numerous. The society of Hillbrook did not interest Cordelia in the least; she found it restricted, provincial, monotonous.

"I am afraid you work too assiduously, my dear," said her father, laying a fond hand on her shoulder. "Remember—*Ars longa; sed bestia* fructus ripen slowly; you will gain nothing by exhausting yourself, and the patient scholar signed a little."

Cordelia's family delicately respected the reserve which surrounded her work. They knew that she was writing, and that when she was ready to impart the finished result she would do so; meanwhile they would have thought it as indecorous to inquire too curiously into the incomplete processes of mental creation as into other incomplete processes of creation. They were of the stock which respects

books, and they also respected Cordelia.

But the narrow social circles of Hillbrook knew no such reserves. It was one reason Cordelia disliked going anywhere. She was always introduced as "Miss Fletcher—the writer, you know," and some one was invariably ready to ask, "What are you writing now?" or, "When will your book be ready to publish?"—questions which, annoying to begin with, as personal intrusions, ended by becoming the exasperating pressures on a sore nerve.

For the work was not going well; Cordelia, only too good a critic, knew it perfectly. The Winter did not bring with its bracing atmosphere that impetus to production which Cordelia had confidently expected; she began to feel that perhaps it lay instead with the Spring—with the renewing of all things. A sense of obliged nobility made the delay heavier to her; she appreciated both her family's sacrifices and their delicate attitude of confidence, and—like generous creditors—

they weighed the more on her New England conscience. She fell into the habit of sitting for hours before her perfectly appointed desk, biting her penholder, or setting down what she herself knew was aimless, lacking point and force. To one who had spoken always with calm confidence of her "work," it was astonishing to find that inspiration did not come of itself when she was ready for it—that after spending her whole life in preparation, she was still somehow unprepared. Obviously there must be an explanation, and she sought and found it—in her environment.

She laid the discovery with sincere reluctance before her parents.

"I am afraid I shall have to go away for a time. It is a novel which I am writing, and I must have the right background—the suitable types. There is nothing here at Hillbrook."

Her parents had listened with sympathetic attention; now the Professor nodded silently, and Mrs. Fletcher spoke, repressing a slight sigh.

"Of course you must have what is necessary—you must go where you can get it. I had thought," she added,

with faint regret, "that this would be such a nice, quiet place for you to write in—when you had finished college."

"Oh, it's too quiet!"—the accumulated nervous intensity of months was in Cordelia's tone. "A writer—a writer of fiction at least—needs stimulus—variety. Of course, if I wrote history, like father—"

"Of course—of course," broke in the Professor, gently. "I have been able to get on very nicely here; but history is one thing, romance another."

"What I need," said Cordelia, gravely, "are types—and backgrounds; life is my material—and there is nothing here."

"Ah, yes—life—life—"

"The life of which our veins are soant, life-life for which our bosoms pant, More life and fuller, that we want!" murmured the Professor. "I understand nothing of these matters, my dear," he added, pushing the thin, silvery hair from his fine brow, "but of course the one essential is that you should have what you require for the best results of your talent. We should not, certainly, ask a fossil-hunter to live where there were no fossils, nor—he smiled with gentle glint of humor—"ought we to ask the romancer to dwell where there is nothing else. What have you thought of, my dear?"

What Cordelia had thought of was—Europe. A brief three months, she was satisfied, would give her the needed material and background, after which she could come quietly home and work up the book. She had a very tiny income from her grandmother's estate, and a perfect conviction that she could eke this out by newspaper correspondence—not with the obscure *Gazette*, but with one of the large dailies.

"I don't question your ability, my child," replied the Professor, "but I have always understood those positions are oversupplied—and there are the royalties from my new history of the Babylonians; they could not be better invested."

"But you need them yourself, father!" exclaimed Cordelia.

"You shall pay me back later on from your book, my dear," answered Professor Fletcher, patting her hand.

On this basis alone Cordelia felt she could bring herself to accept this new proof of her parents' tenderness. But on this basis she felt honorably safe to do so. Her spirits soared again; the confidence which was her birthright returned to her; she spoke once more, and with a shade more haughty, of her work.

"It is not a pleasure trip," she said to the girls who envied her with the gushing spontaneity of enthusiastic youth. "I am going to work."

And she believed it. All the despondency of the Winter had vanished. Over there she would be able to write; over there were types; over there were backgrounds, material, everything which was lacking over here; over there was an atmosphere and a life which had been tried by the test of the centuries and found perfect by all writing mankind.

"I wish you luck," said Dick, returned again to the Comet and the tutorship, a little older and thinner, and a trifle hungry-eyed.

"Thank you," answered Cordelia, superbly, "but you see I don't believe in it."

If Europe was anything of a disappointment to Cordelia, she kept it to herself. Her letters came regularly to Hillbrook. She had found some splendid types, she wrote, but not yet the right background. She had heard, however, of a little village of B— in Switzerland, where she should shut herself up and write hard. It would be very close work to accomplish all she had outlined, in three months. She had bought a typewriting machine. A little later she wrote that B—, after all, not furnishing the desired background, she had decided merely to study the people this Summer and then settle down in one of the old German cities for the Winter, and work. It would be far wiser to finish the book in the same atmosphere, and then return in the Spring—always if the dear people at home could spare

her? The work was coming on well, but she could not hurry it, and it took longer than she had expected because here was so much material to assimilate.

"Stay by all means," her mother wrote back by return mail. We miss you, and your father is a little feebler, but we both wish you to stay wherever it is most important for your work. When this book is finished we shall have you again, and your letters are our delight." She added in postscript, "Mr. Kent is most kind in helping your father with his *Merovingian* history."

In the summer Cordelia came home with the book. It was not a very large book, and did not meet with the immediate success she had anticipated for it. In refusing it the successive publishers somehow conveyed the impression that its only fault lay in its great excellence—it was too good for the public—and they implied that pearl-coating was a form of diversion only adapted to the independent rich who published at their own expense.

"It is, I believe, the usual experience of the young writer," said the Professor, who had read Cordelia's book with the humility of one approaching a foreign art, "findings its medium satisfactory. I had the same trouble with my first history of the Assyrian tribes."

"To have a book refused because of its superiority seems to me more than a success," said Cordelia's mother, warmly. "It is beautifully written."

It was, indeed, perhaps a little too beautifully written; Cordelia, finely critical as ever, came to feel that the publishers might be right. The book was too esoteric for the ordinary mind. She thought so in the first months at least; as time went on she grew restless and less assured.

"I should have chosen a newer background," she decided, "and the story lacks development; I did it too hastily."

This was the modesty which accompanies great talent, Mrs. Fletcher felt, but some impulse led her to say:

"Why not show it to Mr. Kent?"

Cordelia looked displeased. Dick was no longer in Hillbrook; he had accepted the assistant editorship of a larger paper in New York.

"Mr. Kent is the last person I should think of going to for a literary judgment," she answered.

"He is said to be very clever," said Mrs. Fletcher, "and he is so fond of your father."

"Clever journalism is one thing; literature is quite another," said Cordelia.

She walked away to her room, distinctly annoyed; but once there, obeying an old habit, she sat down and faced herself in the mirror above the dressing table. In reality she was very unhappy. Not because a few publishers had destroyed her belief in herself, but because anything short of instant, brilliant, and decisive successes was not associated with her plan of life or her idea of herself. She was not in the least a fool, and it was all the more disconcerting to find that she was still less a prodigy; that all her criticism of others' style had not yet produced of her own more compellingly superior. For Cordelia acknowledged to herself that the book looked something vital. She had the resolution to bury the whole thing in her trunk, and this was not the trunk which she carried to Europe on her second trip.

It was in the third year of this that she met Richard Kent once more. Richard, still in the mountain costume in which he had arrived, was walking up and down with the friend he had come to meet, on the hotel verandah bordering the lake. Beyond rose the pale sunset line of peaks they were planning to attempt, and against one of these, like a well-relieved cameo, Dick's observant eye caught the outline of a woman's profile. Something familiar in the unusual grace of it arrested his glance.

"I ought to know that head," he said.

"That is Miss Fletcher — the writer," responded his friend.

"Oh!" said Dick. After a moment he added: "What does she write?"

"Blessed if I know—but I was told

she does write. Nice girl—but somehow not very responsive."

"H-m!" said Dick, musingly. A few minutes later he walked up to her and lifted his Tyrolean hat.

"May I reintroduce myself?" He stood looking curiously down at the cameo-like face; it was a good deal older, and had the slightly burnt-up look of the self-consumer.

Cordelia colored with pleasure. Dick was not only a successful journalist, he was also a piece of home; and they exchanged home news with the zest of absentees.

"I saw a nice little letter of yours in the Comet," said Dick, presently. "So of course I knew you were abroad somewhere."

"I write for it occasionally," replied Cordelia, with a slight shrug as if this were the least of her output.

"Oh!" said Dick. He had grown very square and carried his head thrust lightly forward, with an air of quiet alertness. The old strength and directness of manner had become more marked.

"What have you been doing all these years since we met?"

"What have you been doing, rather?" Cordelia evaded him.

"I? Oh, a little of everything—newspapers—politics—traveling—war correspondence—taking life pretty much as it came." He did not say "writing," she noticed, but bent suddenly a keen glance upon her. "What in the world brought you to this out-of-the-way place?"

"I came to study types," said Cordelia.

Dick flashed a glance at her.

"That's droll—I came to get away from them—to see if I couldn't walk myself tired and stop thinking about people everlastingly. But it's no good." He shrugged his shoulders. "One gets restless for the grind; I shall be rushing off again in a day or two."

He did not rush off, however. To his own surprise, the old charm held—it was still there in Cordelia, overlain with something else which gave it a curious poignancy. At times her eyes had a look of dumb sadness

which went to Dick's heart. He divined its presence under the shadow of the drooping hat she wore, when, one morning, between long strokes of his oars and after many glances at the eloquent outline, he spoke suddenly.

"Why didn't you trim hats for a business?"

Cordelia sat bolt upright; the fire in her eyes burned away the moisture.

"Why don't you make waistscoats?" she asked.

Dick turned a little white; he felt sick with the repercussion of the blow he had dealt.

"Oly dear—Cordelia—I didn't mean that! I only meant you are the only woman in the world who knows how to make a picture of herself; the rest are such nightmares! I was forever staring in the old days, and it's just the same now. Besides"—he rebounded with the masculine instinct for defence—"why isn't it an honorable and artistic industry?"

"It may be—but it doesn't happen to be mine," said Cordelia.

It was on the man's lips to say with some exasperation, "What does, then?" but he looked at her, and instead a vast wave of tenderness swept over him.

He laid down the oars, not without a grim smile of remembered coincidence, and spoke determinedly.

"Cordelia—give it up! Marry me!"

"I shall never give it up—as you put it," said Cordelia, in a hard voice.

"Well, then—marry me without giving it up," said Dick.

"That would be the same thing."

"Nonsense—if you've any gift at all, it wouldn't," said the man, and removed by ten thousand spaces his last chance.

"It is absolutely no use to ask me." Cordelia sat very erect and white. "I have chosen my life—and I beg that you never will ask me again."

"All right," answered Dick, taking up the oars with a still grimmer smile for memory, which yet had something inextinguishably sweet in it—like the glance he cast at the right figure in the bow.

That night he left.

"Poor little soul—at least I will take myself out of her sight," had been his way of putting it.

Cordelia herself left the Swiss valley soon after. There were very few interesting people there; there were, for that matter, very few interesting people anywhere, she began to feel. Life itself was only moderately interesting, and the aloofness which had always been a characteristic began to become a dominant trait. It was as if she moved through a world of which she was in no vital sense a part. A vague restlessness drove her home to Hillbrook, and back again to Europe.

It was understood by them all, in the deep and mutual tenderness of the home circle, that Hillbrook could offer nothing to detain her. That Cordelia's genius should take long to ripen, and require many foreign ams and vivifying streams from alien sources, was received by Cordelia's parents with the same simple acceptance which had greeted Cordelia herself when she burst upon their world some thirty odd years before—its crowning miracle. And to Professor Fletcher there was an always new charm in hearing from his daughter's lips of those lands—dear to his Merovingian or Muscovite divinities—which he himself had seen but with the spiritual vision. He had grown older and frailer in his too assiduous scholar's application, and his wife—never far from his side—had aged gently with him. Time had brought various honors to the modest student, valued transiently for the gratification they might give Cordelia (who indeed found herself more and more widely introduced as the daughter of the historian) and as quickly forgotten. Perhaps nothing among them all had pleased him more than the brilliant review of his life-work written by his erstwhile boarder and disciple, Richard Kent, now editor of a paper which represented the leading literary judgment of the day.

In these years of battle-dread and shuttlecock across two continents Cordelia conceived herself as working, and she did, in fact, produce a second thin volume, which lay perlin; she had

not yet brought herself to submit it to the crude test of publication. Partly by this was because her own critical faculty had waxed so exacting that in the matter of matching types and appropriate backgrounds she was herself never content. Life had become a more and more consuming chase after material, the greater part of which she disdainfully rejected after searing, amazed at the poverty of the universe.

It was on her third—or possibly her fourth—visit abroad that she again met Richard. This time it was in a fashionable Karlsruhe, and he came to her in the promenade hour where she sat overlooking the crowd.

"Still studying types?" he said. "Well, it's a prize location."

"I think the people are extremely uninteresting and vulgar," said Cordelia, in reply, drawing herself up slightly. "I am merely using the background."

"Oh!" Dick responded. He continued to saunter at her side and was pleasantly attentive during the few days of his stay, but he did not again refer to professional topics—and he did not again ask her to marry him. Cordelia was not blind to either omission.

Then suddenly he went away.

"It is really true that Mr. Kent has gone?" asked a frank American girl, rushing up to Cordelia on the morning after the event. She was a sister—though posthumous—girl who had hardly spoken ten words to Cordelia before, but the latter had been aware of her ingeniously envious glances following Richard and her about. ("Probably she knows that I write," Cordelia had thought, and accorded her a tempered grace of recognition daily). "Oh—and I was just dying to speak to him about his book! I've hardly dared open my mouth before, but now—I feel as if I could say anything and he would understand it all. I sent for it just as soon as he came, and I've sat up all night reading it. What—hadn't you heard—why, it's the book of the year—it's in the—I don't know how many thousandth—and oh, it's wonderful—so true—so

deep—so pathetic—so brave—so just like life! I wanted to tell him what I felt about it. It—it makes you feel as if you wanted to go home somehow!" wound up the young thing, and to Cordelia's amazement there were tears in the blue eyes. "You take my copy and read it," said the girl, thrusting it into Cordelia's irresponsible hand.

It closed upon it, and Cordelia turned abruptly away. With that life-long habit she had never been able to outgrow she went up to her room, and with that other instinct as old as herself, sat down before the image in the glass.

Dick had never mentioned his book. Fine lines were coming about the eyes and lips—she saw them for the first time; the whole face was hardening, setting; it had still its old distinction, but the charm was fading fast.

Dick had not again asked her to marry him.

Cordelia looked middle-aged as she took up the book. The girl had sat up all night; Cordelia sat there all day. The lunch hour went by unheeded as she sat there turning one page after another.

It was only the story of a poor professor's life in a small university town—but it was the whole cosmos of the humdrum streets and houses, but the perspective was that of a race. The types were plain men and women, but they dealt with love and death and work, and in their midst the figure of the toiling selfless scholar waxed heroic. The hearts of women, the

thoughts of men, were in it. When Cordelia laid down the book, she laid her head down on it and sobbed. Dick had written his "living history!" The proof of it was in Cordelia's arms, stretched towards a gentle, unseen figure, and her cry:

"O father—father!"

Why had she left him! The little town had been large enough for these two men—these two great men, as she called them to herself in a passion of bursting pride; and she thought of her own withered, self-seeking years, and covered her face.

Dick had not mentioned his book to her!

She remembered what the girl had said, "It makes you want to go home!" and she stood up and faced the quivering image in the glass. "I will go home," she said, "and trim hats!"

Then she covered her face again. Dick had not again asked her to marry him.

In that moment Cordelia believed herself to have reached the acme of suffering. She was to learn better.

A knock at the door drew her up to an instinctive pretence of the old lofty composure. The boy who brought in the yellow envelope was the last person who ever beheld quite that old Cordelia. Before his very eyes she shuddered and shrank into another, under the blow of the message:

"Your father died this morning at six o'clock."



The Hat Trick

By Charles Williams in *Sullivan's Magazine*

My name is George Cuthbert, and I am on the pay-roll of a large retail jewelry firm, though you would never guess that unless you had a daughter married, or celebrated your silver wedding, or something of that sort. Even then, when I presented myself at your house in frock coat or evening clothes you probably would pay me the compliment of momentarily doubting my introduction. For I do not look my part, and whatever success I have achieved is due partly to the offices of a good tailor, partly to an inheritance of gentle blood some way back in the family of which I am rather proud. Yet, for all that, I am a detective and my particular business it is to watch over wedding presents and the like while they are on display in your house.

A "near" detective, some of the facetious among my profession dub me, in derisive reference to the apparently passive nature of my duties and to the inexperience as criminals of most of those against whom I pit myself. But, though my job usually calls for no greater physical exertion than heaving down a chair in some inconspicuous corner or strolling among the well-dressed people and showing a casual interest in grandfather clocks, impenetrable vases, silverware, crystals, and piles of painted china, I am always busy hearing and seeing things which I am not supposed to hear or see, and maybe, putting these together and pulling them apart again in an effort to keep myself from being fooled by my ears and eyes. For in my business there is nothing to be mistrusted more than those same obvious deductions by which the detective at large often fortifies the indications of circumstantial evidence. There is no person, as my experience shows, upon whose countenance guilt frequently is writ so large as the unthinking individual suddenly apprised of the fact that his or her innocent

examination of one of Mary's wedding gifts is being watched by a strange man. And there is nothing easier than to mistake the weakest or most aristocratic old lady or gentleman for someone who has no right at all in such company, so seldom do the outward and visible signs of virtue agree with those of money or pedigree. My part it is to pick out the one and occasional offender from among the hundred habitually honest men and women—an offender, too, who presents to suspicious observation the very articles of identity, behavior, and dress which have just served as passport at the front door. Moreover, for me to make a single slip is fatal; no explanation explains, no apology atones for an error on my part, whether of omission or commission. And—but I think you will see that there are difficulties in my position, and that my post calls for something besides an acceptable presence and a cultivated appreciation of luxurious surroundings and pretty girls.

Of what I accomplish—ah! there's the rub! There is relatively little that is spectacular in my part; the newspapers are the last places in the world where anything about me must appear. And negative evidence, as I have learned, is not always convincing. Perhaps, then, as it will do no harm, I cannot better illustrate what sometimes falls my way than tell you of the wedding at the Ambrose Tromwells, and of the problems I was there called on to settle—all within an hour and with no chance to get at the primary facts except through hearsay.

Tromwell wasn't his name, but it will do as well as any other for the banker whose daughter had been married that evening at six o'clock, and whose wedding reception filled the big house on the avenue. There had been plenty of toasting and fun-making, and it was after ten o'clock when the last carriage rolled away and the

older members of the two families, eight in all, picked their way across the flower and rice strewn hall to the small breakfast room in the rear, where a table awaited them with the butler in attendance. From my post in a room near the head of the first landing I faintly heard them joking about their weariness, then an intervening door was closed, and the house was quiet except for the movements and whispered gossip of the maids straightening up the rooms about me.

It was my lazy hour, and, with eyes half closed, I was enjoying the prospect of one of Mr. Tromwell's excellent cigars, when the electric lights about me lost their incandescence and the room was in darkness. Instantly I rose to my feet and moved to the doorway, standing across its threshold and blocking entrance to the room. Looking through a window, I noted that the street lamps, too, had failed showing that the loss of light was accidental. Still, I remained in the doorway. But nothing happened, and, when, after half a minute, the lamps flashed up again, I was the only one in the room and a long look at the tables made me sure that none of the gifts had been disturbed. I returned to my chair, and fifteen minutes, perhaps, had passed when I heard a door below sharply opened and my own name called by Mr. Tromwell. His voice was very even, obviously restrained in view of the fact that he was calling me himself when servants were plenty; and I was at the head of the stairs almost at once. He stood in the doorway of the breakfast room and beckoned me to come down. I did so, wondering and just a bit apprehensive of what champagne and the spirit of the evening might have suggested to him as a joke. But it was no joke; that I saw immediately I entered the room.

It was a square room of moderate size, and lighted with softly shaded incandescent globes. In its centre was a round table of mahogany, now bare of cloth, and on this were a partly demolished plateaus of fruit with plates of nuts, wine glasses, a dozen of Burgundy, and a flask of cognac.

The chairs about the table had been pushed back. Five of them were still occupied by ladies, among whom I recognized Mrs. Tromwell. Three chairs were empty, and for these Mr. Tromwell and two elderly men who stood back of them accounted.

Mr. Tromwell had closed the door behind him, locking it as my ears informed me, and now came forward. "This is Mr. Cuthbert," he said to the rest, and went on, after an instant's pause in which I noticed his throat working spasmodically: "Mr. Cuthbert, there has been an accident, a rather unusual accident, in a way. One of the ladies has lost a jewel—the earring, within the past twenty minutes. As we have all looked for it vainly, at my suggestion we have called you down. You see, it is—well, a very valuable jewel—a large ruby, and, I suppose we are all a little overstrained. Anyhow, we haven't been able to find it, though we've hunted everywhere and done everything that suggested itself. Of course, it's absurd—the ruby is somewhere in the room and we have overlooked it. The point is—it must be found. So we ask you to find it, if you can, and—" he looked at me significantly—"find it as quickly as possible. There are reasons, you will understand, why none of us should leave this room until—that is why no one else should enter this room—a servant, for instance—until it is found. The ruby was missed a minute or so after the lights went out; Mrs. Campton is sure it was in her tiara a few minutes earlier. I had dismissed Treadwell, my butler, a little while before that, and I am absolutely sure, as are we all, that no one was in the room at the time except ourselves. I am sure of this, because an oil lamp burns in the hall and the pantry is lighted by gas, and while it was dark I happened to notice the streaks of light under both doors. Had they been opened by anyone—But—well, that is all, except that you are to go ahead, do what you see fit, and ask whatever questions you wish. We are all agreed on that, I believe?" He

looked at the others, and I observed no sign of dissent.

But my own face, if expressive of my feelings, must have indicated a decided distaste for the task set me. In point of fact, the wish apparent in my mind was that I had never seen the inside of Mr. Tromwell's house; for already it was patent to me that the chances of my coming out of the experience with anything but discredit were about one to ten. Why did I feel that way? You will laugh at me, but it remains so. From the moment Mr. Tromwell ceased speaking and I let my glance travel over his guests I was pretty sure of one thing. The ruby had not been lost; it had been stolen, and stolen by somebody still in the room. This extraordinary suggestion which may have been born, in my own case, of the atmosphere of tense nerves and the despatch with which I was summoned to the room, I distinctly perceived reflected in the faces of those about me. Just how this expressed itself so definitely I cannot say, but it was there. These people were uneasy; they avoided looking at one another. It was plain they shared a common suspicion, to which not one of them would give name or direction, and yet each instinctively knew that he was suspected by the rest. But at me they did look, and it was that which warned me of danger ahead. I had been brought down to try to find the ruby. It was my business to find it. I must ask questions to do so. They foresaw that. Of what else I would do they had a very hazy, but very uncomfortable apprehension. And because of this and of what might result, already they were putting themselves in an attitude of defence—of defiance. Under such circumstances it was plain that I could expect but very little help from them. Also—and this is what concerned me personally the most—it was perfectly plain that, whether or not I found the ruby, I would probably earn their everlasting illwill in trying to find it. If I failed to find it, each of them would continue to suspect the others and blame me for the suspicion. If I fixed upon the

thief I would be held responsible for putting the brand upon one to whom they were bound by ties of blood and affection.

It was too late for me to retreat, and inaction would do me no good. The best I could do was to go ahead and play for time, perhaps circumstance might accomplish for me what I balked at doing myself. So, because it was obviously the first move (though it was to be an empty performance, as, I believe, they also foresaw), I asked them all to move to the end of the room while I made a search. The result of twenty minutes of this sort of thing, in which I twice went over every square inch of the floor, as well as the table and chairs, was only to tighten the nerves of us all and bring the crisis closer; and, as I straightened up and pretended to be busy picking a bit of fluff from my trousers, I felt rather than heard the intake of breath with which my watchers prepared themselves against what they anticipated would be my next move.

But for any suggestion of a search of their persons I was no more ready than I was inclined and that is saying that I refused to consider it even privately. Before I did that—well, I was prepared to do a good many other things. So I asked them separately to tell me what they could remember of the few minutes immediately preceding and following the discovery of the jewel's loss; and I gave them the idea that the fact that a bit-or-miss hunt had failed only showed that the search must be gone at more systematically.

What I learned from their answers, however, did not help me much. They were alike sure that the ruby had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara, and that it was missed a few minutes after the lights had flashed up again. Also they were certain that no one but themselves had been in the room during the interval. Most of the rest of what they said I was convinced was borrowed of their wishes, or colored by their individual temperaments.

Mrs. Campion, a stout, elderly and, except for her rings and the tiara,

rather severely dressed lady, whose extreme pallor was accentuated by two bright spots at the cheek bones, contradicted the only suggestive information. When the lights went out, she said, she was leaning forward and slightly toward a Mr. Crane, who sat on her left. Startled at the sudden darkness, she had straightened up and dropped both hands upon the arms of her chair; an instant afterward, she thought, she felt a slight tug at her hair, but to this, at the time, she had paid no attention. Indeed, she hastened to add, she had not recalled the impression until the present moment.

I had questioned Mrs. Campion the last of all, and I had purposely avoided showing any interest in the tiara to which the ruby had been attached. But her mention of that tug at her hair made it unwise, if not impracticable, for me to do so any longer. I asked to be allowed to examine the tiara. The moment it was in my hand the absurdity of the theory that the jewel had been accidentally shaken loose became too plain to be entertained even for the temporary ease of mind of the party. The ornament was somewhat oddly fashioned. It was of finely wrought gold and supported two slender sprays of diamonds of moderate size but excellent value. Between these the ruby had swung in a stout arch of gold by a thin, gold, split ring; and this ring, luckily, still remained in place. But now it was split in two places—once where the jeweler had opened and closed it to fasten the setting of the jeweled in position, again where it was severed, as if by some edge not overly sharp which had sheared through it unawares, leaving a gap of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch.

So much I took in at a glance, and it did not particularly surprise me. Nor do I think a muscle quivered in my face. At least, there was nothing in my voice which would have encouraged those about me to think that the tiara had revealed anything. Nevertheless, it was very much in my mind to wish I could inspect the pocket knives in the room, and particularly those pocket knives which

might be fitted with nail scissors, if stout ones. That, however, being out of the question just yet, I turned once more to the room, and with what had just been told me, reconstructed for myself a picture of the party around the table as it must have looked at the moment the lights went out.

The room had but two windows, which, as I had assured myself, were locked on the inside. I therefore dismissed finally from my mind the idea that the ruby had been stolen by someone not now in the room. A massive sideboard, a serving table behind a shoulder-high, three-fold, leather screen in one corner, and the dining table, with the chairs, were its only furniture. The table, now pushed back, had stood in the centre of the room. Mr. Tromwell had sat with his back toward the door into the hallway; Mrs. Tromwell, with her back toward the only other door, which was partly behind the screen and opened into the pantry. On Mrs. Tromwell's right had sat a Mr. Crane, the father of the bridegroom; and at his right hand had been seated Mrs. Campion. It was toward this Mr. Crane that Mrs. Campion said she had been turned when the lights went out; and it was Mr. Crane who specially interested me at this moment. For, other things being equal, and so they appeared to be, it was the persons who had been seated on either side of Mrs. Campion during those few seconds of darkness who would have had the best, if not the only chance, of securing the ruby without attracting the attention of the rest of the table; and it was the person on Mrs. Campion's left who would have been in a position to use his right hand to most advantage in reaching around and above her shoulder in doing this. Decidedly there were reasons why Mr. Crane should interest me.

And yet, as I looked at the man, tall, grey-haired, sober-faced, perhaps sixty, and recalled his honorable career as a merchant and his rating in Bradstreet's, I was almost for laughing at myself. Thinkable motive in his case there was none, and every dictate of common sense, every

rule of life, should have restrained him. If it had not been that these same conditions and precisely the same argument applied with equal force to each and every one of his fellow-guests, I am sure I would have eliminated Mr. Crane from the calculation without a further thought.

As it was, in a sort of stubborn rebellion against the logic of the situation, and with no thought save to stave off a little longer the confession of my failure which seemed inevitable, I knelt once more at the spot where Mrs. Campion had sat, pretending to examine the floor. And then it was that I chanced upon my first real clue.

I was bending down, one hand resting on the table, my eyes lowered, when my fingers encountered something hard and metallic on the mahogany surface. It had an unfamiliar feel, and, as I rose, I casually glanced at it. It was a pair of grape-scissors, silver mounted, and, for an instant, my grasp loosened. Then a remembrance of that severed link of gold in the tiara leaped to my mind, and I covered the scissors, and presently walked over to the screen, on the excuse of looking at the door to the pantry. Under an electric light over the serving table, unobserved, I examined the scissors; and on the cutting edge of one of the blades, near its end, I found a tiny flake of color, scarcely more than a stain, yet unmistakably a particle of gold. At the first touch it was brushed from the steel, drifted to the floor, and was lost. But I had seen it. That was enough for me just then.

I had found the scissors lying in front of where Mr. Crane had been seated; but that might mean much or nothing at all; for whatever was on the table doubtless had been moved many times in the last three-quarters of an hour. Therefore, I dismissed the connection from my mind and tried to hit upon a plan by which I could make use of what seemed sure—that the scissors had been used by the thief. But here I was confronted by the same difficulty which had hampered me all along. To disclose

what I had just found was to declare my belief in a theft—and that was not to be considered. I came from behind the screen almost ready to acknowledge that I could not find the jewel, and to make my apologies and retreat as quickly as possible.

They were all looking at me, the same anxious question in their faces, and I was trying for the words which should release me when my glance wandered from Mr. Tromwell, who stood at the end of the table, to the lady who sat next to him. She had been leaning back in the chair, but now her head was craned forward, and I saw her eyes widen as, for an instant, they fixed themselves, not upon my face, but, apparently, upon my right hand, which hung by my side. Then, with a wrench which I could not miss, she controlled herself and smiled faintly, as she looked up at her host.

For a moment afterward I was motionless; and, to be quite frank, what I did then was prompted rather by impulse than by reason, though afterward it was plain enough to me. But, whatever its inspiration, the move was effective. I walked down the room, and, as I came close to the table, paused and laid my closed hand upon it. When I lifted it the scissors lay before the woman who had been staring at them. It was done with all the carelessness I could assume, and, I dare say, no one but she noticed that I had done it at all, or that the scissors lay there.

But she noticed it; and she knew I had deliberately done it, and that the scissors were intended to carry a message to her. Her back was toward me, but her face would have served me scarcely better: for the struggle between fright and the effort to restrain it was palpable in the convulsive movement of her head and shoulders. I have seen a good many frightened people, but this was a palmy which made me forget everything else for the moment in my pity for her, and dread lest others should observe it. Partly to cover her misery, partly to give her the chance to help her out of the straits she was in,

as I hoped they would, I stepped back and turned on Mr. Tromwell with a question. "Is Mrs. Campion absolutely certain that the ruby is not caught in some fold of her gown?" I asked. "The longer I think of it," I added, "the more likely it seems to me that that is where it is, after all."

Mrs. Campion spoke up for herself promptly. She was very certain the ruby was not where I suggested. She called my attention to the fact that her gown was close-fitting to the neck and almost without lace or loose trimming. The other ladies who had aided her in the examination of her gown and hair were equally positive that the jewel was not concealed there.

"Then," I said, "it seems to me that almost surely it must still be caught in some fold of the clothing of those who sat next to her. It is certainly not on the floor. And what is left? The sideboard—the ceiling—the walls? Those are hardly likely places."

Mr. Crane contriving a laugh which was altogether miserable, interrupted me. "I never knew it before," he said; "but I am beginning to wonder if, after all, I am not, unknown to myself, a magician in disguise; or perhaps my alter ego was at work while we sat there in the dark and got in his fine hand with that ruby. Who knows? I don't. At any rate, I insist on the point being settled, and right now. I want to be searched and searched thoroughly—by an expert. Mr. Cuthbert—"

He had spoken with an effort, for all the lightness of his tone, and his words came slowly. But for my part I had hardly heard them; for every sense had been busy with something going on back of him, back of all of them but the woman whom I pitied. She had risen from her chair as I made my last suggestion to Mr. Tromwell, and moved toward the end of the room. It was as if she was going to speak to her hostess, and, at first, I thought this was her intention. But in front of the sideboard she paused, and I saw her hand outreached. Then she tilted her head a little, and I caught a glimpse of a glass raised to

her lips. The light struck out flashes of deep red from the facets of its cutting. And on the instant I knew where the ruby had been—and where it was now. There were seven glasses on the table—three of them with a remnant of wine still in them; four of them partly emptied of the almost colorless liqueur they had held. But at the place on Mrs. Campion's right there was no glass of any kind, though a tiny red stain there showed where one had been. In that glass, concealed by the wine, the ruby must have rested while we searched. And now—now it had just passed from the glass to the mouth of the woman who had been seated there.

My pity for the woman almost changed to disgust as I realized this; for with twenty chances to drop the jewel on the floor so that I might pick it up and declare it found, she had done, it seemed, the one thing which made it most difficult to avoid complicating her. And yet, almost as quickly, I understood why she had done it. The theft of the ruby had been the act of an impulse; the temptation to secure what in her eyes was one of the most beautiful and desirable things in the world had carried away her senses. Her person, glittering with diamonds, advertised her raving passion; and splendid as these jewels of hers were, none of them, from what I know of rubies, was probably anything like as valuable as the stone which had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara. Of that splendid stone she probably had been envious for a long time. Of it she had been thinking when suddenly the lights went out, and—she had come to her senses when it was too late, and, in her extremity, her wits had deserted her. To her there had not seemed to be any way out; and the sight of those scissors and my aimless mention of the sideboard had turned her fright to blind desperation. Now—Curiously enough the thing which I said to myself at this point was: "You drove her to that move; she's gone to prison; you've got to help her out."

But Mr. Crane had walked around the table, and evidently expected me

to carry out his demand to be cleared. "It's the first time, Mr. Cuthbert," he said, "that you've been called on to expose a magician, I suppose?"

"I fell in with his spirit of jocularly. 'The very first time,' I said. 'It's usually been the other way with me. I am something of an amateur magician myself. Still I'll try—'"

So suddenly that, when I recovered myself, it was to see them staring at me. I checked myself there, smitten with an idea which, for all its grotesqueness, was an inspiration. And, more slowly I repeated: "Of course, I'll try what I can do. That is, if you'll let me do it my own way," I added.

"By all means," Mr. Crane returned. "I'm at your service. Begin."

"Very well," I said. "But not with you. With Mr. Tromwell, if he is willing."

Mr. Tromwell's brows came together. "I don't quite understand this, Mr. Cuthbert," he said; "but—it—!"

"It may not amount to anything," I put in quickly. "But it may be. At any rate, have I your permission to go ahead?"

He nodded, and I did not wait for the warning which I saw was almost on his lips. "One moment," I explained, and, unlocking the door, passed into the hall. On a table there were several silk hats. I picked up one and returned to the room. At the far end I took my stand.

"If you please," I said, "this trick you have all doubtless seen before, but never done in just the way I do it. It is a variation of my own, and it requires the assistance of everyone in the room. I have named it 'The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.' Mr. Tromwell, will you kindly go behind that screen at the other end of the room and remain there till I call you. When I do call, you are to come out with your right hand clenched tightly and held at the full length of your arm in front of you. Then walk straight to me, put your hand down into this hat until it almost touches the bottom, and open it. Afterward, please take your stand over there by the door.

And, remember, if the thing is to be successful, not a word must be spoken by anyone while the trick is in progress. Now, if you please!"

Mr. Tromwell walked behind the screen! I snatched two napkins from the table and, dropping one into the bottom of the hat, covered its upturned brim with the other, completely concealing its interior. Then, at my call, Mr. Tromwell came out, and, thrusting his hand beneath the enveloping napkin, did as directed. Mr. Crane came next; the ladies followed. There was some little smothered laughing, but the strain was still upon the party.

I had kept my gaze upon the face of each one as he or she advanced toward me with outstretched hand, and so when, at last, it was the turn of the woman with the diamonds, for a moment I held her eyes. They flickered and she was very pale, but in them was a question; and in mine, I believe, the read the answer she wanted. At any rate, there was at her lips, as she slid her hand beneath the napkin, a quivering twitch which warned me, if I would save her, to be quick.

As she turned away, I laid the hat, still covered with the napkin, upon the table. "In all legerdemain," I said, "the odd factor must be in the magician's favor. It is that which enables him to win. So it must be in this experiment. I have hunted for the missing jewel, perhaps, more thoroughly than any of you. I have had my opportunity to find it; and with this opportunity—my temptations. Who knows but what I did find it—upon the floor or—somewhere, and now have it? That chance you must allow to remain a—chance. But this is the trick of 'The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.' So—"

I slipped my clenched right hand into the hat and brought it out swiftly. The hat I overturned upon the table and drew away the napkins.

There was an instant's silence and the craning forward of heads; then a gasp of astonishment, an applauding laugh from the men, and from the women a little cry of delight—from all but one woman.

A Masterly Insult

By Elliot Follen in the Cosmopolitan

It sometimes happens that a man disobeys instructions and is thereafter commended for his wisdom by his employer. It may be that the employer was misinformed as to conditions, or that there has been an unexpected change in the situation, or that, being no more infallible than any other mortal, he himself has made an error, and it thereupon becomes the duty of the employee to act with discretion and demonstrate that he has a brain of his own.

Thus Dick Whitlow reasoned, but it was soon made clear to him that he was entirely wrong. Being instructed to prepare the copy for certain advertisements, of which a rough outline was given him, he had discovered some errors in the prices quoted; and, having demonstrated the erroneous nature of these prices by reference to the office price list, there being no one to whom he could appeal at the moment and time being short, he had thoughtfully corrected them. The result was that Grisman & Company paid for considerable advertising that was of no great value. True, the exploiting of the firm name did some good, but the fact that they were putting a certain line of cigars on the market at a new and marvellously low price did not appear at all.

Grisman explained this to Whitlow with much emphasis and sarcasm. He made it quite clear that the main reason for taking so much space was to exploit the new prices, and that the general announcement that they were in the tobacco business and handling other brands at the usual prices was intended to be only an incidental feature of the big card. Whitlow pleaded in extenuation that the prices given to him bore every evidence of having been hastily scribbled on a scratch pad, and that he was justified in believing a mistake had been made when he discovered that certain of them did

not correspond with the office price list.

As a matter of fact, Grisman was largely at fault in not making his purpose clear to his subordinate, but it is not always easy or wise for an employee to make a thing of this sort clear to his employer. In this case it was not. Grisman had supplied the correct figures. In the hurry of the moment, there being other matters awaiting his attention, he had taken too much for granted, but he had supplied the correct figures, and Whitlow had changed them. Young men, he maintained, were getting so smart that they could not obey orders; they knew too much; they couldn't get a thing right when they had a diagram of it in front of them! They all wanted to be bosses.

"What I'm looking for," he declared, "is a man who will let me be the boss of my own business, but it's hard to find one. Every young whipper-snapper these days is so impressed with the idea of using his own head that he thinks there's no other head worth having. I just want to find one man who'll obey orders."

Whitlow was very sorry. He was also very mad, but he did not mention that. If he had understood the purpose—

"That's it!" broke in Grisman. Even the office boys want reasons these days. It isn't enough to tell one of them you're going out for an hour or so; you've got to tell him where you are going and why, or else he'll use his head and spread the report that you've started for Europe. Why can't you let me do my own thinking?"

"I'll try to, sir, after this," replied Whitlow, with outward meekness and inward indignation.

"You bet you will!" exclaimed Grisman. "I've got a job for you that won't give you any chance to

use that marvelous head of yours. Now, see if you can get this straight.

Whitlow made no reply; he was considering the advisability of resigning.

"Baxter will turn over to you some thousands of sample packages of that new brand of straight-cut that we are putting out," Grissman went on with aggravating deliberation and emphasis. "It is all neatly boxed, with about a pipeful to each box. I want those addressed and sent out."

Whitlow decided that he would resign.

"In order that there may be no misunderstanding," continued Grissman sarcastically, "I will explain to you now that, in addition to the tobacco, there is in each box one of these little cards."

Whitlow was sure that he would resign, but his civility impelled him to glance at the card. It was a neat little affair, bearing the compliments of Grissman & Company and the following advice:

"Put this in your pipe and smoke it. We are sending it to you because we know you to be a good judge of tobacco."

"These samples, with the enclosed cards," Grissman explained with great care, "are to go to club members all over the country; but there is still no chance for you to make an error of judgment, for the lists have been ordered from the Gibbs Addressing Company. You will go to the office of the company, ask for Mr. Gibbs, and tell him that you want the club membership lists that I ordered; then you will retire to your office and proceed to send these samples off. I think it will take you a week or two, during which time you will have ample opportunity to reflect upon the folly of knowing too much."

Whitlow had the caustic terms of his resignation formulated in his mind, and was now prepared to start a flow of burning words that would make his position and his views wholly clear.

"You may ask Miss Sanders to help you," Grissman added, before the young man could get his verbal bat-

tery in action. "She is relieved of other duties and assigned to this for the present. It would take too long for you to do it alone."

Whitlow decided that he would not resign just yet. Miss Bessie Sanders was a charming girl, with whom it would be a decided pleasure to be associated for a week or longer in almost any occupation, and there were reasons why this association would be especially pleasing at this time. Wherefore the resignation could wait. A man could resign at any time, but he could expect to have a week alone with Miss Bessie Sanders in a cubby hole of an office only once in a lifetime.

Whitlow whispered to Miss Sanders when he went out. "I'm to have you for a week or ten days," he said.

It was rather surprising information for a girl to get from a young man. Miss Sanders seemed startled. "Who said so?" she demanded.

"Oh, if you're going to be cross about it," he returned resentfully, "I'll go back and resign. Getting you was the only thing that stopped me."

This was both surprising and mystifying. She intimated, with some dignity, that it was her first experience in being a gift, and then she intimated, with less dignity, that she would like to know what it was all about.

"Come into my office," he said, "and I'll tell you. It will have to be your office, too, until further notice."

Once in the office, which was a small partitioned space at the end of a row of similar cubby holes, he told her what had happened. "I intended to resign on the spot," he explained in conclusion, "but I decided to let the resignation wait until our joint task is finished."

"Why?" she asked.

"If you don't know," he returned reproachfully, "I'm sorry I waited."

She shifted very quickly to a consideration of the fact that he had been treated shamefully, from which it may be inferred that her curiosity was satisfied by his ambiguous reply. At any rate, she became both indignant and sympathetic over the injustice of blaming him for what he had done

with such excellent intentions, and she was particularly provoked that he should be insulted by being assigned to such trivial work as addressing sample packages of tobacco.

"How about you?" he inquired.

"Oh, that's all I'm good for," she replied.

"I think not," he returned, with such emphasis that she changed the subject again. She was not sure that she liked to have him speak with such deep personal significance on every possible occasion, but neither was she sure she did not like it. She had not been sure, either way, for a considerable time, during which period Whitlow had been at some pains to see a good deal of her out of office hours.

She was sure, however, that Whitlow had been treated with scandalous injustice by Grissman, and there seemed to be no reason of maidenly modesty why she should not give her feeling toward Grissman full vent. She did so when Whitlow left to get the lists of names, and succeeded in working up a delightfully complex feeling of sympathy for the one and indignation for the other. Incidentally she transferred pens, ink, and her own particular chair from her desk to Whitlow's office, and arranged them so that she would sit opposite to him at his flap top desk. They were going to be rather crowded, for room and desk were small, but no other arrangement was possible.

Whitlow did not seem to be in any great need of sympathy when he returned; on the contrary, while still bitter toward Grissman, he seemed to be quite reconciled to the situation.

"I'm going to like this job," he remarked cheerfully, as he seated himself on his side of the desk. "I don't like the way it was given to me, but the partnership is fine."

"He's a brute!" she declared.

"Glad you think so," he returned, and she was immediately conscious of the fact that she had spoken with unnecessary earnestness. However, he now turned his attention to some printed slips which he had spread out

on the desk. "Thunder!" he ejaculated, as he glanced at the first one. "Anything wrong?" she asked.

He made no answer, but turned from one to another of the slips in a puzzled way; then his face brightened, and he laughed. "That's good," he said to himself rather than to her, after which he laughed more heartily.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"That's great," he commented, still referring to the slips; then to her, "Of course you understand that I am to follow instructions."

"Of course," she agreed.

"Unquestioningly."

"I imagine he made that clear."

"Well, what do you think of that?" he asked, handing her one of the lists.

"Oh, mercy!" she cried, the moment her eyes rested on it.

"I've got to obey orders, haven't I?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered slowly, and a moment later, her eyes beginning to sparkle: "Why, certainly. What else can you do?"

"Well, let's get to work," he said briskly.

She felt instinctively that retribution for Grissman was at hand, but the situation was so amazing that she could not grasp all the details and possibilities at once. She pondered as she worked, and slowly the affair grew to awesome proportions. When she spoke again it was in almost a whisper, as one may in the presence of an unseen power that has silently taken control of events and is working its will in a marvelous way.

"We're sending," she said, with the hesitation of one who has stumbled upon an unbelievable truth, "we're sending samples of smoking tobacco to women and girls."

"We are," Whitlow agreed cheerfully.

"We're asking them to try it," she went on doubtfully.

"Put this in your pipe and smoke it," he quoted.

"We're referring to them as good judges of tobacco," she persisted.

"What do you think they will say?" he asked.

She shook her head solemnly, but

vent at her work of addressing samples with renewed energy; and presently, having gained familiarity with the surprising possibilities, the feeling of awe gave away to one of attachment and satisfaction.

"How did it happen?" she inquired finally.

"I can only guess," he answered, "and I guess Grisman didn't make it entirely clear what kind of club membership lists he wanted. I guess he was as careless with Glibbe in this matter as he was with me in the matter of the advertising. Anyhow it seems to be a safe bet that he has been furnished with the membership lists of about all the women's clubs in the country."

"Won't the women be mad, though?" she exclaimed.

"That's what I think," he returned, "but Grisman doesn't want a man to think."

"They'll see a horrible insult in it," she suggested.

"That's the way it looks to me," he said, "but Grisman is looking for a man who follows instructions. And he's got one now."

"It's splendid!" she declared. "I didn't suppose anything could happen so beautifully except in a book."

They worked in silence for a time, each occupied with thoughts that were occasionally amusing enough to justify a smile or a chuckle. The possibilities grew greater and more complicated as they reviewed the situation, and they were able to imagine many diverting scenes arising from this wholesale insult to the sex.

"We've got to hustle," he urged. "We want to get as many as these off as possible before the explosion comes."

That started her thoughts in a different channel. What would the "explosion" be like? She mentioned her curiosity to him.

"Fireworks," he replied, "and sky-rockets and Roman candles and bombs and bad language! But it won't touch you. You were simply told to help me, and you're doing it."

"I was thinking of you," she said. "Glad to hear it," he returned

promptly, whereas she colored. "But you needn't worry about me," he added. "I was going to quit, anyhow, as soon as this job was done—unless he gave me another one with you. This only makes it more certain."

"Perhaps it isn't wise," she suggested.

"Well, in one way it isn't pleasant," he conceded. "I don't like to leave you here. Why can't you go with me?"

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't you?" he retorted.

"Because it would be silly," she replied, which jarred him into rueful silence.

Nevertheless, he returned to that point at intervals during the next three days. He spoke lightly, yet half seriously, and back of it all there was always a suggestion of a desire to be serious. He seemed to be asking, "Why don't you give me a little encouragement?" but she persisted in either misunderstanding his indirect appeals or regarding them as silly. Being a woman, she certainly knew what he wanted to say, but she would not let him say it plainly. It developed into a sparring match for points, and she got the points.

Can't you imagine any circumstances under which you would quit?" he asked insinuatingly on one occasion.

"Why, yes," she answered frankly. There seemed to be no hope here. Just a coy refusal to explain more fully would make him hopeful enough to proceed.

"What are they?" he asked eagerly.

"If I should be discharged," she replied.

Yes, she got all the points. He felt as if some one had upset a pitcher of ice water on him, but he tried not to show it.

"Nothing else?" he persisted.

"I don't think of anything," she returned.

Yet, when he kept away from this troublesome subject, she was truly delightful and considerate in every way, which only served to lure him the more certainly back to the one

troublesome subject. She was sympathetic and vivacious, and as deeply and humorously interested in the affair of the samples as he was. There was plenty in that to keep them from ennui, too. No one could tell when the explosion would come or what form it would take. They watched the newspapers closely, they were alert when strangers called at the office, and they held themselves in readiness for trouble after every mail delivery. It was Whitlow's idea that the story would creep into the men's clubs as a joke first, after which the newspapers would extract some humor from it, and then the women, finding how generally and deliberately they had been offered a pipeful of tobacco, would let their indignation loose; but there was no certainty that it would happen in this way.

"All that's sure," Whitlow told Miss Sanders, "is that some thousands of women—club women—can't get these unkindly insinuations without some of them getting mad about it, and trouble is going to come fast when it starts."

He was right, and it started on the third day. The first intimation of it came when a delegation of women called to see Mr. Grisman. This indicated a sudden attack of wholly unexpected proportions, and Whitlow gasped as he saw the delegation ushered into Grisman's room. Then he slipped out and sought information from an office boy.

"Dunno wot's eatin' 'em," said the boy, "but they're pipin' hot! I bet they scalp the boss. Who is it? Wy, it's a bunch from some women's club. I forgot the name."

Whitlow slipped back into his office and reached for his coat and hat.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Sanders.

"I don't think I'll wait to be discharged," he said.

He lingered a moment undecidedly, while she calmly went on with her work. No possible blame could attach to her, and both of them knew it. Still he lingered, as if he would say something that he dared not. A great deal depended upon her at that

moment, but she seemed to be wholly unconscious of it.

"No use giving him the satisfaction of kicking me out," he said, which wasn't at all what he wanted to say.

"I suppose not," she returned, still busy with her pen.

He sighed and turned to the door. "I suppose I can still see you occasionally," he remarked.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in surprise, "are you going without me?"

He turned back so quickly that he caught the tantalizing smile and the invitation in her eyes. "Will you, Bessie!" he cried, and he evidently read her answer, for he added quickly, "Get your things."

Two minutes later they were gone, and two minutes after that an office boy looked into the deserted room. After the manner of his kind, he expressed no surprise, but sauntered back to Grisman's office.

Grisman was in a perturbed state of mind. He was facing five ladies who seemed to be very indignant about something, and he was assuring them that it was the most amazing and unaccountable thing that had ever been brought to his attention.

"Ain't there," announced the boy at which the ladies exchanged significant glances.

"Not there!" repeated Grisman.

"That's most extraordinary."

"It is," agreed one of the ladies sardonically.

"Then ask Miss Sanders to come here," said Grisman to the boy.

"She ain't there, either," returned the boy, whereas the ladies again exchanged significant glances.

Grisman thereupon offered the ladies a varied assortment of apologies, none of which they were disposed to accept. On the contrary, the head of the delegation informed him that the ladies of the Emerson Club, of which they were members, had passed scathing resolutions of censure, and that these resolutions had been given to the press.

"To the press!" gasped Grisman.

"Yes, sir, to the press," she repeated. "It may be good business to put this indignity upon womankind in

general, but it shows an appalling lack of consideration and respect for the sex, and we intend to make it clear to you that it's no joke."

"I—I never thought it was," pleaded Grissman.

"How would you like to have your wife and daughter appealed to as good judges of tobacco—pipe tobacco, at that?" she persisted.

"Think of the Emerson Club being asked to try a certain brand of the nasty stuff!" added another of the delegation.

"It's horrible!" put in a third. "There's that sweet little Mrs. Grandin—a bride—who was told to put this in her pipe and smoke it! She asked me with tears in her eyes how she was never going to explain it to her husband."

"It humiliates the club," still another declared. "My husband was brutal enough to laugh."

"It's shameful, positively shameful, ladies!" Grissman assured them with nervous energy. "I am sorry the man who is responsible for this disgraceful thing is not here. I would discharge him on the spot in your presence."

"And hire him back again when we're gone!" was the scornful retort.

There was no appeasing them, and Grissman was finally left with the consciousness that there was no escape from the penalty of this dreadful affair. He hurried to Whitlow's office, but Whitlow was still absent, and no one knew where he was.

"I want to see him the moment he comes in," said Grissman excitedly. "He needs't bother to take off his coat." Grissman was very warm, physically and mentally; he mopped his face with his handkerchief and he muttered much to himself. He also inquired at intervals of about five minutes whether Whitlow had returned.

The afternoon papers made the matter worse. They all had the story. Some of them treated it humorously, and some of them were harsh in their condemnation of such a brutal indignity. The first that Grissman saw had

this in big head-lines, DEBUT-ANTES ASKED TO SMOKE UP! The discharge of Whitlow, with appropriate verbal pyrotechnics, was the only consolation left him, and Whitlow merely sent in his resignation by mail. There also were protests in the mail, and other women's clubs were following the example of the one named after the illustrious Emerson. They were of all kinds—social, philosophic, and philanthropic. Even Grissman, in his great perturbation, had to smile when the Psyche Club protested that the judgement of tobacco was wholly out of its line.

It was almost a week before he dared go to his club. The news and the samples had circulated far and wide, and every day brought reports of further action of one sort or another. Many who had given the matter no thought at first followed in the wake of those who had taken up the subject immediately; every newspaper humorist had his little joke, and nearly every club woman her little speech. So Grissman thought it a good time to avoid his acquaintances.

But he was finally given courage to seek them out by two or three extraordinary incidents. A business acquaintance casually remarked that he was sorry the new brand was not a cigar instead of pipe tobacco. "I never smoke a pipe," he said, "but I have been mightily tempted to begin, to show my appreciation of a good thing." Then a retail dealer commended the sagacity and enterprise of the firm. "That's the greatest ever!" was his comment. "Everybody's talking about it." Grissman already knew that, but the man's tone indicated genuine enthusiasm. And one morning the manager of the sales department informed him that there was "an awful run on that new brand." So Grissman decided at last that he could brave the jeers of his club associates.

The first man he met, upon entering extended his congratulations; it was, he said, the cleverest thing that had been sprung in the business world in a decade. "You've waked up the whole country," he declared.

"I should think I had!" retorted Grissman; "and they're howling mad."

"Who?"

"The women."

The club man laughed. "What do you care?" he demanded. "The women don't smoke."

That was a new point of view, and it began to impress Grissman that he heard the new brand mentioned on every side. He never had put out anything else that attained such instant notoriety, if not popularity, and some of the men hastened to inform him that they were showing their appreciation by smoking the tobacco.

"That was a glorious idea of yours," said one.

"It wasn't my idea," protested Grissman.

"What?" was the astonished reply. "Well, I hope you did something handsome for the man that turned it up."

"He's quit," said Grissman.

"Quit! You let him quit?" The man seemed to find it incredible. "Lack of appreciation, I suppose. There must have been a dozen trying to get him."

Here was still another point of view. Whitlow, the disgraced and reprimanded, had done a big thing to prove his worth, and an outsider, possibly a rival, had been the first to recognize its cleverness.

Grissman walked back to the office in deep thought, and then made specific inquiry as to the new brand.

"A million dollars' worth of advertising couldn't have started it better," his manager told him.

Grissman was beginning to hate himself for a short-sighted fool. "Do you know what's become of Whitlow?" he asked.

"I understand he's gone to work for Dempster."

Grissman scowled. Dempster was the head of a rival house, and he was always reaching out after good men. Grissman started for his private office, paused, and turned back.

"Is Miss Sanders there, too?" he inquired.

"She's Mrs. Whitlow now," answered the manager.

Here was confirmation of everything. Whitlow had married on the strength of his improved position and prospects; he probably had been waiting for the opportunity, and Dempster had given it to him.

"He ought not to have left in that way," Grissman complained. "If he wanted more money, he should have come to me." There was much unconscious humor in this, but Grissman was too absorbed to think of humor. "I wonder what kind of an offer Dempster made him," he went on thoughtfully. "It must have been a pretty stiff one." As a matter of fact, Whitlow was working for less than before, and wondering how soon he would be able to get back to the old figure, but the things we don't know are constantly changing history. "Anyhow," Grissman concluded, "we can't let Dempster have him. You can get word to him, I suppose?"

"Easily," returned the manager. "He'll come high, of course," reflected Grissman, "but we can't afford to lose an advertising genius. Offer him double his former salary to come back. If that isn't enough, add to it until you get him."

Then he retired to his private office, closed the door, and devoted an hour to wondering how he could have been so blind.



A Busy Man's Vacation

By Charles Everett Bacon in Ozing

It was only a string of fish. Who can explain its strange fascination, the witchery, the mysterious something that attracts to it?

The happy-go-lucky boy stood on the sidewalk in front of my office with a fine catch of perch and blue gills strung upon a willow branch. It was a magnet that drew to him every person who passed, and his expression showed how pleased he was at the attention. It was a compliment to his skill as an angler. Each man from the day laborer to the aristocratic banker, as he passed, asked the boy where he caught them. That string of fish made them all democratic. It was not strange that the drayman came over to look at them, but what was it that appealed to Banker Jones, who never recognized or spoke or any one; who never looked right or left as he walked along the street, all ways meditating? This self-absorbed man actually saw the fish and came to a stand-still. It made even him akin to all the other onlookers. For that string of fish brought to memory happy, free-from-care "other days," before the strenuous business life had confined one everlastingly to the office without a vacation; a mental kaleidoscope that vividly pictured green fields, sylvan scenes, running brooks, placid lakes, sunshine, fresh air; thoughts of a time of freedom from care and business, and hope of holidays.

An outing! Let's see! I have not had a vacation from the office in ten years. I must—

"Been out of copy for half an hour," exclaimed the foreman in a vociferous voice as he rushed into my sanctum. To appease him I gave him an obituary of Smith that I had just finished writing when the boy came along with the string of fish that had caused my meditations.

Smith's obituary set me to musing again. Smith was a successful business man and died worth \$300,000.

Almost every week he had confidentially told me that next year he intended to retire from business and enjoy life. Next year came and he repeatedly told me the same thing. It was always next year. By-and-by he would enjoy life. Yes, by-and-by. But Smith died with apoplexy, and by-and-by never came to him on this earth, as it seldom does to any other business or professional man. He had worked like a slave, always anticipating that "good time" by-and-by.

Well, every other business man has the same dream of happiness, in the future, when he "quits business." As I mused, a forcible realization of the fact came to me that I, too, never took a vacation. The conclusion came quickly, that if a person did not enjoy life in the present, from day to day, he never would. It could not be deferred to be realized all in a lump—his pleasure must be now.

I had always been a great lover of nature, but the communion that I had established in boyhood had been rudely broken by the cold, ruthless, selfish demands of business in later life. To see more of, and to study nature; to renew my acquaintance with birds and flowers; to get the fresh air that was my natural inheritance, and hereafter to take an outing at least once a week, was a decision quickly and wisely made. I would consecrate Sundays to nature study and to the recuperation of the mental faculties and physical system by outdoor life.

For several years I have kept this covenant, taking an all-day outing on the Sabbath whenever the weather would permit. I have tramped along every river and brook and around about thirty lakes in the vicinity of my city—traversed hills and dales; strolled through woods and fields; studied birds, flowers, insects, trees and shrubs, and got more satisfaction and enjoyment and more physical benefit out of it than from any other

recreation or physical exercise I had ever before indulged in.

In company with my young son I began my outings. Other friends were attracted to the novel one-day-at-a-time vacation idea by my enthusiasm, and asked to accompany us; so that three, then five, then a dozen nature students, in time, made up the party. The first season's outings were such a success and so beneficial physically, socially and intellectually, that when Winter came the memory of the pleasant excursion days resulted in the organization of a "Nature Club." Every Winter since then meetings of the club were held weekly and a study was made of natural history. The club now numbers eighty business, professional, and working men—is thoroughly democratic, the only qualification for membership being a love of nature. When Spring comes the "call of the wild" is heard and the members cease to be indoor naturalists and become outdoor nature students, taking tramps in groups on Sundays during the Spring and Summer and until late in the Fall. The work of the club has had its influence upon nature students in other cities. An outing was held at Gull Lake with the students from the Michigan Normal School at Kalamazoo, and the Kalamazoo River Valley Nature Club organized, to comprise all of the cities in the valley of that river.

My personal record for one year was twenty-two Sunday outings, Memorial Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day—making a total of twenty-five days' vacation without loss of time from business. During the long Summer evenings many outings were taken after five o'clock, going direct from the office and carrying lunch along so that a return was not necessary until after dark. Does this not appeal to the man who loves outdoor life, but can never get away from business? This is what I would call the busy man's vacation or poor man's outing.

Our home city is very favorably situated for enjoyable outings. Running twenty-five miles to the west is an interurban line along the valley of

the beautiful Kalamazoo River, into which flow several picturesque brooks. One branch runs to Gull Lake, the largest inland lake in southern Michigan. Another line runs to Lake Goguse, the queen of Michigan lakes. Still another runs eastward for forty-five miles. In this county are sixty-seven lakes bearing names, with numerous small ones that are nameless. These, with many picturesque brooks and two rivers, make it a paradise for the nature lover.

The nature students, each Sunday, now divided up into several parties, take one of the interurbans, drop off the car at some new point and spend all day tramping, following the river or creek bottoms or visiting some lake. The visiting of a new place on each outing is essential in keeping up the interest. It gives variety and change and arouses anticipation for the next trip.

Unless there is an interest in research an outing develops into a mere cross-country tramp, which soon tires and becomes uninteresting, as it has its limit. When on an outing attention is directed to objects animate or inanimate, the mind is aroused and the stroller "wants to know." Just as soon as this desire manifests itself his fate is sealed. He is converted into a modern gypsy. He will become a confirmed "tramp" and an enthusiastic nature student. He has got into the spirit of it. Each outing develops the power of observation to a wonderful degree. He is constantly on the lookout for something that he never saw before. Nature is full of surprises.

He finds a new flower, a vine, a shrub, a tree, a berry, a nut, an insect, a bird, or some freak of nature; discovers some fact in woodcraft or forestry, or a geological specimen. He soon learns that the study of nature is inexhaustible, without end. Each flower or bird identified gives zest to the tramp, and the next Sunday's outing is looked forward to eagerly in anticipation of new discoveries.

A business man or professional man cannot be a specialist. He does not have the time or desire. He wants to

enjoy nature and get the fresh air that the open brings him. To do this all that is necessary is just a sufficient knowledge to commence on, of the several branches of natural history; so that he can learn the names of things. When he sees a tree with a bird in the branches, a flower with an insect upon it, or picks up a geological specimen, the name of each is what he is seeking. He will become so enthusiastic over this desire to know and to find that he will recklessly invade slimy marshes, muddy river bottoms and snake-infested tamarack swamps, to find a rare flower, bird, or nest, and is thrilled with delight when he finds it. Each member of the club has a nature library, and on the return home, the quest in books for information begins in earnest. All things unidentified upon the trip are searched out in encyclopedias, and—Eureka! He exults in the discovery. It is surprising what enthusiasm is aroused in the efforts to become acquainted with nature.

During the past year photographing from nature has been added to the regular attractions. This has increased the interest and brought in to the club the photographers of the city.

The gun is barred. No firearms are allowed and no birds or harmless animals are ever killed. There is harmony upon all questions except

one. Shall snake be killed? This has been the subject of many an excited debate, and no unity of action has yet been attained.

The great need of this strenuous age, when there is such a waste of vital forces, is more fresh air and outdoor life for men and women, for a restoration of the physical and mental equilibrium. Nature excursions will do this. The mounting of wire fences, the jumping of ditches, the crossing of brooks and climbing of hills, will bring all of the physical benefits to be derived from gold and kindred pastimes, and in addition the nature lover increases his knowledge on every trip—it is a continuous education.

A feature of the outing is the enjoyable time that the dinner hour brings, when the lunch is eaten by the side of some swift brook or cold spring, with the grass for linen. The previous exercise brings a relish that makes the sylvan banquet most appetizing, and the social spirit reigns supreme, while the birds charm with their sweet melody.

As a climax the members of the club have awakened to the fact that there is beauty, picturesqueness, and even grandeur right at their own door and all about them; that the ordinary is extraordinary; that common things are interesting; that there is beauty in familiar things.



In Evangeline's Country

By Ben Hooker in the Travel Magazine

We came on deck that morning into an impenetrable dun secrecy of fog. The leaden-gray and unrestful sea melted off into mystery a dozen yards from the steamer, whispering and chucking plashily. Then, in the time of two breaths, the fog broke into soft bulks, lifted, and floated down the wind, the sun struck through, and we who had left familiar Boston only the night before looked out upon Summer morning in a strange land.

A long low promontory, all gray and spray-bashed boulder and sea-green scrub-pine, with here and there a toy house set in the midst of a spot of yellow grass, thrust out into the ocean to meet us. Behind it Yarmouth harbor slowly opened out of the fog—a land-locked oval of opaque swells whereon a few clumsy, red-hulled fishing boats, their sails tanned to a tawny orange, were bobbing about.

The customs agent waved a piece of chalk and looked like an emeritus professor of mathematics. Rapidly he affixed the seal of the Empire to our belongings, remarking plaintively: "If you've got anything dutiable that you don't tell me about, you know where you'll go—you'll go to the Bad Place." And, with that exhortation in our ears, we passed on in search of our train. The name of it was The Flying Bluenose, and its locomotive was pink. We pulled out at no particular hour, comfortably unhurried, and lay back in our seats for our first sight of the land of Evangeline.

Reaches of blue and brown water where men mended nets and women hung flat dead fishes up to dry; casual wharves, with the stark skeletons of half-built ships perched high in the air and swarmed over and about like ant-hills with busy workmen; long yellow stretches of dyked meadow-land; sudden huge walls and buttresses of gray and black rock; miles on miles of forest, inviolate of man,

where hemlocks like the green bottle-tents of the Titans cluster around hoary pines all covered with tafts and masses and streamers of ashen moss that waves in the wind. Longfellow has caught this character of the woods wonderfully, when one considers that he never saw them. But there is one characteristic detail which his poet's eye never could have missed—the sudden appearance among dark birches and shuddering poplars of a cluster of dead pines erect, bare of bark, flashing white and ghastly amid the living green.

Wolville was our objective point and we found it a homely little New England sort of village, snugled under the eaves of a hill on the shore of the Basin of Minas.

It looked rainy, but we were too eager for a sight of the country to wait for morning. A bush-bearded young farmer, plodding behind his clumsy ox-wain heaped high with rustling salt hay, told us to climb straight up the hill. "There's nothing much to see, but that's a good place to see it from." We panted upward through the pines, a turn brought us out on the gory crest, and then—we stood gasping, without speech, and gazed.

The low-billowing clouds had rolled back from the horizon as the aerie rolls back from the beach, and the late sun leaped in under the torn verge of vapor, filling the overshadowed air with an amber brightness that seemed pent and struggling for space to contain it. Under our feet hung the mossy roofs and flashing windows of the town; and beyond, spread out northward the broad tide-abandoned floor of the Basin of Minas, blood-red, dotted with schooners and fishing boats lying tilted high and dry on their keels in the vermillion silt, stretching far out to where Blomidon shouldered his black bulk between the red sand and the turquoise rim of the

sky, the little cedars along his crest bristling like the hackles of some startled monster.

Next morning, we procured a neolithic buggy and a meditative horse, and set out for Grand Pre. Our road zig-zagged over the ridge we had climbed the night before, and wound slowly down into Gaspeau Valley. The railroad, after leaving Wolfville, twists under the elbow of the hill, and a little box of a way-station, set casually in a hayfield, bears the name of the Acadian village. The site of Evangeline's Grand Pre is half a mile across the meadows; but some kindly Anamis of the railway has set up, in the back yard of the station, as it were, a group of such stick-and-board signs as normally bear the legend: "Keep off the grass." Approaching we read: "Site of Benedict Bellefontaine's House," "Site of Basil's Forge," and so on. A whimsical and an accommodating thought, this—to leave the pale tourists hurrying by in the Flying Bluenose the germ of an historical recollection.

A few minutes' drive across the low, blossomy fields brings us to where a clear spring, the Mecca of wandering cows, bears the name of Evangeline's Well. Near at hand is all that remains to the eye of the Acadian Village—a long line of old willows, squat, pollard-topped, and streaming with masses of pendulous foliage, as if they had sat down in the classic attitude of mourning, to lament amid streaming hair; such willows as never grew by nature on this side of the Atlantic. The Acadians brought the stools from Normandy, and planted them along their village street three hundred years ago. They were full grown when Evangeline walked under their shade in the Summer twilight with Gabriel; and the flames that destroyed the homes of the village had no power against their green strength. Behind them a few shallow depressions in the level meadow, grass-grown and colored with ephemeral clusters of wild flowers, just show where some of the houses once stood.

The Acadian village lay in the midst of its fields, some little distance from

the water; but the modern Grand Pre runs down to the beach at the mouth of the Gaspeau, where the Exiles were embarked—a scattering handful of white cottages and plashy farm yards, with weather-beaten fish houses and high rickety wharves along the river. It might be any one of the villages along the lower Connecticut River—Essex, for instance. From the beach, every outlook is a luminous criticism of Longfellow; showing how well his imagination caught the quality of the country, and how curiously he failed in placing and in combining the details of his vicarious information. The British ships which rode at anchor

—“in the Gaspeau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us,” must have been equipped with modern artillery to reach the ancient village. Again, all the country about Grand Pre is marsh meadow, below the level of high tide, and reclaimed by the dykes of the early settlers from a mere salt marsh. There is no primal forest in the vicinity, nor could there ever have been. And the most famous description of the Poem—that where—

—“the deep-voiced neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents discomfite answers the wail of the forest.” is a beautiful defiance of geography. The Basin of Minas is as land-locked as New York Harbor. There is nothing like surf within ten or fifteen miles of the Gaspeau Valley; so those poetic pines must have had keen ears.

I wonder that Longfellow should have dismissed with a phrase those “turbulent tides.” The guide books dryly remark that the tides in the Bay of Fundy are the highest in the world, and supplement this with unmeaning figures. You stand at low tide on the top of the Dyke—a heavy earthwork of willow hurdles, turf, and red clay—looking down as from an upper window over the salt meadow; and on the other side, as from a house-top, upon the stony shingle of the beach. The river is a trickle of blue, running through reaches of

bare, red mud. You may come back six hours later to look out over the tossing blue of a great bay, whose brimming waters lap the dyke crest at your very feet.

Half way between Wolfville and Yarmouth there is a little town of fishermen and ship-builders, called Weymouth. Here the remnant of the Acadians—the few who made their way back to their own land—form a colony of a few hundred souls, living among themselves, marrying only among their own number, holding

themselves apart from the English people around them. Tell you may see now and then the huge, white-winged cap of the Norman peasant woman, hiding perhaps a face whose clear-cut Latin profile marks the older, now the alien, race. Still they speak their own language as it was spoken in the France of the Seventeenth Century. It is not modern French, nor the corrupt Canadian. One concession they have made to modern ways: they publish a local newspaper now, once a week; but it is written in the French of Louis Quatorze.

The Encyclopaedia General

By George A. Bent in the Royal Magazine

WHEN Jack first communicated to me the brilliant idea which he declared would bring us a fortune in about twenty years' time, I was not particularly enthusiastic. I had my own ideas as to the wisdom of allowing one's life-partner to indulge in the pastime of hobby-riding. To my mind the only hobby of a married man should be his wife. I imparted my views in this connection to Jack at some length.

"Mine is a hobby which we can both share," he replied, when I had finished, "otherwise I should not have entertained the idea for a single moment. The 'Encyclopaedia General' will be a joint production, yours and mine. I shall search the newspapers for information on every conceivable subject; you will cut out the marked paragraphs and stick them into the preliminary volumes, the indexing of which I shall also undertake."

"You think, then, that I am quite incapable of compiling an intelligible index?" I remarked unpleasantly.

"You have had no experience in that pursuit, dear," explained Jack in a conciliatory tone. "The success or failure of our venture would rely entirely upon the comprehensiveness or otherwise of the index."

Jack took up the morning paper as

he spoke, and drew my attention to a paragraph which he had already marked with blue pencil.

"That refers to the painless destruction of blackbeetles," he explained, as I read the item through. "How would you index it?"

I glanced at the paragraph with a critical eye, feeling that my reputation was at stake.

"I should write down: 'Destroy blackbeetles painlessly. How to,'" I said at length.

"Wrong," cried Jack triumphantly. I turned by back on him and hummed rudely. His ill-timed hilarity irritated me beyond endurance.

"Don't you understand, dear, that the keynote of the information is 'Beetles'?" he said, laying a kindly hand on my shoulder. The item should be indexed as 'Beetles, How to painlessly kill black.'"

I did not understand, and I told him so—rather forcibly.

"Would it be correct to index extracts relating to the cost of boarding at seaside house under 'Carpentry for Amateurs?'" I asked, assuming an expression of mild inquiry.

Jack became suddenly solemn. He looked up more in sorrow than in anger.

"When a woman tries to be humo-

ous she generally says something exceptionally silly," he remarked. "This idea of mine to collect and classify information on all subjects gleaned from every reliable source, and to publish the net result in twenty years' time, is surely worthy of serious consideration and of sensible treatment."

He was so much in earnest that I felt rather sorry for my flippancy. It seemed almost like sacrilege.

"But won't the information of today be just a little old-fashioned by the time the work is completed and published?" I ventured, speaking in a more serious tone. "Suppose, for instance, that he had just issued such a miscellany as you propose, and that one of the proud owners of the Encyclopedia wished to refer to an article on bicycling, written by an expert in the year 1887?"



"Jack scarcely spoke a single word.... His lips were quivering continuously and he was working slowly at the jaw muscles."

"He would look under the letter B, of course," said Jack sagely.

"Certainly," I agreed. "But that is not the point. Our information would probably be indexed in this way: 'Bicycle. How to choose and ride a spider?'"

Jack explained that the work would have to be thoroughly revised before publication, and that all out-of-date information would be eliminated. He appeared to be somewhat discouraged when I calculated that the task of elimination would probably wipe about fifteen volumes out of existence; but his ebullient enthusiasm revived again before the evening, when he returned from the city with four large indexes

and some dozens of newspapers and periodicals. The half-dozen books which were destined to receive the earliest cuttings had arrived earlier in the day, together with a pint bottle of gum, a new fountain pen, and half a gross of blue pencils.

It was a solemn moment when Jack made his first entry in one of the virgin indexes. There was a dreamy expression on his face. I could see that his thoughts were too deep for words. For the moment he was living in the year 1927; and his largely advertised warning to subscribers that they had only "two days more" in which to secure the "greatest work of the century" was already written in letters of gold on the study walls.

I peered curiously over my husband's shoulder as he carefully indexed the initial paragraphs. They read:

"Artichoke. How to boil a garden."

"Minister. The boy who became a Cabinet."

And that was the beginning of Jack's dream—the birthday of the "Encyclopedia General."

II.

Many months passed by and the Encyclopedia, fed daily with a huge meal of facts and figures, grew so rapidly that the volumes overflowed from the bookcase and littered the study floor. I estimated that in less than two years' time we should be living in the scullery, while our literary octopus, having stretched forth its sticky tentacles and devoured the other rooms, one by one, would make a final attack and eventually compel us to take refuge in the stable.

Jack took no notice of my observations. He ignored every remark which was not of an informative character; neglected everybody whose conversation could not be mentally indexed, and lived in a dream in which I played a part of no more importance than that of an ordinary "walk-on or super." I felt that I was no longer Jack's wife. He had probably indexed me long ago under the letter G, thus: "Gum. The girl who attends to my," or, "Goo-

sing. How to restrain a place woman from." I had taken the place allotted to me in volume G—A—S to G—U—N, and the few volumes which I possessed were lost among the rival claims of glass, gorilla, and gelatine.

I was horribly ashamed of my husband when the Stutevant Smiths called on us one evening during the earlier stages of the mania. Jack scarcely spoke a single word, while I was doing my utmost to entertain our guests; but his lips were moving continually, and he was staring stonily at the gas bracket just over Mr. Smith's head, while our mutual friend talked pleasantly about the easiest way to hang pictures, and the best system of dyeing clothes. Mrs. Smith spoke with some warmth on the subject of careless laundry work, and then told us that one of the younger boys had contracted a serious illness through eating immediately of monkey nuts.

When Jack had closed the door (with indecent haste) upon our departing guests, I stooped and picked up a slip of paper which he had used as a cuff protector in anticipation of his usual unclean labor—labor mercifully interrupted, in this instance, by the unexpected visit of the Smiths. I read through the almost undecipherable message which the paper contained carefully before committing it to the flames. The information, evidently written surreptitiously, was worded as follows:

"Figures. Advice to those about to hang."

"Clothes. Best method of dyeing quickly."

"Nuts. Illness caused by eating stale monkey."

"Pocket handkerchiefs. How to starch ladies."

Within a week of that terribly humiliating evening, Mr. Smith paid us a second visit. He seemed greatly agitated, and could scarcely articulate the words which rushed to his lips in response to my polite greeting.

"I must see your husband at once," he gasped. "There's been a—"

The remainder of the sentence was drowned in a spasmodic gurgle. The

poor fellow was trembling violently. Jack was at my elbow instantly. For the first time in six months his face had lost its vacant expression.

"You want help—information?" he questioned sharply, addressing Smith. "Yes, yes," replied the other breathlessly. "I bear you're compiling an encyclopedia. My boy has cut his knee badly—severed one of the main arteries, and we can't stop the bleeding! We've sent for the doctor, but he is generally out at this hour. My poor boy may bleed to death unless help is forthcoming in the meantime!"

"I'll turn up the advice you want in two ticks," Jack assured him, as he led the way to the study. "I remember indexing something about arteries only last week. It'll be in A—P—E to J—S—K, under 'Artery. How to stop bleeding in a main.'"

Smith sat down nervously on three feet of miscellaneous information, while Jack rapidly scanned the index.

"Acting, antidotes, apes, apples," he read quickly. "Aquarian, art, artichoke, avoidupois."

Jack paused and looked doubtfully at the open page.

"Try 'kntz,'" I suggested hastily, seeing that poor Smith was listening to the idiotic recital with an impatience which only his innate politeness kept under restraint. Jack accepted the suggestion with alacrity.

"Kntz will be in the K—L—S to K—U—S volume," he announced after a moment's thought. "Where is it?"

"For Heaven's sake be quick," ejaculated Smith. "I thought you had all the information at your finger tips."

"I think you're sitting on the very item we want, Mr. Smith," said Jack pleasantly. "We must be methodical in an urgent case of this sort, you know—it pays best in the long run."

Mr. Smith arose hastily with a very ugly word on his lips—a word which might have been indexed in various ways. He followed up the exclamation with an apologetic cough and glanced at me appealingly. I smiled back my forgiveness, even as I should

have done if he poor little man had burst into a torrent of raging profanity. Jack was busy with the index while we were exchanging glances.

"Kissing, knapsack, knead—knee," he announced triumphantly. "Knee. Remarkable case of housemaid's—that is scarcely what we want, is it? I'm afraid there's nothing further referring to knees. We'd better look under 'cut.'"

"Ro," hissed Smith, writhing like a cholera-stricken Hindu. Jack ignored the expletive entirely. "We should have looked under 'cut' in the first instance," he said calmly. "Give me the C—O—W to C—U—Z section, Doc."

I passed him the required volume, and he read: "Cursing, The evils of;



"Smith sat down nervously on three feet of miscellaneous information, while Jack roared through the index."

'Cushion. How to stuff a feather'; 'Custard. How to prepare a sage'; 'Cut. How to stop bleeding in a.' "That's the very thing," cried Smith hysterically.

"Page 35, column two, paragraph six," said Jack. "I knew that I had the information somewhere."

He turned to the page indicated and read aloud:

"Slight cuts and wounds may be successfully treated with ordinary sticking-plaster, which should be cut into narrow strips, well warmed, and applied to the part affected. In the case of more serious wounds surgical

aid should be obtained without delay."

Smith rose to his feet, swaying like a drunken man. I could see that he was struggling to regain his lost voice—that he wished to express his feelings in a way which Jack could understand.

"Try bleeding in vein," I suggested hurriedly, hoping to nip the impending explosion in the bud.

Smith laughed dangerously. He had kicked the R—O—T to R—U—M volume under the table and was slowly regaining the power of speech.

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," he remarked with admirable self-control. "Perhaps the doctor has arrived by this time. If you don't mind, I'll run home just to see how matters stand, while you look up the information together."

And in spite of Jack's assurance that the greatly-desired item would surely be found within the next two minutes, Mr. Smith beat a hasty retreat and left us alone with our consciences—and the encyclopedia.

Smith junior did not bleed to death, thanks to the timely arrival of the doctor, who appeared on the scene within a few minutes of the departure of the agonized father.

The end of the "Encyclopedia General" was far more tragic. Resisting at length the proverbial stubbornness of facts, Jack steeped about ten thousand of them in naphtha and oil and burnt them to death on the asparagus bed, having first looked up "Paper. How to burn compressed quickly," in the eighth volume of the condemned work. As though to spite itself, and give the lie to its own teachings, the thing smoldered dimly for twenty-four hours, and several hundreds of asserted facts which managed to escape the holocaust were carried away by a strong south-westerly wind and deposited in the neighboring gardens.

The Woman's Sense of Honour

By Mrs. John Van Vleet in the Pall Mall Magazine

THERE WAS, in a large tenement house somewhere in the region known as the "slums," a certain janitress who for years had, among other services to the proprietor, rendered that of collecting rents. After giving proof of absolute honesty during a long period, she was suddenly arrested and accused of the following offence: To one of the tenants in the house she had, of her own free will, made a loan. As time went on and she was unable to collect this debt, she applied for the more prompt effecting of justice, a device which, although to her it seemed logical and legitimate, was the cause of her arrest. When at the expiration of a term the rents were as usual paid in to her, she took from the dues of her debtor the sum that was owing to her, paying herself and shifting on to the shoulders of the proprietor the responsibility of collecting the money overdue. This action on her part was accomplished in perfect innocence, nor could she understand the wrong she had done; she had not stolen, for the money she took was owing to her, and the person she took it from was the same who owned it to her. Why, then, should she go to prison?

Characteristic of the woman's sense of honor was this arbitrary questioning of justice, which no man would have essayed. Nor does the woman's training upon these matters resemble that of the man in any way, and so persistent is the difference that it deserves consideration. We speak intentionally of a man's honor and a woman's sense of honor, and, though there is no reflection implied, the apparent meaning is obvious. A man's reputation is formed by the outside world's judgment of him. The accepted opinion of a woman is that which her family hold regarding her; her standard of conduct is established by her own and her family's interests; and her sense of honor is consequent-

ly and inevitably subjective and personal rather than objective and unconditional. Her understanding is educated to consider more nearly the harm any act will cause to herself than its effect upon others. The fact that she defends something more precious than life, and rarer than gold, develops in her an intensity of loyalty which is in certain cases sublime, although the incidents to which such instinctive reasoning leads are sometimes amusing.

I once had occasion to inquire at an intelligence office for information regarding a servant, about whom the managers gave me accounts so glowing that I exclaimed, "What you tell me is not exaggerated?"

She answered in the tone of self-evident logic: "Oh, madam, what interest would it be for me to lie to you? You live right across the street!"

It is not difficult to suppose what ruses she might have combined for deceiving me had I lived in the suburbs or beyond the pale where the certainty of being "found out" proved an effectual restriction.

Another example of the subtle feminine argument I observed in the response given by a maid to one of my friends who had mislaid her purse. The servant was emphatic in denouncing any possibility of having seen the pocket-book; and fearing perhaps that she might fancy there was an undercurrent of suspicion, my friend said: "There was nothing in the purse, Mary." To which Mary stolidly responded, "Even so, I have not seen it."

In the acts of actual stealing, and in the other digressions which show an open disregard of the law, the masculine culprit, when caught, is submissive. The woman is rebellious to the last. Substituting her own ideas of what ought to be for the already preconceived notions of retribution,

she looks upon the law as "outrageous" or "absurd."

"How preposterous!" we heard two women exclaim at the steamship docks of a transatlantic line. The custom house officer was making his inspection, and having come upon these two ladies clad in sealskin, under a sun whose rays marked ninety in the shade, he had carried off the unreasonable garments for appraisal.

"Outrageous!" reiterated one of the women. "He had no business to ask us where we got our coats."

"No," replied the other; "but we were perfect geese—we ought to have lied."

A more extreme form of this opposition to inviolable regulations is manifested by the women who are actually made prisoners. A well-known American warden said to me: "I have been in prisons for men and in prisons for women. Discipline in the former is child's play compared to the latter. As soon as a man realizes there is no use in resisting, he gives in. But the women, even when we put them in strait-jackets, always manage to extricate at least one finger and to agitate that in a rebellious manner."

In the matter of conduct toward husbands and consideration due to the "better half" there is an especial code of honor. It has the stability that sanction by women of all countries gives it, but it does not resemble any code that a man would observe toward another man, nor which a woman would employ toward any human—except her husband. This code includes the right to search pockets, consult notebooks, open letters, read those already opened. It includes the right to confound household and personal accounts, to use on self the money intended by the master of the house for paying bills. This system is not frequently practised, perhaps, and less frequently admitted, no doubt; yet we remember one newly married woman who announced as a little triumph, "When I buy for myself something I don't like, I just sell it to the house!"

The peculiar indulgence which the

conjugal state seems to call for as regards the weaker sex in matters of honor more or less delicate was thus strikingly summarized by a philanthropist accustomed to all sorts and conditions of people. Among the poor whom she visited there was a woman who, in fit of rage or jealousy, had killed a man. In relating to me the case, the philanthropist concluded sadly: "Yes, she killed him, and he wasn't even her husband!"

The digression from the strictest sense of honor are not, however, all humorous or all harmful in their results. Subsequent to a theft made in one of the poorer quarters of New York, the police started an investigation. Immediately the culprit gave herself up into their hands. She was a young working girl without parents or family. They imprisoned her, and it was only some time after that her secret was discovered. She was innocent. "But," she explained, "I was an orphan alone in the world. It made no difference about my going to prison. Whereas the girl who really stole, and whom they have arrested now, has a mother!"

Other demonstrations of the loyalty which is a law unto itself are given among this class, who, from want and misery, are driven to crime, while something in their souls remains as untainted as the blue sky that has reflected in the puddle of mud.

During a visit to Saint-Lazare, the famous and historic prison for women in Paris, we were shown the principal hall at a moment when the signal was given for recreation. The poor creatures rushed for the courtyard where they could be at liberty. One woman alone was detained by the Superior. She was young and fine looking, and her aspect was so tragic that I asked what her offence had been, and why she was the object of an especial punishment. The Superior explained:

"She is here for complicity in murder."

"And some of the others are also, are they not?" I asked.

"Yes," my informant continued, "but if we let this girl down to the

courtyard she would be torn to pieces—not because she aided in murder, but because in doing so she betrayed the man she loved."

But there is still another side to the question.

In critical moments, no doubt, a woman's weakness is her strength. We have had this dramatically demonstrated in the first act of a justly popular American play, *The Great Divide*. Here, finding herself attacked by three men, the heroine appeals instinctively to one of them, who becomes, if not altogether her protector, at least momentarily her rescuer from the other men. It was because of her very helplessness that she was accused.

A similar case in point was that of a brave young woman who took charge of a boys' reformatory, or rather temporary prison, where boys were placed on arrest while waiting trial. She was alone, without a man guardian, day and night.

"Aren't you ever afraid?" I asked her. "Some of the boys are sixteen, and as strong as men."

She smiled. "Once a boy attempts to strike me. In an instant there were ten others by my side to protect me. This would not have been the case for a man. He would have to fight his own battles. Mine are fought for me. The man would maintain discipline by his strength. I maintain it by my helplessness."

This very "helplessness" (and here comes the other side of the question), which is so effectual in provoking protection where there are several men and one woman concerned, becomes in single combat a totally different matter.

There are a certain number of things a woman can't do and a certain number she won't do, even to protect her rights. When she finds that the very rescuer who proved so gallant in supplementing her weakness by his force, will, in other moments, when his own interests are at stake, actually take advantage of this same weakness—then the woman becomes sly, cunning, underhanded if necessary. She has the slightly desperate

feeling which comes with any sort of impotence. She is reckless, as those are who wish to avenge themselves and have no power to do so.

Looked at in this light it is apparent that her sense of honor grows dull through the course of action to which, in the effort to maintain her rights, she is driven, and this would lead us almost to the concluding conclusion that, in a woman's understanding of honor, whatever flaw occurs has been put there by man.

Why then is it that women so distrust each other?

The secretary of an important lawyer in Wall Street, who had through fifteen years of training and experience become so proficient that she was able, in certain cases, to answer the necessary questions and give the necessary advice to a client without consulting the lawyer himself, told me once, with a certain pride, of this confidence shown in her. Then she added: "No woman will ever take my word. If a woman comes while Mr. X. is occupied or away, and I propose myself—not as a substitute—but as an intermediary, a slight expression of scorn comes over the lady's face, and she refuses always."

We have observed that, in France, all establishments requiring any serious organization are under masculine supervision, even in such strictly feminine realms as dressmaking and cooking. The grand couturiers—Worth, Doucet, Paquin—and the great chefs are all men. From America we might expect something different, given the training and liberal education our women have. Yet the manager of a large business concern in New York, where a great quantity of women are employed, told me that it was impossible to entrust the management of his affairs, even temporarily, to a woman, not because of her incapability, but because of her failure to inspire confidence in the other women of the establishment.

"I once started," he said, "on a four weeks' holiday, leaving at my desk a woman who had been so long with us that she knew more in her

little finger than I did in my whole make-up. I hadn't got further than Chicago when a frantic telegram called me back. Things were going badly at the office. My feminine successor could command no authority whatever over the members of her own sex. They refused to "mind a woman!"

At the heart of all this distrust, uncertainty, and seeming caprice, there is a great natural law. The instinctive rebellion which the prisoner in her strait-jacket shows against the application of legal force is embarrassing, no doubt. The resistance that women display in admitting the justice which decides against themselves or those they love is unreasonable. Their difficulty in conceiving that judgment should be applied without regard to individual cases is exasperating indeed. But all this is

no accident, no chance of environment, nor outcome of training. It is the manifestation of an instinct of preservation, as strong as that which makes us struggle for life. The man, in his reasonable and well-balanced character, faces the world as it is. He sees things as they are and accepts them so. In the woman's attitude there is always less resignation. The very violence of her opposition to things "as they are" pre-supposes an ideal. Thus by the intensity of sentiment, which risks at times unsettling her sense of honor, the woman preserves those standards which carry man forward towards nobler and higher ends. Her ferocious loyalty—so troublesome to justice—and her passionate self-sacrifice—disapproved by reason—keep alive in the race the soul of man that does not live by bread alone.

Underpaying the Men in the Ranks

"System"

AN employer one day took stock of his working force. He was not receiving from his employees the work, the efficiency, the interest and the loyalty that were due. He directed his confidential man to make a thorough investigation and report to him the condition of his organization, the cause of its inefficiency and faults, the action necessary as remedy. The report showed that, while he had many unsatisfactory and incompetent employees, there were also many things "the matter with" him, the employer; and that in many cases the employees' disloyalty and inefficiency were directly due to faults of the employing powers—of the executives who came in direct contact with employees.

To the president:
"How can I cut down my payroll?" was one of your stated objects in directing this investigation. You have resolved to reduce wages, and,

in view of the fact that you will still keep the same working force, you think the same efficiency will be maintained in your establishment.

My talks with hundreds of employees the last three months point a flaw. Action and reaction are equal. Pay the thinking man what he is worth to-day, say twenty or twenty-five dollars a week, and get all that is in him. Pay fifteen a week to-morrow—and get fifteen dollars in return.

In talking with men who are about to leave and applicants coming to us, I find that the reason most men seek a change is that they feel their salaries are not commensurate with their services.

They may be wrong; in a majority of cases they probably are. But that does not alter the fact of their dissatisfaction and the consequent slump in their interest and work.

The employer should do one of two things: either pay a man what he be-

lieves he is earning—or convince him he is not worth so much, but is being paid what he deserves.

One of the sources of this investigation has been inquiries among hundreds of persons who apply for positions with us monthly. I was struck by the fact that many of these came from one of the best and largest mercantile establishments in this city. I thought we might profit from the experience of this house.

"Why," I asked these men, "does this house have so much trouble in keeping its men?"

I found that they all leave for one reason—more money. This house is known to its associates as "The Training School"; as soon as men employed therein reach a certain age and have knowledge that will enable them to be of service, other firms step in and overbid the large firm.

The prospective employee in this house is hired on the basis of this talk: "We have the finest surroundings in which you are to work that the mercantile field can possibly offer. The class of men employed by us is the best we can possibly get. We know every man's history connected with us. If you come into our employ and make good, your future is assured. If you ever leave us, our name alone will procure a position for you."

Quite right. This firm's name does procure for its men good positions. As soon as they are ready for graduation, so to speak, these men take other positions at better salaries. The house has set certain prices on given positions and will not pay more money. A man may stay in a position one year or twelve years—he may fill the position with brilliancy or mediocrity: the rule is followed—there are no deviations.

One of their chief correspondents is seeking a position with us. Some ten or twelve years ago he started in with this house as bundle boy, age seventeen, grammar school and one year high school education, environments the best, good family. Now he is nearly thirty, has a family of his own, salary fifteen dollars per week, in

charge of eastern states in mail order department, and responsible for all mail, money or goods in the house, in transit or in the hands of the buyer if not paid for. Special delivery letters, registered letters, difficult correspondence cases, telegrams, telephones—all centre at his desk. If the sales management wants to know of territorial conditions, he is the man asked to furnish information. Advertising that goes to a locality is more or less originated by him. Kicks, claims and refunds all bear his O.K. and are paid by his direction.

Here is a man who has a department in which he is chief—who has spent years in learning the work of the department, and held the same position for other years. He knows the customers, their credit, methods and peculiarities. He knows how to ship the goods and to get the money in return. He is handling his work to the best of his ability and making good. He does not receive promotion because he is well up on the ladder and there is no higher place to put him. He has no chance to go ahead.

But he has added on years and expenses. It is requisite that he earn more money. He asks for a "raise." His superior tells him: "You are getting all your department pays. You know yourself that the man before you got the same salary we are now paying you. No—I am very sorry, but we cannot pay you any more now, not for some time, at least."

This man has ambitions—a family to support—old age to provide for. One of two courses he will follow: either he seeks another position which will pay him more; or he grows dispirited and unambitious, shirks his work, makes the line of least resistance so far as any actual labor is concerned. In the first case, the house loses a good employee and the cost of his education; in the second, it has a low-efficiency, unenthusiastic, disloyal employee.

This policy keeps the payroll down. Is it profitable?

I went to the employment manager of this mercantile house, and asked him that question, point blank.

"Let the other firms pay our fifteen-dollar men twenty-five. Haven't we been getting the work of the same man for ten dollars less? Isn't that profitable?"

But these men are capable of greater producing power than a fifteen-dollar position calls for.

They make good in higher salaried positions with other houses. Six months ago assistant manager of the clothing department at sixteen and one-half dollars a week, now advertising manager of one of the best clothing houses in Chicago, is a record made by one man turned out of this "training school." This man's record while with the house was twice the sales of the next best man, who incidentally is on the same salary today he was at that time. The firm itself said of this man: "He is a good man; his work was satisfactory; we think him reliable. He has been with us twelve years and he leaves to take what he thinks to be a better position."

A manufacturer would think poorly of the foreman who uses a machine to turn out a hundred-dollar-a-day product, even at a profit, when it is capable of producing a thousand dollars' worth of a higher product in the same period. Why doesn't the same apply to men?

In a great many instances this house is probably right: many positions and classes of work are worth only a fixed compensation. But if a man is actually capable of greater earning power, it is the business of a good executive to see that he is put where he can produce to his greatest capacity. If he goes to some other concern and makes good at a higher salary, that concern is the better managed.

Usually the "straw boss" is the man who is the immediate user or misuser of this policy.

But the ultimate responsibility is not his. For, whereas the head of a business would not preserve so short-sighted a course, he virtually forces it upon his department heads.

That department in this business which in your direction of this in-

vestigation you characterize as "the most inefficient branch of our organization," is a case in point.

A thorough examination showed that the chief faults were an overplus of complaints against it, due, first, to mistakes in its operations, and, second, to being constantly behind in its work. Further study brought out the fact that more changes occurred in its clerical force than in any other department.

This was my point of approach when I interviewed the manager. "I know why my clerks leave," he said frankly, "it's because they aren't paid enough. Only the mediocre ones stick to their positions."

"Which is the reason, too, I suppose," was my bold comment, "that so many complaints are lodged against your department and you are always behind."

"I grant it," he said. "Then why don't you take the trouble to put on better employees?"

"Because," he answered, "I am given a certain amount of money with which to run this department. You know that clerical wages have been gradually rising in the last two years."

"I made the mistake of sticking to my old wage-rate, and naturally I kept getting a poorer class. When I woke up to the fact that we were running behind in our work, instead of asking for more money I made the further mistake of asking for more clerks."

"You have the same number of clerks you had last year, with the same volume of business," the management said. "You have no reason for asking for more clerks. Something must be wrong with your methods."

"So," he concluded, "the grade of my clerks is steadily descending, and they are not only incapable of turning out the work, but mistakes are piling up against their inefficiency."

Here is a case, Mr. President, where we are losing our old, capable employees, and putting on transient, incompetent workers, because we will not pay higher wages—and the loss in business and the waste in errors

costs us three times the difference in wages.

No sane business man would advise that every employee be paid what he thinks he is worth; very few but what have a highly inflated idea of their value. But if a worker mistakenly believes he is underpaid, convince him he is receiving a just wage—or let him go.

The employee who sincerely believes he is doing more than he is paid for, is always doing less. And a green employee is better than a discontented one.

I would recommend, Mr. President, that the best way to reduce the payroll in this house is to increase the wages.

That sounds paradoxical, but the experience of two houses in our line will explain it. From many employees of both of these houses we have had applications in the past two weeks.

On investigation I found that, evidently in the same frame of mind on account of conditions of the trade as you are, in both houses retrenchment orders have gone forth.

The A— Company took the usual

course, announcing a ten per cent. cut in salaries of a certain class of workers. Result—more than half of these are looking for new positions—with spite, rather than desire for more money, the chief motive.

The B— Company discharged ten per cent. of this class of workers, and then, explaining its position fully to those remaining, announced a five per cent. increase in wages, with the statement that it expected the ninety per cent. to do the work previously done by the full force. And from what I can learn these expectations are being fulfilled.

The first company has a discontented, demoralized force, one-quarter of which will probably leave and have to be replaced with new help, which means inefficiency and expense.

The second concern has a loyal, enthusiastic set of workers, has got rid of its poorest operators, and is saving a clean five per cent.

Something for nothing is no more possible in handling workers than in dealing in mining stocks. He who sows is out-stinted. To him who gives good measure is returned better measure.



Telegraphing Pictures

Translation, from the Windsor Magazine, of an Article by Professor Koen, the Inventor

"GIVE me a fulcrum, and I will raise the world!" wrote Archimedes. Doubtless there is a great deal in what he said, but no one could put at his disposal the means for which he asked, and this, all things considered, was perhaps as well.

Less ambitious than Archimedes, I am content to say: "Give me a thousand telegraph wires, or those of the telephone, and I will enable you to see the person with whom you talk, even if he is at the other end of the world." Unhappily, I am not given them to present, and for the moment I am obliged to content myself by transmitting telegraphically such photography as I can.

Telephotography is found in the particular properties of a substance called selenium, a non-metallic element, in general chemical analogies, related to sulphur and tellurium. It was discovered by chance in 1873, when an ingenious Englishman, Willoughby Smith, who was employed in laying the submarine cable, was making some experiments. He was at the moment in need of a substance to oppose great resistance to the electric current, and he made choice of selenium, as its powers, compared to those of copper, silver, iron, etc., were known to be enormous. However, he could hardly, as he soon found out, have made a worse choice, for selenium is one of the most eccentric and most inconstant conductors in the world, giving, if used during the day, one result, and another one quite different if used during the night. Mr. May, the assistant of Mr. Smith, discovered that the resistance of selenium varied according to the amount of light to which it was exposed, and experiment showed that in light selenium is relatively a good conductor, whilst in the dark it gives much more resistance. As to the explanation of this strange phenomenon, let us frankly own that it must come from the science of the future.

One may imagine, however, how such a discovery excited the imagination of the experimenters. At once they saw the possibility of completing the telephone by an apparatus capable, so to speak, of showing the actual presentment of the person with whom one was talking at a place thousands of miles off. At first this feat appeared easy enough.

At the far end of the telephone, in a dark room, is projected, on a little disc of selenium, across which an electric current is passed, the actual image of the person. At the receiving station, thrown upon a screen by a ray of light, more or less intense according to the intensity of the electric current sent across the disc of selenium, as it runs over the different parts of the figure at the transmitting station, there would then appear on the screen its actual presentment. But to see this is always conditional on the operation being conducted so quickly that all the component parts of the transmitted image are retained upon the retina.

Ah, there was a seductive programme! Think of it! To abolish absence, one of the greatest ills of our poor humanity; to be able to see, at will, the play of feature and the loving looks of those dear to us when they are far away!

But, alas! all efforts failed before two insurmountable obstacles: the impossibility to obtain simultaneity—that is to say, absolute synchronism—between the movements of the agency at the transmitting post and those at the receiving post, and the impossibility of duly regulating the intensity of the light rays sent by means of the variable currents. So much depends on the currents: as these are weakened by the resistance of the selenium disc which they traverse and do not synchronise with the movements of the collecting points which pass over the original image at the despatching station, these travel

over the original image. So much variation, indeed, was found to be the case that it was practically impossible to get, at the receiving station, an instrument at once so sensitive and so rapid as to both seize and follow the delineation and movements of the plaques-antennes.

This, then, is why all researches in telecommunication failed.

I understood that only one thing was wrong—that the experiment had been begun at the wrong end. It was necessary to commence by attacking the more simple side of the problem. For the difficulties are much less when it is only the question of transmitting a photograph already taken, which is at one's service for as long a time as one wishes. If one considers that, by aid of instruments already too sensitive, six to twelve minutes were necessary for the transmission of an already existing photograph, one will understand what difficulties opposed themselves to the telephotography of real objects and, above all, to television. I set myself to work, and in three years came to the end of my task. Here is a descriptive summary of my apparatus:

Photography for transmission ought to be on transparent film, which should be rolled round a glass cylinder and shut up in a dark chamber, where it unrolls itself conformably to two simultaneous movements, one rotating round its own axis, like a screw simultaneously round and forward. This movement being regulated and made uniform by means of a small electric propeller—the speed of which can be controlled by means of a meter attached to it—the cylinder, as it revolves, presents points of the photographic film which it carries to the light by means of a little window which penetrates the dark chamber. The light traverses the photographic film, which is in quantity more or less strong, according as it passes through a part more or less transparent, and, in the interior of the cylinder, it strikes upon a prism which reflects it completely on a cell of selenium placed below. This cell, hollow, with very thin partitions, and of spacious sur-

face, on which our projected light is largely displayed, presents much less resistance to the electric current than does the little disc we spoke of at the beginning, and it is traversed by the current of a battery of accumulators. This current, the intensity of which varies according to the quantity of light falling upon the selenium, transmits itself, with the modifications stated, the length of the wires, which are connected with the receiving station, however far off it may be established.

It is, perhaps, the establishment of this receiving station which constituted the most difficult part of my task. The question was, to convey, in proportional quantities of light, the variations of intensity of the current received. I constructed a little instrument, called a galvanometer a cordes, which was a very fine plate of aluminium; this, placed in the manner of a covering before a window made in the side of a receiving cylinder analogous to that used in the transmitting station, dances before this little opening under the action of an electric magnet, allowing to penetrate to it only some variable quantities of electric light concentrated by a lens.

A sensitive film is rolled round this second cylinder and is affected proportionately to the quantity of light which reaches it. By the action of the electric rheostat, description of which would be superfluous, the two cylinders, receiver and transmitter, at the two ends of the line, turn exactly with the same movement. Thus each point of the receptive film receives a luminous impression equal to that which the same point of the transmitting negative conveys, and is reproduced in *chiaro-oscuro*.

But here I encountered another difficulty: the collecting points of the transmission station do not instantaneously follow, in consequence of its variations of resistance, the variations of photographic values. In use their power of accommodation becomes obliterated, and retains, slightly, former impressions. It conveys the second impression less quickly than it does the first, and so on consecutively.

ly, so that these impressions come to hand one on top of the other, transmitting a blurred image, clouded and indistinct. In my system I have remedied this inconvenience by introducing into the telegraphic circuit, at the receiving station, a second cell of selenium, the inertia of which brings into the apparatus the same delays, but in a contrary direction, so that the two errors neutralize each other—or, at least, approximately. When it is a question of accelerating the methods, will this compensator fulfill its functions as well as at actual speed? If not, will it be possible to improve it? It is there, the business of inventors, for whom the way is traced for new stages.

As to the results of my invention, it seems to me that they should be very numerous and important. For the illustrated papers telephotography will become as ally as precious as the telegraph and telephone are for newspapers in general. As soon as the methods have become a little more rapid, it will be possible to produce the photograph of a scene which will have taken place at the Antipodes the day before. So that, supported by actual eye evidence, the story of a journalist will become more interesting, more impressive, and more comprehensive; and by degrees all daily papers will become illustrated ones. Another and a capital application of telephotography will be made by the police in criminal cases. Perhaps one will see, henceforth, that fewer assassins can disappear without leaving traces and remaining unpunished. The superintendents of police at the frontier stations of Feignies, d'Avricourt, etc., and those at the different ports will receive some such telegrams as the following:

"A crime has been committed this morning in Paris. The individual X is suspected and is believed to have taken flight. Watch the trains (or the embarkations) and arrest him. Herewith the portrait of the presumed culprit."

In the same manner this magazine could give its readers the features of Messrs. Jaures, Casimir-Perier, etc.,

without the beard or moustaches which they have always worn; of Messrs. Melles, Coppee, Courteline, and others, adorned contrary to their custom with ample beards; and, in order to baffle the tricks of messieurs the assassins, absconding cashiers, and suchlike gentry, three portraits of the same person could be simultaneously sent in all directions, the first exactly as he appeared when he committed the crime, the second clean shaven, and the third with a false beard and moustache and whiskers. The police have good eyes, and, as the criminal would be traveling when his photograph was flying over the telegraph wires, he would be everywhere preceded by it, and his chances of escape would be considerably lessened, especially if stereoscopic photographs could be transmitted.

Outside the above applications of the discovery, how many others will crop up which we do not think of! An innocent person is arrested far away from his friends. The telephotography will restore him to liberty, hours, days, weeks sooner than before. A traveler meets with an accident and is lying on a strange hospital bed without any papers to identify him. His telephotograph published in the newspapers would appear to inform his relations and friends. Used in a similar manner, microphotographs would permit of consultation with some great medical man who lived in some distant town.

The transmission of a photographic signature might prove extremely useful, if it were accompanied, for example, by the lawyer's stamp for authentication, the transmitting station keeping the original in order to be able to verify it.

These near realizations of telephotography excite our imagination and give us a glimpse of the much more complicated solution of the puzzle of television, as we said above. But dreams must not be allowed to hinder the march of telephotography. Let us say plainly what there is at this moment to hope for.

When one can shorten the transmission of a photograph to the third

of a second instead of six minutes, television will have become possible. We shall be able to see reproductions of objects brought from very far, as we now see animated scenes on the screen of a cinematograph. If this acceleration is impossible, there will remain the resource of our making use of a great number of wires, each of which will transmit a part of the object. But let us not forget what we said at the commencement, that in the present state of our methods it will be necessary for this end to arrange for at least a thousand telegraph wires and as many transmission stations. Television is not impossible in theory. In practice it would be very costly without being capable of serious application. But we do not want that. On that day when it will be possible to accelerate our methods of telephotography by at least ten times, which does not appear to be impossible in the future, we shall arrive

at television with a hundred telegraph wires. Then the problem of sight at a distance will without doubt cease to be a chimera.

Meanwhile we must be content with what we have, and must make every endeavor to perfect telephotography. We have already done something. When we were children we were made to laugh at the simplicity of that good peasant who, wishing to send his son, an employee in Paris, a pair of new shoes, hooked them on to the telegraph wires with a label containing the address of the recipient, and was very much astonished at finding them the next day in the same place. Now, in a few months, this excellent man will be able to send, by this unsuspected way, his portrait to his lad. And at this thought I ask myself if I have not done harm to the progress of the scheme by assisting to revive in country places the belief in wizards.

Inventions We Owe to Savages

By T. C. Bridges in the Grand Magazine

ALMOST every day the truth of the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun receives fresh proof. The researches of archeologists have shown that the ancient Egyptians used bone collar studs and babies' feeding bottles similar in shape to those made to-day. The Moors had rubber stamps as much as a thousand years ago, and the same race sent sun-signals by means of the heliograph many centuries before our army adopted this supposedly novel invention.

According to Lady Lugard, the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, in the sixteenth century, had orchestras and concerts, played chess, and possessed fine libraries; and in 1618 a man went from Jenne to Timbuctoo to undergo a successful operation for cataract.

Hindoo men of medicine understood the nature of disease germs and of bacilli before William the Conqueror

ascended the throne of England; and at a museum in Nuremberg it is to be seen a magazine rifle dating back to the fifteenth century. Safety pins are found in the ruins of Pompeii, a magnifying glass was dug up in the remains of Nineveh; while no finer steel has ever been produced than was forged by the artificers of Damascus in the days of the Crusades.

Facts of this kind are sufficiently humiliating to our vanity, yet hardly so damaging as the discovery that very many of those inventions of which we are most proud originated, not in the minds of the civilized races of to-day, but in those of tribes of red, black or brown men whom we are accustomed to designate as savages.

What is the latest form of sailing craft? "A modern racing yacht" is doubtless the answer which most men would promptly give. They are

doubly wrong, for, in the first place, a large sailing vessel is faster than any yacht afloat, and, in the second, there is a craft which will beat even the Australian clipper or the five-masted American schooner. That is the flying proca of the Pacific savage. These marvellous little boats can not only outslip anything else which moves by wind power but can beat most steamers. Twenty knots an hour is the speed with which they are credited. We have borrowed from native races the idea of the double hull; and the catamaran is one of the most popular craft in the shallow waters of the Atlantic sea board of the United States.

Speaking of boats one of the forms most frequently seen upon English rivers is the so-called Canadian canoe. Here is a purely savage invention, a Red Indian patent upon which civilization has failed to improve. There is no other craft which, while itself weighing so little, carries so large a cargo and is withal so easily propelled, so elastic, and so seaworthy as the true birch-bark canoe of the North American Indian.

The paddle is the customary method employed by the savage for propelling his craft. But the oar is not a white man's invention. For centuries unnumbered the Eskimo has moved his "umiak," or heavy boat, by means of oars, the rowlocks being ingeniously supplied by loops of raw hide linked together.

Nearly all our carpenters' tools are savage in origin. The sources of the knife and hammer are lost in the dim mists of the remote past, and such tools in one form or another have been found in the possession of even the lowest and most degraded tribes. But aboriginal races are responsible for other and far more elaborate tools; the cross-cut saw, for instance. More than one tribe has evolved a saw. The Polynesian islanders made an ingenious and fairly useful instrument by inserting sharks' teeth into a handle of wood. Other savages use a thin strip of wood or bone in connection with moistened sand, and are

thus enabled to cut through stone or other hard substances.

Many dark-skinned tribes, when first discovered, were found to possess drills. The shaft is usually of wood, the point of intensely hard stone, such as jade. By means of drills the Samoan natives can bore holes in the shanks of their beautifully-fashioned pearl-shell fish hooks.

Tools of one kind or another were evolved simultaneously by different races in different parts of the world. It cannot be definitely asserted that we Europeans owe any of the contents of our carpenters' chests directly to the savage. Certain common inventions, however, there are which appear to have come to us almost unchanged from the tribes which evolved them. Among these tribes the Eskimo stand first. These little people, whose existence has for centuries past been one long struggle against the bitter cold and fierce storms of an Arctic climate have developed an ingenuity positively amazing. Certainly the lodge was known in Europe long before the discovery of the New World, yet never in so perfect a form as that derived by the Arctic peoples. The proof is that the white inhabitants of Canada and the Northwest, as well as all Arctic and Antarctic explorers, have adopted the Eskimo form of sledge, and in Alaska and other parts of the Far North employ dogs to pull them with harness of the Eskimo pattern. Snow shoes, both of the European and Canadian pattern, appear to be derived directly from savages. The long Norwegian ski are probably a Lapp invention. The Canadian snow shoe, made of a frame of tough wood supporting a web of raw hide, is practically identical with that which the first settlers found the Indians using, and is very similar to that which the Eskimo wear.

Snow spectacles are also believed to be, in their original form, an Eskimo invention. These people protect their eyes from the glare by little cups of wood with narrow slits cut across the bottom and inverted over the eyes. May it not be possible that motor car goggles are the lineal de-

scendant of the Eskimo snow spectacles? Pemianism, which the early fur-trading explorers of the Northwest found in universal use as a winter food among the Indian tribes, was introduced into the British Navy victualling yards for the purpose of supplying Arctic expeditions with a portable, easily preserved, and nourishing food. There seems no doubt that this purely savage preparation was the origin of all that potted meats of which we now have such a vast and appetizing variety.

But there are more foods than pemianism which we, the ultra-civilized, owe to primitive races. Whenever a sago pudding comes up for luncheon we should remember that this extremely light and wholesome food was discovered by the natives of Ceram, and was prepared and eaten by them centuries before it came to Europe. To-day this country gets through 15,000 tons of sago yearly.

On his first voyage Columbus found the natives cultivating the yam, or sweet potato. This vegetable is not much eaten in England, but in the United States, in South Europe, and in many other parts of the world it is a staple food. The world at large would not suffer half so much if the ordinary white potato—the "Irish" potato, as they call it in the States—were suddenly to disappear, as it would were the yam to be exterminated. Maize is one of the three most important cereals. Yet, in spite of its common name—"Indian corn"—there are probably few of us who remember that this plant forms another portion of our debt to the savage. Maize was originally derived from a wild grass, the *euchloa*, and as a sound variety of maize was found by the early white explorers of the New World in cultivation by aboriginal races, it is permissible to presume that it was these people who domesticated and improved it.

While on the subject of plants we must certainly not forget that greatest boon or greatest curse of modern civilization according to the point of view the reader takes—tobacco. Its very name indicates its savage origin,

for the word tobacco is supposed to be derived from *tabac*, the Carib name of the instrument in which the West Indian natives smoked the leaf. The cigar is another purely savage invention. Columbus found the natives rolling tobacco in maize leaves into a cylindrical shape for smoking purposes and the modern cigar differs only from these early ones in the matter of wrapper. Is it not rather a startling fact that the British revenue is a gainer to the extent of more than thirteen and a half millions a year from a plant, the use of which was purely a savage discovery?

The finest, coolest, and most costly head coverings in the world were invented and are to-day made by brown men. I refer to the so-called Panama hats, for one of which His Majesty the King is said to have paid £80 in the Summer of 1902; while M. Jean de Reske is credited with having given \$120 for a hat of the same description. How Panama hats got their name is something of a mystery, for they certainly do not come from the neighborhood of the ill-fated isthmus. The best of these hats are made in Ecuador by native labor. The fibre is derived from a certain grass which grows in the country, and also from palm leaves. It takes a lifetime of training to become an adept in the weaving of a Panama, and probably so other craftsmen but a native would possess the almost miraculous patience needful to split the fibre to the thinness of sewing cotton, and to spend weeks and even months in the delicate plaiting. Actually, in making the finer kinds of hats, the weaving has to be done under water in order to prevent the fibre from becoming too brittle for use. No product of machinery can vie with these specimens of semi-savage handiwork. The perfect Panama is light as a feather, can be folded up like a silk handkerchief, and even, if run over by a loaded cart, can be straightened out, washed, and made to look as good as new.

The Zuni Indians of New Mexico deserve to be reckoned among the finest handicraftsmen in the world.

No possession is more greatly prized by the Western cowboy than a Zuni blanket, or sarape. These are so beautifully woven—all the work being done by hand—that some of the best are actually almost as waterproof as an oilskin "slicker." No other fabric known is at once so light and so warm. The patterns, which have remained unchanged for centuries, are geometrical and the dyes are native.

Mention of dyas calls to mind the fact that at least one of our most beautiful of modern dyas must be counted among the inventions which we owe to savage races. That is cochineal. The insect which produces this lovely scarlet, and the nopal plant on which the insect feeds, were discovered and cultivated in Mexico long before the Spaniards reached that country, and were brought by them to Europe.

A Cashmere shawl of the best quality is worth as much as three hundred pounds. For warmth and elasticity such a shawl is incomparable, and the patterns said to be derived from the graceful curves of the River Jhelum, have been widely imitated in English and Scottish manufactories. Perhaps it would be hardly fair to class the Kashmiris as savages, seeing that in some respects their civilization is much older than our own. Still, they are a colored race, and their beautiful shawls have been made with the same perfection and without the aid of machinery since a time long previous to their first contact with Europeans. The shawls are woven on rude looms, many of which have been used for generations, and the making of a pair of shawls will occupy three or four men for a year. The hair of which they are made is so fine that it takes the flosses of ten goats to make one shawl a yard and a half square, and weighing no more than thirty ounces.

It is difficult to say whether the builders of the first of the modern iron and steel suspension bridges did or did not get the idea from the bamboo suspension bridge which Oriental natives have been accustomed to build for many centuries past. We have

historical record of a suspension bridge built across the Im-jin River, in Korea, in the year 1392. There was at that time a war in progress between the Chinese and Koreans on one side and the Japanese on the other. The Japanese, defeated, withdrew across the river, and it was to enable the Chinese forces to cross that the Koreans built a suspension bridge out of great cables twisted from a native vine called *clik*. The bridge was 150 yards long, but so well built that an army of 120,000 men crossed upon it in safety. The Dyaks build amazing suspension bridges out of bamboo; the natives of New Guinea, though usually supposed to be degraded savages, are experts in the same art; and when Pizarro marched through Peru he found terrific mountain gorges spanned by stout suspension bridges made of twisted lianas and capable of bearing very heavy weights.

No science is newer amongst us than that of medicine. It is only comparatively recently that the horrible and filthy superstitions and compounds of medieval pharmacy became extinct. The savage of two or three centuries ago was enormously the superior of his white contemporary in the healing art and though it is difficult to trace the useful drugs or medical processes from their native sources to European medicine chests, yet without doubt many white doctors and men of science have gained useful hints from the pharmacopoeia of the so-called savage. As we all know, one of our most valuable drugs—quinine was brought to Europe from Peru. But, on the other hand, we have no direct evidence that the native races employed the bark of the cinchona tree as a medicine. But we do know that the Indian peasants, or medicine men of South America, understand and use curative herbs, vermins, hen-weed, and many others, and have cured fevers by the aid of medicine of their own composition. They also understand inoculation for fevers, and there are instances on record of Europeans having been cured by this process when all white

men's medicines failed utterly of their object.

The Curados de calaber, in the countries bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, are proof from serpent's bites, their immunity having, it is said, been secured by inoculation with a mixture of snake venom and the juice of the *mano del sapo*, or "toad's hand." The Gallas, of British East Africa, are believed to have employed vaccination to secure immunity from smallpox long before Jenner's discovery. They inoculated in the nose, not the arm. In days when an unfortunate English patient was pack-

ed tight in a hot bed in a stuffy room, secluded from every breath of fresh air, the Zulus carried their wounded to high mountains, well aware that pure hill top air is the best of Nature's antiseptics.

It has only been possible here to skim the surface of this subject. But perhaps enough has been said to convince the reader that savages are not so savage as many suppose, and that white races need not be too proud to admit the debt which they certainly owe to native races, nor meanly kick away the footstool upon which they have risen.

Old Age Pensions in Germany

By Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc., in Chamber's Journal

ALTHOUGH the question of old-age pensions has over and over again been mooted and discussed in Britain, nothing of a practical nature has issued out of such deliberations. At present, provision for the workman in his declining years is largely a matter of his own individual making. His sick and benefit clubs and the systems of insurance against disease, providing sick pay for a certain period, and the various societies to which he contributes, represent practically the resources at his command for his support in evil days or when he becomes too old to be reckoned amongst the effective units of labor.

In all probability the question of old-age pensions will be periodically revived. The question of providing for the aged units of a nation is one which cannot be solved by the workhouse alone. Apart altogether from the view that the laying by in an easy way of a certain provision for old age would represent a practical encouragement towards thrift and exercise a distinctly moral effect on the masses, there would also ensue from such a plan or practice the cultivation of a spirit of independence and the prospect of a degree of comfort which the spectacle of the workhouse as the

end of a working life cannot by any means be supposed to represent. On all grounds we may, therefore, assume that if the masses could be persuaded under one scheme or another to co-operate with government in the institution of a scheme whereby reasonable provision would be made not merely for old age, but also against permanent ill-health totally incapacitating them for duty, we should in all probability be able to solve many of the difficult problems connected with this subject.

It may interest readers to know that in one country, at least, a scheme has been in operation since January, 1891, and is carried out in a highly successful manner. From a memorandum of certain details with which I have been provided, I find that the "Imperial Law of Insurance" of German working men and women against permanent ill-health and old age was passed in June, 1889. As I have said, this effect came into force at the beginning of 1891. The inception of this scheme appears to have rested with William I. It has been described as the most valuable legacy left to his people. The Emperor devoted a very large amount of time and attention to the elaboration of this scheme,

and therein had the assistance of the leading men of his Empire versed not merely in finance, but in statistics, and in such details as naturally fall to be considered when a great scheme of this kind has to be evolved and inaugurated. Under the auspices of the present ruler of Germany, the scheme of his grandfather has undergone further developments, so that in Germany to-day the question of the support in old age are in permanent ill-health of the working classes of the country may be regarded as having been completely and successfully solved.

The first characteristic of the German scheme is that of mutual help and aid, whilst, as we shall see, a certain proportion of the required funds comes from the public purse. The individuals who benefit from the scheme have taken part in founding its financial basis. It is estimated that twelve millions of working men and women exist in the German Empire. On their backs alone, however, is not wholly laid the cost of the premiums paid. If we term this an insurance scheme we describe it in fairly correct terms. Of each premium, a half comes out of the pockets of the workers, the remaining moiety being contributed by their employers. In so far as the practical carrying out of details is concerned the expense involved in this item is nil, seeing that the whole business of national insurance is managed and controlled by the Imperial Post Office.

The German masses have no option in this matter between choosing or refusing to insure. The system is, in other words, of a compulsory nature. We read that every man-servant, every maid-servant, and factory workers both male and female—in a word, the whole working population of Germany—are bound by law to insure on completing the sixteenth year of life. In addition to the working classes, clerks and tradesmen in a small way are eligible for insurance provided their incomes do not exceed one hundred pounds a year. This latter class, however, are known as self-insurers. They pay the whole premium demand-

ed, no employers being forced to contribute to this particular class of insurance. Turning now to the details of this excellent scheme, we find that the premiums are regulated according to the wages of the individual. There are four classes included in the scheme. The first class consists of those who earn eighteen pounds a year and under that sum (the amounts here are taken roughly without entering into fractional details); the second class includes those earning twenty-eight pounds a year and under—that is, to the eighteen pounds limit; the third class is formed by those whose wages amount to forty-two pounds a year; whilst the fourth class is represented by persons whose incomes, whilst above forty-two pounds per annum do not exceed a hundred pounds.

The premiums are paid weekly, and are paid, as has been said, by the working classes and their employers in equal proportions. For the first class the weekly premium amounts in English money to about three farthings; for the second class the premium is represented by the weekly penny; for the third class it amounts to a penny farthing, and for the fourth class three halfpence. Practically, therefore, for every penny which is paid as a premium by the working man, the servant, and the like, the employer is bound to hand in a like amount. It is also his duty to see that both pennies are promptly paid each week. Viewed from the employer's standpoint, it might be thought that in the case of a large business concern the insurance premium may amount to a considerable sum. Yet, whatever be the amount, it is paid cheerfully enough, and is not regarded in Germany, as a rule, in any sense but as a beneficent tax. In the case, for example, of a German household, the practice is, therefore, that of insuring each servant by means of the weekly penny, to which is added the employer's penny. In the case of what may be called irregular workers, such as charwomen, the weekly penny is contributed by them, the regulation here being that the person

who employs the woman on the first day of the week pays the supplementary sum. If the woman only begins work on Tuesday, it is the Tuesday employer who discharges this duty. It is no uncommon thing in German households to find that the employer in the case of his servants not merely pays his own penny, but adds the servant's contributions as well. This latter fact says much for the deep interest which is taken in this scheme, of national insurance by employers of labor at large.

Coming now to those details which refer to the manner in which this huge insurance business is carried out, we find, as has been stated, that the post office is responsible for its supervision. It must be admitted that the proceedings may be regarded as involving some little trouble; but as the work in question is entirely of a routine description, and as the German nation of all others is accustomed obediently to conform to rules and regulations, it cannot be said that any great difficulty is experienced in working this great trust. The weekly premium is paid into the post office, and a stamp or stamps is given in exchange for the money. This stamp is duly pasted on a card which is the property of the person who insures. The card when full is exchanged for another, the value of the previous one being duly added to the new card. Saturday being the chief day for paying the premiums, is a very busy one at the post offices of certain districts, many hundreds of persons attending in order to receive the value in stamps of the premiums paid. The Germans have nicknamed the insurance the "stick law," in consequence of the large portion of time occupied in sticking stamps on the cards. In two years after the scheme of insurance was started, it is stated that over five million pounds sterling were collected. In twenty years the amount of the accumulated fund, it is estimated, will amount to twenty-five millions, and this latter sum, it is calculated, will double itself in eighty years.

The practical benefits of the scheme

thus outlined are that an insured person, if thrown out of employment permanently from any cause of the nature of sickness or accident, can draw a sick pension. Alternatively, if he or she lives till seventy years of age, an old-age pension is paid. In so far as the sick pension is concerned, it can be claimed in cases where less than one-third of the yearly wage has been earned. If the person recovers sufficiently to earn his or her full wage, the pension ceases. The amount of the pension is necessarily not great; but the German authorities appear to have kept in view the idea that the pension should be of such an amount that the sick or aged person, as the case may be, by aid of this money, may obtain board and lodging in a family to whose resources the amount of the pension would be a welcome addition.

The conditions on which pensions are paid may be regarded as liberal and generous. We find that a man or woman may draw sick pension after having paid the premiums for five years. If it so happened, however, that a man or woman had been permanently thrown out of employment during the first or second year of the working of this scheme, and if it was proved that he or she had been in receipt of honestly earned wages during the previous five years, the individual would become entitled to the benefits of the scheme. In the case of old persons who have paid in for one year, they can draw the old-age pension provided they have earned their livelihood during the preceding three years. With regard to the sums paid in case of permanent want of employment from sickness or accident, after five years' payment of premiums, the amounts, less fractions, are: for class one, five pounds fourteen shillings a year; the second class receives six pounds five shillings a year; the third, six pounds eleven shillings a year; and the fourth, seven pounds. It is also an interesting fact that the pensions increase proportionately with the years of insurance. Suppose an insured man has paid premiums for fifty years, his pension

under class one would amount to eight pounds a year, increasing respectively for the remaining three classes to twelve pounds ten shillings, sixteen pounds, and twenty pounds fifteen shillings. Any person, irrespective of sickness altogether, who has passed his or her seventieth year, and has paid premiums for 30 years, receives an old-age pension. For the four classes the amounts of such pensions respectively are: five pounds six shillings a year, six pounds fifteen shillings a year, eight pounds three shillings, and nine pounds eleven shillings.

A case is given in the memorandum from which I quote of a woman aged thirty-seven years. In her twenty-fourth year she lost her right arm. If the present system of insurance had been inaugurated in her time, from her sixteenth year she would have paid her half-premium, her employer contributing the other half. In eight years she would have paid about thirty-eight shillings; but for the last thirteen years she would have been receiving a pension of six pounds fifteen shillings, or over eighty pounds in all; and, what is more to the point, this pension would be paid her as long as she lived.

In the case of a man aged forty-nine years, incapacitated for eleven years for work through ill-health, he would under this scheme—under, say, class three—have paid a total sum of about six pounds four shillings, an equal amount having been contributed by the employer. For the last eleven years he would have drawn a pension amounting to about ten pounds five shillings a year. In eleven years he would thus have received about one hundred and twelve pounds, the premium still continuing during his lifetime. It is added that if the man's wife earned a certain wage of her own, and had sons and daughters contributing to the household expenses, such a house, even with its head disabled, would be in a fairly comfortable position. In the case of servant girls or female workers who marry, the system of insurance may be continued, with this difference, that the

woman pays the whole of the premium herself. If on marriage payments are discontinued they receive the sum which stands to their credit through previous payments. More interesting still is it to know that if a man dies without having benefited by the insurance, the widow, or the children if under fifteen years of age, inherit the sum which is standing to his credit. If a woman dies in similar circumstances, her children, if fatherless and under the age of fifteen, inherit her share.

Such is a bare outline of what can only be regarded as a very beneficent scheme. Its main feature is that it is not worked on purely charitable lines, but on a proper business footing. There is no idea of pauperism involved in the details, seeing that whilst the State manages the business and employers of labor contribute thereto, the insured person has also contributed to the funds, and in this way is benefited partly through the exercise of thrift, compulsory as this exercise may be.

It is not necessary here to discuss the question whether or not such a scheme would commend itself to the British nation. There is, on the face of things, no obvious reason why it should not find favor in the eyes of the people. At least it presents us with a solution of a very difficult problem. The amounts involved in contributions towards premiums payable by the insured and by employers of labor are so small that even in the case of a large firm employing many hands we can only regard the amount demanded as proportionate to the earnings of the firm. The impost can in no senses be considered either as unfair or tyrannical, so that if our nation seriously set itself to discuss in a practical fashion the possibility of making provision for old age and for the disablement produced by accident or sickness, there can be very little doubt that amongst the points to be carefully and seriously considered we should certainly enumerate the German scheme of insurance above described.

Government Ownership in Canada

By Hobert Vanderhoof in the Technical World

MUNICIPAL ownership is not a campaign cry in Western Canada. It is a condition that excites no comment. It had no spellbinders to blaze its way. It is coeval with the cities wherein it exists, and that is to say, in almost every town from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Calgary in the foothills of the Rockies, and Edmonton at the northern outpost of steam railway transportation.

While older communities spend idle hours wondering if it is possible for municipalities to own their public utilities, the cities of Western Canada step boldly in. Forty years of national obscurity gave Canada good preparation for future performance. The Government machinery, municipal, provincial and national had been well tested before it felt the strain of a rapidly increasing population. Therefore, it was not hampered by Old-World traditions or handicapped by New-World inexperience. Fort William attempted municipal paternalism, and the attempt was successful. Port Arthur was not to be outdone, and her efforts, too, bore fruit. In the wake of these cities came Calgary, Prince Albert, Edmonton, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. And the first failure is yet to be recorded. Here they begin at the beginning; they construct while cities of the United States are reconstructing.

With the opening up of the vast areas of cheap land in Western Canada there occurred a tremendous migration of homesteaders. As the hitherto unknown, or at least unappreciated, possibilities of the new country were realized, the small stream of immigrants became a flood. But they were not drawn into the northwest by gold, as were the fortune-seekers of California, but by wheat. It will be interesting to compare the development of the west and the northwest, and to see whether or not

history will repeat itself in the way in which the two localities have handled the problems incident to their growth.

The picturesque features of the Wild West, the wide open frontier towns, the gambling resorts and the shooting scrapes, which Bret Harte has hatched down and preserved in American literature, are lacking in the northwest. Unquestionably the fact that a different class of men are drawn into gold camps, is largely responsible for this. Another reason is that a body of eight hundred efficient men—the Royal Northwest Mounted Police—keep a tract of land larger than Europe in as peaceful, law abiding a condition as one would to-day find in a quiet little Ohio village.

As a striking result cities springing full grown in a season on the rich plains swing into the advanced line of municipal government with municipal owned street car lines, water works, telephone systems and electric lighting plants. Single tax is being tried, and with success, in more than one community. To an observer fresh from the decade-old wrangles in cities of the States over the untried problem of city ownership, the way in which the Canadian towns rush into things is amazing. These people actually seem not to care to raise political issues. They carelessly begin undertakings in a day that would furnish material for a hundred campaigns and secure untold numbers of fat offices in American cities.

These new ideas are being made applicable, in a sense, to the larger governments also. While the Dominion Government is helping to build railways, the provinces are churning the butter for the farmer and marketing his eggs for him. Eighteen creameries operated by the Alberta Provincial Government, in one year manufactured one and one-half mil-

lion pounds of butter and marketed it at twenty cents a pound. There are as many creameries operated as private enterprises as there are Government creameries, but their total product is not so large.

The Provincial Government establishes refrigerators or warehouses for storing the butter, and holds it under insurance without expense to the farmer until there is a market demand. The chief warehouse is in Calgary, but there are branches in other towns. The Provincial Government supervises the work; sees that the buildings are properly constructed, and supplies the administration for the enterprise. It educates buttermakers, and gives their services gratis to the creameries. It sees that there is a sufficient supply of pure water and suitable drainage. The Government stamp, which is a guarantee of purity and sanitation, goes on every pound of butter manufactured.

The operation of the Provincial creameries has been remarkably successful, because of the quality of the butter offered for sale. Better prices are received for it and a surer market provided than would be possible through individual enterprise. It is the belief of the dairy commissioners that as great or greater progress will be made in the building of creameries during the next few years than has been made during the last five years, when the number has tripled. One of the great advantages to the farmers is in the educational features of the Government plan.

The popular demand for municipal ownership of public utilities is universal through the new Northwest. As these towns grow and face the conditions of the future, the attention of the world will be upon them.

Fort William and Port Arthur are adjoining cities. In fact the two are practically one. In this double city the people operate and own the water, electric light, telephone and street car systems. Port Arthur has owned its street car system for fourteen years and during the last few years has paid all operating expenses, one-half the city taxes, and has laid away a cer-

tain amount for a sinking fund, all of which the profit arising from the street car system has enabled them to do.

Meanwhile, their citizens use their present energies in a healthy rivalry and in devotion to their municipal ownership experiment. Every stranger who comes into Port Arthur has to make acquaintance with the town's manner and method of doing business before anything else is done. If he comes to talk about what he must hear first how the city telephones are run. Every citizen of Port Arthur carries about with him the last quarterly statement of the railway and light commission. He knows how much profit there was in the operation of the waterworks and the telephone system. Incidentally he will explain that Fort William is helping to pay the taxes due on Port Arthur real estate. When a Port William citizen pays five cents to the street car conductor he contributes a mite to every individual taxpayer in the rival town.

Although the street railroad charges a five-cent fare, the telephone service is much less than the old rates charged by a private company. The old company used to charge thirty-six dollars a year for a business telephone, unlimited service, which is now supplied for twenty-four dollars, and a residence telephone costs only twelve dollars a year.

Port Arthur is the only town in the American continent which owns and operates all of its utilities. The most conspicuous citizen of the town is a member of the railway and light commission. The membership of the commission is restricted to three, and one is elected each year. It is a great honor to be a member of the commission than it is to be mayor or alderman. The citizen who has been honored by his municipality as a member of the board must serve without pay. He is not allowed to issue a pass for a ride on any of the lines, not even to a member of his own family.

The falls of the Current River are almost in the city itself and all the power necessary for use either in

manufacturing or for the purpose of electric operations of any kind is supplied by this convenient stream. The city has appropriated everything and the manufacturer must do business with it. Yet the controlling officials, serving without pay, save all of the salaries which go to cut up so much of the profits of public utilities elsewhere, and because of these and other reasons, one would hardly be justified in pointing to this town of 10,000 people as proof positive that municipal ownership is justifiable in American cities.

The total investment by the municipality was only \$150,000, and last year the net income was \$35,000. Of course it would be impossible to confine these proportional figures if the city should grow to a larger population, and of course it would be impossible for a city where millions were involved to have the officials devote their time exclusively to enterprises, without compensation. But Port Arthur's mayor, after briefly reviewing the recent reports of the various systems, said: "I confidently expect to see the day when the property owners of this town will walk up to the auditor's office and each receive a check as his proportional share of the profits from the operation of our utilities, after his taxes are paid."

The Province of Manitoba has adopted the idea of municipal telephone service, thereby, in view of the experience of the Canadian towns that have tried it, insuring cheaper rates and a more efficient service. The Government will build at least a thousand miles of long distance lines reaching from Winnipeg to Portage, Brandon and intermediate points, northwest by way of Neepawa and southwest to points in Southern Manitoba. In Moose Jaw municipal ownership is an established principle, the city owning its own water, sewage, and electric lighting plants. Whether or not the town regards its experiment as successful may be determined from the fact that Moose Jaw has spent over \$500,000 on public works and buildings. Prince Albert has enlarged her municipal electric

lighting plant and has constructed one costing \$75,000, and in addition water and sewer systems costing \$150,000.

In Edmonton, which has outgrown its old telephone system, the city, encouraged by the success of the smaller system, is replacing it with a much larger one.

It may be incidentally mentioned in this connection that Edmonton has the single tax system which has been found to accomplish the two very satisfactory results of promoting improvements on the land, and of discouraging the practice of buying land as a speculation and letting it be idle in anticipation of a rise in value. Edmonton did not adopt the single tax because its people were believers in the theories of Henry George, but to head off a "boom" that threatened when the municipal charter was granted. Some of the first voters knew the havoc that a boom would work to the new town, and they set about restraining and discouraging the land speculators. It was reasoned that to tax unimproved town lots at the same rate charged against improved property would to some degree compel land owners to build. That was what Edmonton needed—houses for the people who were coming in. So it is to-day that if one plot on the main street of the town occupied by a bank building is valued at \$16,000, the vacant piece of property next door is assessed at the same figure.

Edmonton has added a modification of its own to this taxation system. Technically they do not have a single tax; there is a second tax on "business" on the basis of the floor space occupied. The scheme of taxing business according to floor space occupied grew out of a desire to reach financial institutions and the incomes of professional men. The rates are: Banks and other financial institutions may be taxed to the extent of \$10 per square foot occupied. Mercantile houses may not be taxed more than \$5 per square foot. Last year, banks, trust companies, and brokers' offices were assessed at \$7.50 a square foot; jewelers were assessed at not more

than \$5, and the rates ranged from that figure down to fifty cents a square foot for warehouses. Offices occupied by lawyers, physicians, and real estate agents were carefully valued and assessed. If a physician had his office in his residence, the room he used in which to receive patients was taken as a basis for his tax bill.

In Manitoba the McDonald administration came into power on the municipal ownership issue. As a rule the various municipalities own their street car lines, but find it advantageous to lease them to syndicates of private capitalists who give reduced fares to the people and also pay good returns or rents for their leases.

Perhaps the fact that the common good seems to be the primary aim, and that personal and political advantage apparently does not enter into calculation, is the reason that municipal ownership and governmental supervision is successful in these municipalities.

The American reader who follows this tale of how Canadian cities handle their public utilities, must carefully weigh the different conditions, before he rushes to the conclusion that what is good here would be equally good at home. Here many men who are busy with big problems of planting

a civilization, where a short time ago the unbroken prairie swept uninhabited for hundreds of miles, willingly give up their time to handle civic problems of lighting and transportation. Therefore one is not at all surprised to learn that graft in office in these towns is almost unknown.

The time-honored custom of granting valuable franchises for street car lines, for waterworks and electric lighting privileges to private syndicates—humorously enough dubbed public service corporations—is not meeting with any favor in the Canadian West. The graft and the lobbying which is connected in innumerable instances with the granting of franchises in America, is singularly lacking in this new country of the north. The passive indifference which characterizes the attitude in which the towns and cities south of the line treat such vital questions is also entirely absent. The capitalists from the United States who regard Western Canada as an especially inviting field in which to grab franchises, will meet with a reception which will confirm their belief in the old myth which we all learned in the geographies of our childhood—that Canada is a cold and barren country—which is a myth, indeed, in every sense but this.



Even Temperament as a Business Asset

By Clifford T. Lisle in the *Governor's Magazine*

AN even temperament is one of the best assets for any business man.

Take a man who has what we call an even disposition and put him alongside the man who "goes off the handle" at slight provocation, and he will win out every time.

Force and activity are essential to the success of any man. Add an even temperament to natural force and ability and you generally have a strong man.

The man who loses his temper easily, who is always finding fault with his employers or his employer, is at a great disadvantage.

The man in business who can always control his passions, who never allows himself to become sour or crabbed or "go off the handle," the always serene man, is the man everybody wants to do business with.

The story is told of a Supreme Court judge who sat on the bench 35 years, most of which time he was in physical pain. He had been wounded in the Civil War. The wound never completely had healed. Surgery and medicine had done for him all that they could. His pain remained. Yet during all those years he sat upon the bench no colleague, no attaché, no lawyer, no litigant or spectator ever saw him lose his temper.

In this remarkable example of will and self-control is a lesson to many grocers and merchants, to many clerks. Any number of employers cannot keep their jobs just because they do not control their temper. They can if they will, but they go blundering along the same old way, day in and day out.

We read in the newspapers that such a man has been made manager of such a railroad at a princely salary or that such a man who has become manager of such a store or such a department in a big store. In all kinds of business there are a vast number of executive positions. Hard

as it is sometimes to find suitable clerks for retail stores it is still more difficult to find men suitable for great executive positions. When we read of the remarkable rise of some new manager of a railroad, we seldom think of the characteristics of that man. The unthinking man says "pull" or "luck," but nine times out of ten there is no luck and no pull. The only lucky or rather fortunate feature was that this man and his work attracted the attention of those who had the say. He may have done some special thing to attract their attention.

The chances are nine out of ten that he had the brains, experience and knowledge of the business. It is also probable that he was regarded as a man of even disposition. Quite likely his even disposition had helped him a good many times before.

An even temperament helps every man who possesses it.

Every man who has not an even disposition can have one if he will only restrain himself.

There are plenty of even tempered men who were not always so.

They saw the folly of letting their temper show itself and subdued it—it is all a matter of will.

There are some business men who have erratic ways and erratic tempers. Every man on the road knows them by the lack of decency they possess. These men do not realize it, but their crankiness and cussedness costs them a lot of good cash every year.

The way they let their tempers get away with them brands them to the traveling man or stranger as lightweights, when, as a matter of fact, they may be twice as smart as their neighbors.

The man who tells fabulous stories about the size of business he is doing, and there are many of these, the fellow who is tricky and always trying to be sharp, and the fellow with a

mean, grumpy disposition and temper, always ready to fly off, are all put in about the same class by the commercial traveler and others who desire to do business with them.

Not enough is said to young men about the need of a good disposition and a "keep sweet" temper. The average young man is ambitious and wants to get on in the world. A sweet temper alone will not do it, but it will help, and help materially, especially if the young man wants an executive position.

There are thousands of examples of men who are famous for never losing their heads in business. Much of the success of Henry H. Rogers is said to be due to the calm temperament and to the rigid hold he exercises over his passions. Charles Schwab of steel trust fame has never been known to lose control of himself while engaged in business. These are but two of many conspicuous examples of the same kind.

The man who allows himself to get angry too often says things he does not mean. This is a costly thing in business. Not only do such incidents make unnecessary enemies, but they actually cost good, hard cash. The even dispositioned man is the man who gets the bargains. It pays

to make the salesmen like you. The salesman who speaks highly of you to another salesman helps you every time he does it.

Every man should have an ideal. It may be one man or it may be the good qualities of two or three or a half dozen men. Pick out an ideal, preferably some successful man you know, some one who has force and initiative, and who is not too conservative or too risky, a man of good habits and one who never allows his temper to be ruffled. If one naturally is inclined to speak too quickly let him cultivate the habit of thinking what he is going to say before he says it, rather than say it and think afterward.

When great men are described their wonderful self-control and poise is often referred to, and it is this very self-control and poise which has had much to do with making them great. Drink, a little profanity said without thinking how it sounds, and allowing the temper to get the best of us are elements which hurt many men very much more than they realize.

An even disposition and a smile for all comers are real prizes. They are often greater assets than money in the bank.



The Farce at the Hague

By Frederick Palmer in *Collier's Weekly*

Men who have seen war in the field smile when they think of The Hague. We know that although the dove may be permitted to hover around to eaves Infinite Satire will be the presiding genius of the counsel chamber. The relative importance of each delegate will be measured solely by the killing power of the nation which he represents; for heavy is the tax which international society lays on the "climber," paid for the privilege of her ambassadorial rank with the lives of a hundred thousand of her youths and a billion dollars.

In the eight years that have elapsed since the first conference there has been war between England and the United States, Germany and France, Austria and Italy—conflict war among all the nations. Witness the record of the battles of the budgets as recorded by the Statesman's Year Book. The years chosen for comparison are normal, without any extraordinary war expenditures.

From 1897 to 1907 the cost of the leading armies and navies of the world rose from \$946,364,379 to a total of \$1,547,162,186, or an increase of 63 per cent. The United States, which is the newest "arrival" except Japan, is paying \$127,550,308 for her navy in 1907 as against \$34,561,546 in 1897, an increase of \$72,988,752, or 240 per cent. We are beaten only by Germany in percentage of naval increase, with a rise from \$1,843,000 to \$53,734,304, or 288 per cent, while Italy—which had no increase in army expenses—is relieved as an old family among the nouveaux riches from any slight on the score of "shabby gentility" by an increase from \$18,092,309 to \$53,450,568, or 184 per cent., or by five times as much as France, Japan increased her navy by 200 and England hers by 63 per cent.

But lest these figures be misunderstood, it should be noted that Eng-

land's actual increase of seventy millions in the ten years represented more than the cost of any other navy except ours. Moreover, higher prices of building in the United States leave the fact unquestioned that England has really added more fighting strength than any other power. For her money Japan far and away gets the most service; and our total of a hundred and seventeen millions represents little more sea power than Germany with her total of fifty-three millions. The cheap soldiers and cheap labor of our rivals put us at a disadvantage in our ascent of the international ladder.

Our army expenses rose from \$28,145,880 to \$70,361,200, or 253 per cent; Japan's from \$4,823,530 to \$19,747,870, or 309 per cent.; Great Britain's by 39 per cent., Germany's by 55 per cent., and even little Belgium's by 90 per cent. But the tables speak for themselves. They tell us that every power lives in a glass house. As for Uncle Sam, his habitation is so brittle that he could not safely throw anything harder than a sponge. In percentage of added totals of increase we stand second only to Japan with 493 against 509. Counting our pensions under the head of war expenses, our total is \$357,000,000 annually compared with \$225,000,000 for Germany and \$326,000,000 for Great Britain. Even little Switzerland has increased her war budget by thirty per cent.

Why not end this debauchery of international extravagance? National prejudices answer. They never languish on the European Continent. England favors disarmament, but selfish interest prompts the high-sounding proposal with which she would embarrass an enemy. Her navy is more than double the strength of Germany's; and Germany is forging ahead faster in wealth and population than herself. To maintain the same

ratio, as she suggests, would be to give her permanent command of the sea. The Kaiser refuses the bait. His idea of disarmament would be for England to wait till his own navy reached a size proportionate to Germany's importance. To the cheers of the music halls, the British Admiralty lays down another Drednought in order to frustrate Prussian wickedness.

Oh, Germany is bad, very bad. She ought to be licked, all the British and French dovescotes agree. But no one volunteers. Only the miraculous vigilance of the British press scotch-whisky plots has kept the German army from arriving in London some morning with the milk trains and vegetable wagons. Wordy abuse fills the air of the North Sea. Von Buelow's every sneeze has some lurking Anglophobic object; and all British thoughts are sinister to the Germans watchful for hidden motives of British perfidy.

And this illustrates the mood in which so-called friendly nations approach a so-called peace conference. What The Hague really amounts to is a clearing-house for small differences. A Conference on the Rules of war or on the Etiquette of Slaughter is an apter name than that given it by the Czar.

The climate of Holland is pleasant in summer. A new excuse for international dining is provided; also a new opportunity for distinguished men to receive high honors. The Conference will be one of the most delightful and exclusive clubs in the world. If peace were really achieved it could rob diplomats of their occupation of preventing war and soldiers of their occupation of waging war. The two professions are here partners in the enterprise of keeping the dove under the eaves in a cooling mood and infinite satire in unspoken possession of the speaker's chair.

As each subject for discussion is brought up, the soldier can tell his colleague, the diplomatist, wherein lies the belligerent interest of their common country. Following the methods of State legislators—as they did in the last conference—allies can

trade votes and caucus on how they shall work together to gain a point. Every delegate is bound when he talks to the newspaper men—outside under the eaves where the dove presides—to put the onus of bloodthirstiness and inhumanity on his national enemy, or, wanting one, on the Germans.

Any delegate who wishes to be suspected of insanity and to create a world-wide sensation need only rise and say: "Gentlemen, in the event of war this proposal would be prejudicial to the nation which I represent, but as we come here to sink selfishness, in the name of humanity I will gladly support it."

Whatever is accomplished in the great cause of peace will be due to the insistence of A on certain measures which do not concern him, but which will be disadvantageous to his rival B, who will have to accept them in response to public opinion. If one nation holds out against any proposition, there is no way of enforcing the will of the majority except by making war, which would surely be an inconsistent thing for a peace conference to do.

The larger questions to be considered at The Hague were either left over from the first conference or revealed by the Russo-Japanese war.

None of the experts of the first conference fully foresaw the danger which was the most startling development of the defense of Port Arthur. Two Japanese battleships—the only two they lost—and one Russian battleship were sunk by mines. Togo had to give up approaching the harbor at all with his big ships. Afterward the mines floated about the Gulf of Pechili. Some merchantmen were sunk and how many Chinese junked went down history will never record.

To what extent, then, may a belligerent go in endangering the public pathway of neutral vessels? As an example, might France litter the British Channel with mines if she were at war with Germany, while England, engaged on neither side, wanted her shipping to proceed as usual?

"To say extent you please," says the nation with a harbor to defend.

"Not at all," answers the neutral France having little commerce and being, generally speaking, on the defensive, would favor an unrestricted field, while England, which would strike with her powerful fleet away from home, would take a contrary view.

There is, too, the problem of the declaration of war, which means literally shouting "Ready!" to the other fellow in order to legalize the murder on both sides. It is an ancient custom, like the buttons on the forepart of the sleeves of some army uniforms—which were put there in the days when the King was trying to accustom the troops to the innovation of handkerchiefs—and owes its origin to the challenges which passed between knights before they engaged. Modern utilitarianism has improved on it, as it has on most polite usages.

The Japanese torpedo boats went among the Russian ships lying outside of Port Arthur before the Russian officers alone knew that war had begun. Some matter-of-fact soldiers say that declaration is altogether an obsolete form and of no more practical purpose than an over-night-telegram delivered after the news it contained is received by letter. War will begin when one side fires on the other and, having watched each other through the weeks of breaking negotiations and having listened impatiently over the telegraph wires, neither will have any excuse for being taken unawares.

Certain peace idealists suggest a thirty day's wait after the declaration before beginning hostilities. Apparently they think that the two sides might cool down or die of suspense. By this plan President Roosevelt could press a button opening the game at a certain hour. But the suggestion is ridiculous and impracticable. Once they knew that war was inevitable the adversaries would be bound to exchange shots in sparring for position. A declaration seems the right thing, though it comes after the event. Nations under the leadership of presidents and kings ought to be as decent in their formalities as prize-

fighters. Even the matador salutes the bull before the assassination, though probably the courtesy is lost on the bull.

Another question is what really constitutes contraband of war. Every one agrees that arms and ammunition are. Is cotton, is kerosene, is coal, is food, is lumber, is anything that may assist the enemy in any form or manner whatsoever if it comes into his possession?

"No!" says the man with goods to sell.

"Yes, anything that is going to your enemy's ports is contraband. Starving out your enemy is just as lawful as shooting him to pieces," says the belligerent maintaining a blockade.

So the Japanese decided. A besieged city may have ammunition but not food enough to hold out, when holding out even a week longer may decide the fate of the war. No one will deny that if the fall of Port Arthur had been delayed two or three weeks the Japanese would never have taken Mukden. One shipload of material would have cheered the garrison to the further effort which would have saved Kuropatkin from his final defeat. Has a belligerent the right to sink a neutral ship which he thinks is on the way with merchandise to the enemy? Shall he hesitate, even if he is in doubt about her purpose, when taking the time to convey her to a home port might mean another contraband ship could pass over the route he is patrolling?

On the score of humanity toward prisoners and wounded and non-combatants there is need for little further regulation. War can not be more humanely fought than it was, both in South Africa and Manchuria. Necessity, and not intention, is responsible for the infrequent breaking of rules. Gunners can not always tell whether field hospitals and ambulance wagons are under their shells. Often they have not the alternative of discrimination, and sometimes they are suspicious that the Red Cross flag is being abused. Artillery always must and will fire at the spot where it

locates the enemy's guns, regardless of all conditions.

Nor is there any way to prevent firing on the wounded on some occasions. In a night attack at close quarters you must, in self-defense, try to kill any human being in the enemy's uniform who is moving. There is no time for examination of witnesses and a judgment by the court. A critical point in the lines may be at stake, and the issue may be decided in a few minutes. The defender who is only slightly wounded would not be red-blooded if he did not go on firing, and while he does he is still a belligerent.

In regulating naval warfare lies the greatest danger of the conference defeating its object by adopting too many rules. On the sea, where the destiny of the world is to be decided, he who is master will ever make regulations to suit himself. There is no clause laid down by The Hague which the British navy could not afford to break and probably would break in case of national danger. The expectation of obedience to regulations under conditions which make compliance humanly impossible may lead neutral nations into a popular outburst of passion that will force them into the struggle in which they would not otherwise have engaged.

"War is hell!" remarked General Sherman, as you have doubtless heard before. But probably you have not heard that, in private conversation, the General qualified his maxim to mean if you were beaten. The good soldier does not propose to be beaten. Mighty responsibilities command the officer to kill first and think of The Hague afterward.

The greater the power for slaughter unquestionably the less likelihood of war. And this brings up the question of the use of dynamite from balloons. The first conference adopted a time-prohibitive clause which has since lapsed. Its passage was due to the fact that no power had developed a good dirigible balloon, and a suspicion by each that some of its rivals might have succeeded better in secret than itself. Now that several

have brought their experiments to a practical stage, which means a positive asset in killing, they take a different view. Besides, each thinks that he may have a better system than the others. Dropping explosives from a balloon is the precise counterpart on land of mines on the sea, which killed outright or drowned most of the crews of the Hatsuse and the Petropavlovsk in a few minutes. Its terror lies in its novelty. The medieval nations, which used to rape women and give no quarter, adopted an agreement against the use of that ghastly innovation, chain-shot. We, who refuse even to the prisoners together and care for the enemy's wounded before our own, think nothing of grape and canister, which mangle and tear their victims.

The sooner an inventor finds a power by which all the fortifications of a port or an army corps can be destroyed at a blow, the better. It is the position and the power of modern weapons of destruction which is responsible for the universal peace which exists in the world to-day. The French, German, and Austrian armies now number few among their officers who have had a baptism of fire. The peace conference meets without a single war cloud on the horizon. The great European nations no longer enter lightly into war as they did in the old days of small, swash-buckling armies. Popular education is common, public opinion is keen, and wood pulp is cheap. The old maxim that every generation must have its war is obsolete. European youth work off their bravado as conscripts on the drill grounds. The population who furnish the cannon food are not inclined to risk their lives and incur increased taxation without cause. No cabinet is going to the lengths of an ultimatum unless the people are with it. For war to-day means more than it ever was before is a captain's and a private's fight; and to face the ripping of unseen bullets coming from smokeless rifles requires the backbone of a determined conviction that the object is worth gaining, beside which the old time

charge with the hand playing was sheer animal impulse. The campaign for glory which painters illustrate is forever past. We are fighting by measuring the length of our swords without coming to blows. Each change in the ratios of physical strength means a readjustment of the powers which the prestidigitators of the foreign offices watch with concentrated gaze. The game is played with all the cards on the table; and that is the kind of game least likely to require the use of firearms.

In the battle of the budgets some nations have gained victories no less important because they were bloodless. The winners in the last decade were the United States, Germany, and Japan. England occupies a special position. She seems to be content to leave well enough alone.

In France, thanks to the patriotism of German mothers in bringing soldiers and producers into the world, the ambition for "revenge" is as dead as the presidential ambition in the breast of David B. Hill. But with her army and navy she can command friendships to safeguard her frontier. She now joins Austria as a defensive factor. Both are too preoccupied at home to consider a march southward. Therefore Italy has ceased to compete in the contest of armies and increases her navy to protect her seacoast. Russia, once a check on Germany, has been forced to halt in military expansion. She has vast populations, but lacks cohesion, funds and organized productive power to keep up the pace which Alexander III set for her.

Germany, undisturbed by any third factor, could march to Vienna or to Paris; she could take German Austria or the Russian Baltic Provinces. So the others form line against her, and the sum of their arms wins without a shot a victory as important as that of the allies against Napoleon. Unless the tenor of modern thought changes, no blood will be shed for sentiment or glory on the Continent of Europe. War will come with a change of the balance of power or the effort of Germany to get room

for her increasing population and a field for her broadening efficiency, or when England resists any threat of losing her naval supremacy. Such an eventuality belongs to future generations. There is no need of a peace conference in order to keep the peace from Gibraltar to the Baltic.

The great nations will fight away from home if they fight at all in our time. Stalemate on the Continent of Europe does not mean stalemate in the Far East, which is the future battleground of the world. There a great movement is in progress; there is the awakening of peoples who have yet to find themselves by the compass of war. Japan is strong and ambitious. Russia, fulfilling the destiny of her development, must press eastward. In any clash that comes the United States as a Pacific power is interested. We stand between the policy of remaining at home or stretching our muscles to our full strength, which would mean fifty battleships. It is the fact that we might beat the fifty that makes us respected—not Mink conferences or brilliant expositions of the Monroe Doctrine.

We are peaceful. Oh, yes, very. We would vote unanimously that we were. So would the other nations. On a proposition to build no more battleships we would vote. No. So would the other nations. Therefore, will the soldier delegates as they feed crumbs to the dove smile under their mustaches. They know that war will end at about the same time as animal life on this planet. It is the final expression of national entity. If you look down the list of nations you will find that it is the miserable and the unprogressive which have practiced disarmament. Populations festering in degeneracy believe in the gospel of the white liver, the dragging sloop, and the fatty brain rather than the doctrine of the Big Stick. The anemic Koreans standing by the wayside as the Japanese army passed used to remark in a petulant, abstract, superior manner that it was rude and unfair to rob an ancient people of their country. Venezuela has small army

appropriations, but heavy "extraordinary war taxes." The countries showing the largest increases in armament are the countries in which human organization is at its highest, in which the percentage of illiteracy is the lowest, and which lead the way in morals, culture, art, invention, scientific discovery, and every form of progress.

A strong arm and a sweet and reasonable temper form a golden rule for nations as well as men. If we had not had a strong arm, then Cuba would not have been freed, and if we had not a sweet and reasonable temper she might have only been delivered from one master to receive another. The eradication of the yellow fever from Havana, the redemption of

Egypt to prosperity and order, the schools at Khartoum, the dam at Assouan, a common-school system in the Philippines, the awakening of China, and the opening of Japan could never have been brought about by peace conferences. These reforms are the products of a positive agency in a positive and material world. When Maxim invented a rapid-fire gun with which a pale unit of civilized society could mow down a company of Fuzzy Wuzzies it was a triumph for progress. Modern war, so largely waged with the intellect, has inherent humanitarianities far outstripping the mercuries of the Red Cross. It gives strength to those who know how best to use it for the good of the world.

Charles R. Hosmer—Telegraph Operator

By C. D. Clark

If the stars came out only once a year we would all go out to look at them. This thought was suggested in glancing at the career of many prominent business men—men who are superlative successes and who are really not identified with public life; men whom we know well, see every day, move with, live with in every truth—yet for this very staleness of custom fail to appreciate their greatness, their real worth and their service to the world. A moment's thought brings before the mind's eye many who might be included in a list of such men, and among the dominant figures in business, Mr. Charles Rudolph Hosmer, of Montreal, is outstanding.

"Do you mean Charlie Hosmer, the telegraph operator?" might be asked. The answer would have to be in the affirmative and the one word added, "listen."

C. R. Hosmer, son of Hiram Hosmer, a sturdy and clever Yankee, was born at Coteau Landing, an obscure hamlet, not many miles from Montreal, on November 12, 1851. Without a semblance of what boys

to-day call a chance in life, Charles Rudolph rose from being office boy to telegraph operator at the age of 14; to superintendent of a big telegraph company at 21, and finally promoter and perfecter of a system which belts the world; the Canadian Pacific Railway telegraph, over which he is the modest head to-day. In addition, his commercial ventures outside have been very successful, and he is a bank director, president of numerous large manufacturing and financial establishments, and yet in the prime of mature activity, looking as if he would defy well Dr. Oler's metaphor re chloroform for the sunset of crimson and gold.

Yet all his success has not turned his head half a degree.

The humble origin of Mr. Hosmer, and his sterling ancestry, were most helpful factors in his career. His schooling was not extensive, but his parents, though not wealthy, were thinking people and nothing sharpens the wits of men, preventing the disease of fat head, like the school of hard knocks.

So when Charles Hosmer swept

out the office of the Grand Trunk Railway at Coteau Landing, at the early age of 12 years, he was noted for good sweeping; he early acquired the study habit, and above all, that habit which has ruled and elevated a life of great service to men—work.

His co-workers will remember the lad, poring over the dots and dashes of the first lessons in telegraphy; can recall how he worked at nights and was always at the key, until at the age of 14, he could send or take a message faster than many an older operator. He early had power over others, by having power over himself. The destiny or sequence of his life seemed to have been believed in by himself, for he always kept himself prepared and hence he never had to look for a position. While treading continuously the highway which leads to superiority, there is no disparagement in the statement that Charles Hosmer knew no more what he was getting ready for, than did Edison, Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Frank Munsey or Andrew Carnegie, all of whom worked at telegraphy at an early age and were masters of the craft in all its details. Athrob with copious energy, magnetic good health and strong will, young Hosmer took only one year after he actually graduated as an operator to dominate over his fellows as manager of his first telegraph office. He had no time for fatty degeneration of his gray matter; he was mastering the intricacies of electricity. It was only natural, then, to find him, not only a leader in his business, but like all men of strength of mind and poise, willing to impart to others what had taken him years to learn. He taught telegraphy to hundreds of pupils. For four or five years he occupied his spare time by teaching and studying. Always building "better than he knew" in his work, above all things was manifested his alert appreciation of the immense value of telegraphy in closing profitable business deals and in preventing bad ones. Often he would weave dreams of rare possibilities, conjured in his active mind, that could be accomplished by

the alert quick wit to wire "Buy now," "Don't sell," etc., and his success in life has been based to a large extent on the judgment of buying and selling to advantage. A fine training for this work he had—in touch with throbbing centres of operators in the market all the time—and some of his best lessons, he declares, were taught over the wire. There, ticking away the thoughts of others he sifted the experience of many a blunder and hasty decision. All this was in the mind of the young man of 19 who was chosen manager of the Dominion Telegraph Co., at Kingston, Ont. Old for his years, his directors became inspired with his reserve power, his energy, his attention to essentials, his grasp of details and his unflinching devotion to duty. So, after a short service in Buffalo, N.Y., he was appointed superintendent of the service when just a little less than 22 years of age.

His work was now formidable and executive, and he saw deeper into commerce, still working at top speed under heavy pressure; his equipoise reached past the clutch for personal gain and his mind turned to the knowledge of telegraphy as a civilizing agent in business. Many of the telegraphic betterments in system and despatch had their rise in the restless, prophetic brain of Charles Hosmer. He believed then as now, that the message by wire is a science, and thus a unifier of nations and men. He looked into the causes of imperfect telegraphic service, mastered the time difficulties, the actual electrical side of the work, and carried practical knowledge into the business management by turning discontent and failure into progress and prosperity. After eleven years of steady growth and development the Dominion Telegraph Co. was merged into the Great North-Western Telegraph Co.

Young Hosmer in the hey-day of his mental vigor believed in the here-and-now doctrine, and immediately organized the Canadian Mutual Telegraph Co., designed as the Canadian connection of the Mutual Union Tele-

graph Co., of the United States. With a delightful deftness, Mr. Hosmer managed this company for five years, so that afterwards he was able to play on the high chords of international telegraphy the various tunes of time and change. In the year 1884 the C.P.R. was incorporated. With its birthright was included a charter to engage in the telegraph business. So then, it seemed but natural to find in 1886, Charles Hosmer, the man who had had no chance in life, chosen at the age of 35, to be head of the C.P.R. telegraph system under the modest title of manager of telegraphs. There he was, the living evidence of what hard work from 14 to 20 had done for him; there, was the cumulative consequence. No one could weep that he had not a university course, for he had used the forces of the university to educate himself, having come up through the various grades, from the post of operator at the key, to those of executive trust and responsibilities, in all of which he had shown marked capacity. Blunder and bitterness sometimes bring wisdom, but young men should mark that every single capacity of this success was backed by hard work. So it was, as Hubbard says: "Plan wisely, work hard; never trust to luck, and all the merry villagers will say: 'There's a lucky dog.'"

The C.P.R. then had a telegraph system covering Canada thoroughly, but it was only the precursor of a work which to-day is an enterprise, in point of magnitude and excellence of construction, on a par with many of the largest independent telegraph systems of the world. In the heavy task of organization Mr. Hosmer, like all leaders of men, chose good assistants. He saved his own abilities to do work that to others was impossible. That is to say, he chose men from his own type—and many of his first selections are still with the company—healthy, capable, eager, keen, restless, enthusiastic, honest workers. Further, Mr. Hosmer's personal pride to-day is, that he would never lose a good man; if he was not a success in one department he would move him

to some other, but always gave him a chance. Dismell once said of a successful man, that he knew he succeeded in his business because he got other people to do his work." This is as true of Mr. Hosmer as it was of Dismell and merely proves his ability.

In the interim the Canadian Mutual Telegraph Co. had been absorbed by the Western Union Co., of the United States, and Mr. Hosmer was able to obtain the use of the two wires of this company between Toronto and Buffalo for the C.P.R. Telegraph Co., thus giving them at once the much coveted direct connection with the United States. Mr. Hosmer's company took in the entire staff of the Mutual company, again showing a master hand, in securing men trained by his own methods and systems.

Tone in telegraphy, was one of Mr. Hosmer's fads and he was earnest and rigid in his discipline with men of the key. Bohemianism was always discouraged and his personal influence upon talented men in telegraphy can never be measured, but it suffices to say that it was always for good.

After twenty-one years Mr. Hosmer is able to sit in a cosy office on the top floor of a fine building owned and erected by his own company for telegraph purposes and enjoy the perfection of his own hard work and see that work followed up by men whom he selected years ago. His chief work for years has been to watch the varied commercial interests. It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Hosmer made his millions in the hard-working way and in the straight newly-blazed trails of commerce. Let those who think it was luck, try the same part and they will know better. Now that he is worth ample fortune some of his personal qualities may be dealt with in passing, because men who have made every dollar of their money themselves by their own wits and cleverness are well worthy of being copied and imitated by the young men of to-day.

Mr. Hosmer married when he was 26 and has been a great lover of home. His magnificent mansion on Drummond Street, Montreal, is typical of

the man. Very private and quiet in his social movements, his house is replete with every reasonable comfort of modern life. His two children, a boy and a girl, have been the idols of his life, and Mrs. Hosmer will tell of many delightful sacrifices that the father has made so that his family may never want.

Travel has been his great educator and his happiness has been, latterly, to run away into the serene atmosphere of the Mediterranean, during the winter months; tour the world, always with his family, and make the most of life's joys, while all are well and able to partake. Simplicity and truth in small things are his principles, and by these his actual and ideal life may easily be measured. Associated intimately with such minds as those of Lord Strathcona, R. B. Angus, Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and others of Canada's greatest men, it is not surprising that he imbued the taste and love for art as a respite from the babel of operators in the market. Art treasures of rare value adorn the Hosmer home. Rare gifts may be seen there, some of the donors being millionaire users of the telegraph, who appreciated the prompt genius of Mr. Hosmer in serving them well at the key. He has always refused any part in politics, preferring to use his brain for the development of the country in other ways.

Probably his most notable feat is in helping young men along; men in whom he has found the germ of talent, and who sometimes did not have the money necessary to make use of it. Many a time Charles Hosmer has started men in business who have since risen to marked success. It is told in quiet confidence that a certain barber was once hard-up. He had been serving Mr. Hosmer for years, and mentioned his trouble. Mr. Hosmer did not say much, but gave considerable; enough to put the man out of difficulty and in a fair way to making a good business, which since then he has accomplished. Everywhere his openhanded generosity has been known, but Mr. Hosmer ridicules un-

necessary publicity, and has always kept aloof from newspaper notoriety. Yet his warmest friends are among newspaper men. One of the most strongly appreciative sketches of his life appeared in the Telegraph Age, of New York, and was written by a Montreal newspaper man and a former telegraph operator.

To detail Mr. Hosmer's commercial interests in Montreal alone would require much space, as they include mining, insurance, light and heat, banking, express, railway and manufacturing. One of Mr. Hosmer's gifts is that of expression. While he is not a public speaker he possesses the facility of conveying in forceful and direct language just exactly what he wishes to say. He has written several valuable articles for telegraph papers and in his spare time may do more. On one occasion, about 18 years ago, he wrote an article for Fock's "Girdle or Gleanings from the Postal and Telegraphic World." The distinct style may be gathered by a short quotation from this sketch, principally because what he said then was merged into history. Further he recounted some of the leading features of his charge at the time, a charge which has been the means of making a revolution in commercial life in all parts of Canada. "In former days the G.N.W. Telegraph Co. had undisputed control of the entire telegraphic business of Canada, and so great was the power that it exercised for good or for evil, that people began to ask themselves seriously whether such exclusive power should not belong to the Government, and be subject to popular control. As was the case, however, with English railways, so it was with the Canadian system, and relief was speedily found in competition. The engineers who carried the C.P.R. across the continent, also took with them the essential telegraph line, until in November, 1885, Canada found that she possessed, not only a great trunk railway, but also a telegraph system bringing every section of the Dominion into the closest contact and occupying an almost unique

position, of being practically operated as a portion of the C.P.R. system."

In this same article, the writer dealt with the able service promptly given by the company of which he was head, and their difficulties in covering immense distances, mentioning the enormous lengths of the circuits that had to be worked, etc. This is referred to in order to accentuate the many sides of the man, who was always busy.

"There are but two natural sources of wealth—the earth and the ocean—and to lose the right to either one, in our situation, is to put the other up for sale." So wrote the illustrious Tom Paine in sharp antithesis many years ago. By following the investment career of Mr. Hosmer, one would think he might have been studying Paine, for he went after wealth without neglecting or forsaking any of the sources.

As evidence, witness that he is a director of the C.P.R. Co., one of the vice-presidents and a director of the Commercial Cable Co., a director of the Postal Telegraph Co., and also of the Halifax and Bermudas Cable Co., director of the Montreal Gas Co., the Bank of Montreal, Merchants' Bank of Canada, Royal Trust Co., London and Lancashire Insurance Co., Canada Paper Co., The Laurentide Pulp Co., Edwardburg Starch Co., Acadia Coal, and others; president of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., and of the E. N. Heney Co., Limited. He therefore cannot be an idle man. Personally, he is the embodiment of naturalness, as any really sensible man is bound to be. He is a member of many clubs, but is by no means what is known as a club man. He is life governor of hospitals and charitable institutions and a devoted worker in this connection, feeling that giving his money is not sufficient. He attends the American Presbyterian Church and is one of the most un-

ostentatious of this extremely wealthy congregation.

One of his little peculiarities is best noted by those who make long-drawn calls or irritate and intrude; suddenly the thought comes to his mind that he is being imposed upon. In a flash, down will fall both of his short, practical hands, flat on the desk, with an almost explosive noise, and he smilingly remarks, "This is my busy day."

Personally, Mr. Hosmer is possessed of an unconquerable optimism. His smile is broad and cheery, and he would have made a great politician or professional man where personal appearance and facial sympathy count for so much. His striking feature is that broad smile; yet his well-shaped head with heavy crop of silver-sprinkled dark hair, is striking, while his magnetic grey eyes, straight and clear, seem to look through and burton behind. His mouth—firm and even, with pursed lips, crowned by a dark, flecked with grey, moustache, rather heavy, too—smiles generally in harmony with the eyes; but if either one of these features, the eyes or the mouth, do not harmonize in the smile, watch out for vitriolic dashes and beware of his attack.

His easy, almost rolling, alert walk, as if on his toes, coupled with his immaculate dress, cause the observer to remark, "There's a man of affairs."

A charming conversationalist, he is the delight and life of many select companies, and those who are fortunate enough to enjoy his companionship, need not discuss the weather. His strong pastime now-a-days is a game of bridge, and he is an ardent lover of the game.

During his future years his friends hope that he may be induced to give some of his time to actual public service. His chief longing, as expressed by himself is: "More time to spend with my wife and family."

What Business Means to Me

An interview given by Andrew Carnegie to Herbert N. Casson, author of
"The Romance of Steel and Iron in America"

System Magazine

"WHEN you ask me what business really means," said Mr. Carnegie, in answer to my question, "I would begin by saying that the root of business must always be service to the community. The real business man is one who furnishes some commodity that the community needs."

"Dollar-making is not necessarily business. The man who stands in a broker's office, for instance, and watches the tape, is not a business man, but a gambler. What is speculation, anyway, but a parasite fastened upon the labor of all real business men? It creates nothing. It is the counterfeit of true business."

"Some people make a great mistake," he continued, "when they deify the acquisition of wealth. A man must get money before he can give it—doesn't that self-evident? He must be egoistic before he is altruistic."

"The lack of money in a community means ignorance—disease. Look, for example, at the wonderful changes that are now being wrought in some of the southern states, through the growth of business. Until recently they had so solid financial basis. There was no capital and no development of natural resources."

"To-day new railways and fine office structures and homes are being built in these states. Life has been raised to a higher level. Better schools and larger libraries are being established. And what has been the cause of this transformation? It was not politics. It was business."

"What about the modern corporation?" I asked. "Can it manage business more efficiently than an individual or a government?"

"Certainly it can," he replied forcibly. "I believe that franchises should be owned by the public; but it is a private corporation that can operate

a business with the highest degree of success. There are abuses of the corporation systems, which will be checked as the years roll on. As long as men continue to think, there will be improvements. But we are on the right track and making fast time, so far as I can interpret the signs of the present day."

"And to you personally," I said, "what has been the definition of business?" "It has been he means to an end—nothing more," replied the master of a \$300,000,000 fortune. "How sad it is to see men of great abilities who have become so entangled—so absorbed, in the affairs of their business that they find it impossible to retire; Yet I do not blame them. It is no easy matter to pull out of a business when you have given the best years of your life to it. It was hard enough for me, dear Scot as I am; so I know what it means to others."

"The only way that a business man can retire and be content, is to prepare himself by taking a lively interest, beforehand, in outside affairs. There was a certain leather merchant in an American city who illustrated the reverse of this. He grew rich, retired from business and began to attend banquets and social gatherings. But his wife was troubled to notice that he never took part in any conversation."

"Why don't you talk, John?" she asked.

"Good reason why," said he. "They never say a word about leather!"

"As to whom I would consider the right sort of business man—there was Peter Cooper. He was a good type. He was always busy, but he kept one eye on money-making and the other eye on the public welfare. He was a man of many interests. The win-

dows of his brain were not all on one side. And his fortune has been doing good ever since he made it.

"Another man in his class was Ezra Cornell. He, too, gave himself with his money. The aim of his life was not wealth, but the founding of a university on such broad lines that it could teach anybody anything."

A third man whom Mr. Carnegie might have mentioned was Abraham Hewitt. A large photograph of Mr. Hewitt stood upon one of the desks in the library where we sat; and on a previous occasion he had been pointed out to me as an ideal of high American citizenship.

Most of the photographs in the library represented men of letters, not men of business. The most prominent was that of the English philosopher of individualism—Herbert Spencer. A fine bust of Shakespeare and another of Burns stood upon the mantelpiece. Upon the walls hung framed souvenirs of gratitude from a score or more of the fifteen hundred cities and towns that had been enriched by his libraries. And above these were written mottoes, not one of which referred to business or the gathering of money. The central precept, which strikes the keynote of the others, was the following saying of a fellow Scot, Sir William Drummond:

"He who cannot reason is a fool;

"He who will not, a bigot;

"He who dare not, a slave."

"A business man is called upon to deal with an ever-changing variety of questions," continued Mr. Carnegie. "He must have an all-round judgment based upon knowledge of many subjects. If his operations extend to many countries, he must know those countries, and also the chief things pertaining to them. His view must be world-wide; nothing can happen of moment which has not its bearing upon his action—political complications at Constantinople; the appearance of the cholera in the East; a monsoon in India; the supply of gold at Cripple Creek; the appearance of the Colorado beetle; the fall of a ministry; the danger of war; the likelihood of arbitration compelling settle-

ment—nothing can happen in any part of the world which he has not to consider.

"He must possess one of the rarest qualities—he an excellent judge of men—he often employs thousands. He must know how to bring the best out of various characters; he must have the gift of organization—another rare gift; must have executive ability; must be able to decide promptly and wisely.

"The old prejudice against trade has gone even from the strongholds of Europe. This change has come because trade itself has changed. In old days every branch of business was conducted upon the smallest retail scale, and small dealings and small affairs bred small men; besides, every man had to be occupied with the details, and, indeed, each man traded or manufactured for himself. The higher qualities of organization and of enterprise, of broad views and executive ability, were not brought into play.

"In our day, business in all its branches is conducted upon so gigantic a scale that partners of a huge concern are rulers over a domain. The large employer of labor sometimes has more in his industrial army than the petty German kings had under their banners.

"Affairs are now too great to breed petty jealousies, and there is now allied with the desire for gain the desire for progress, invention, improved methods, scientific development, and pride of success in these important matters. So the dividend which the business man seeks and receives to-day is not alone in dollars. He receives with the dollar something better—a dividend in the shape of satisfaction in being instrumental in carrying forward to higher stages of development the business which he makes his life work.

"I can confidently recommend to you the business career as one in which there is abundant room for the exercise of man's highest power, and of every good quality in human nature. I believe the career of the great merchant, or banker, or captain of industry to be favorable to the develop-

ment of the powers of the mind, and to the ripening of the judgment upon a wide range of general subjects; to freedom from prejudice and the keeping of an open mind.

"There may be room for a foolish man in every profession—foolish as a child beyond the range of his particular specialty, and yet successful in that—but no man ever saw a foolish business man successful. If he is without sound, all-round judgment, he must fail.

"If a young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business, but the fault of the young man. Consider the wonders, the mysteries, connected with the recent developments in that most spiritual of all agents—electricity, with its unknown, and, perhaps, even unguessed powers. He must, indeed, be a dull and prosaic young man, who, being connected with electricity in any of its forms, is not lifted from humdrum business to the region of the mysterious. Business is not all dollars. These are but the shell—the kernel lies within, and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature."

"Business to me has been a means to an end." And having accomplished the means, Andrew Carnegie has reached the goal. In his library in which we were sitting there was nothing in sight which belonged to the paraphernalia of business. It was the study of a literateur or a university dean, rather than the office of a steel-maker from smoky Pittsburgh. There was no telephone—no hurry-scurry of clerks—no clicking of typewriters—no fusillade of telegrams. It was hard to believe that this placid and compassionate old man had ever been on the firing-line in the war for millions, much less to realize in him the champion warrior of them all.

The three subjects upon which his mind was running at the time of my visit had no more connection with business than the flash of a butterfly's wing has with the price of steel rails. The first was golf—he had just returned from a game with a doctor of

divinity and several other cronies. The second was simplified spelling. "I convinced one man this afternoon," he said. "I told him to write 'tho,' and then to ask himself why, as a rational man, he should add 'ugh' to it. The fact is," he continued earnestly, "that the pronunciation of many words has changed, and their spelling should be altered to keep pace with these changes. The three final letters in 'though,' which are silent to-day, were pronounced in a guttural ending several generations ago. Every word I have no doubt, was originally spelled in the same way that it was pronounced."

The third subject that occupied his mind was a remarkable poem which he had received from a Scottish workman. It was entitled, "Me and Andra," and the first verse, which he read to me, ran as follows:

"We're pair bit craturs, Andra, you an' me,
Ye hae a bath in a marble tub, I dook in the sea.
Cafe au lait in a silver jug for breakfast gangs to you;
I sup my brose wi' a born again an' eat till I'm fu'.
An' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly ony,
My sky is as clear as yours, an' the clouds as bonnie;
I whuske a tune thro' my teeth to mysel' that costs me money."

In the quiet of Andrew Carnegie's library, the roar of the Pittsburgh furnaces and the clash of the Homestead steel mills have died away. There is no longer any war with the Pennsylvania Railroad—no duel with Frick—no race for Lake Superior ore—no onslaught upon the foreign market.

The money-getting is ended, and it may well be; for this one man in his retirement is still receiving more millions of steel money than any other individual in the world. His pension is not far from forty thousand dollars a day—five times as much as the revenue of the monarch of the British Empire. Allowing him an eight-hour

day, his income during the hour of my conversation with him was five thousand dollars, as much as the annual salary of a United States senator. This, from the money-making point of view, is what business has meant to Carnegie. He has been the quickest accumulator, and the freest spender, in the world. Less than fifty years ago, he put five or six thousand thousand dollars into the slot of the iron and steel business, and he has taken out, for himself and his friends, more than five hundred millions.

And yet it is unquestionably true that he has always regarded business

as a means to an end. I have seen, in the home of one of his Pittsburg schoolmates, a brave essay on the problem of labor and capital, written by Andrew Carnegie at fifteen years of age. I have seen the place where he used to borrow books when he was a telegraph messenger boy. The first thing that he bought with his new wealth was education, and the second was travel. It is therefore nothing but fair to believe that his fortune, vast as it is, has been mainly to build a golden stairway by which he has ascended into the literary and philanthropic world.

The Blaze at Beeson's

By Elliot Flower in The Reader

THE case may be stated briefly as follows:

Abe Beeson had a country store in Arkansas.

Abe Beeson carried insurance to the amount of three thousand dollars, divided equally among three companies.

Abe Beeson's idea of insurance was that, in case of fire from any cause, he was entitled to three thousand dollars cash at once, but that insurance companies would always try to beat a man out of what was due him.

Abe Beeson's business was so poor that he several times mentioned his determination to "pull up and move on."

Abe Beeson's store burned.

Abe Beeson made immediate demand for the payment of three thousand dollars, and incidentally remarked that he was not to be "bluffed out of anything that was coming to him."

This being the situation, according to report, it was only natural that each of the three companies should send a man to investigate.

But Abe Beeson did not recognize the right of anybody to investigate his acts, and this was one of his acts. He merely wanted the money.

Abe met the first man to arrive.

The store had been in a little cluster of houses, some miles from any railroad, and Abe's home was a short distance beyond the cluster. The man thought he would drive to the home first and see Abe, but Abe, seeing him coming, walked down the road to meet him.

"Lookin' fo' me?" asked Abe softly.

"Are you Mr. Beeson?"

"No," replied Abe, "I ain't Misteh Beeson; I'm Abe Beeson."

Abe had a soft southern accent that was very deceptive; it gave an impression of mildness and tractability. The adjuster decided that he would get right out of his buggy and talk the matter over.

"Don't reckon I'd do that," Abe remarked.

"Do what?"

"Git outen the buggy."

"Why not?"

"Yeh may want to git along in a hurry. What yeh down heah fo'?"

"I was sent down to see about the fire."

"It's seen about a'ready," said Abe. "Yeh want to go back, less yeh got the cash."

"Cash? Certainly not. I came to investigate."

"Yeh want to go back," repeated Abe, and he shifted the gun he was carrying so that the adjuster found himself looking into the muzzle. It was done carefully, the gun resting easily across one arm, but accompanied by a slight turn of the body, it had the effect of putting the adjuster directly in front of it.

"Don't do that!" he exclaimed, started.

"Yeh want to go back—quick," said Abe.

Something in his tone led the adjuster to turn his horse without further question. It was menacing without being loud or angry.

"I'll be sittin' heah," said Abe, taking a seat on a stone beside the road. "If yeh stop, I'll plunk yeh. If yeh come back, I'll plunk yeh. When yeh get the money ready let me know."

The adjuster went by the scene of the fire without stopping. Abe was sitting back there in the road with the gun across his knees.

The second adjuster to arrive, having no knowledge of the experience of the first, stopped at the site of the store. No sooner had he done so, however, than he saw a man come loping down the road, carrying a gun. Still, his quick eye caught conclusive evidences of arson. Aeronose had been used beyond question, and a pile of charred rags showed where the fire had started.

"I don't reckon I'd do that," said the man with the gun.

"Why, I came down to adjust the loss on this," explained the insurance man.

"The a'justin' has all been done," said Abe, he being the man with the gun. "I done it myself."

"But we—"

"Git out!" ordered Abe, with a sharpness unusual, and the adjuster hastily retired from the ruins.

"But, my dear sir—"

"Don't reckon yeh need stop," interrupted Abe. "I know yeh, an' I know what yeh want. Yeh want to fix things so yeh needn't pay the

money, but yeh can't. I'll watch yeh go down the road."

With his rifle across his knees he watched this man disappear as he had the other.

Just what Abe's ideas and plans were no one but Abe knew. He acted as if he expected some one to come waving three thousand dollars in cash over his head as a guarantee of good faith. Or possibly he expected a check to be sent without question. Abe's store-keeping had not been of a nature to give him much to do with checks, but he knew what they were and how to use them. In any event, he was suspicious of insurance men, he would permit no investigation, and he himself was the only law he recognized.

The third man to arrive discovered this. The third man made some inquiries of neighbors.

"Yes," said one of these, with sub-line simplicity, "I reckon Abe burned the store. He was goin' to move, an' he needed the money. He'll git it, too. Abe always does."

So far as the neighbor was concerned, there never was a suspicion of anything wrong in this; it was the most natural thing in the world that a man should burn his house or store when it would be to his advantage. Abe was the only man in the vicinity who even thought of carrying insurance, so idiosyncrasy on the subject were rather hazy.

Abe met his third adjuster about as he had met the other two. The third happened to be on horseback.

"We don't reckon to have strangers prowlin' round heah," said Abe, taking the horse by the bridle and turning it back.

"I came to see about the fire," explained the adjuster.

"It's seen about," returned Abe. All yeh got to do is to send the money. I'm waitin' fo' it." Then he added plaintively: "I'm 'most tired sendin' you all back fo' the cash. I'm goin' to plunk the next man right off, less he has the cash ready. Yeh want to keep goin' now, or yeh'll git plunked anyhow."

Holding the gun in the crook of

his left arm, he hit the horse a resounding whack with his right hand, and the adjuster found himself holding to the pommel of his saddle as the horse raced down the road. He looked back once and saw Abe in the road, with his gun ready for action. Then he decided to keep on going.

There was some discussion in Chicago as to the best method of handling this case. Investigation proved that Abe Beeson was a dangerous man. He was not quarrelsome; he did not fight for the love of fighting, but he settled all questions relating to him in his own way. And shooting was that way. Everything indicated that the three insurance men had saved their lives by obeying instructions implicitly when he ordered them to leave. Indeed, some surprise was expressed that he had been so lenient with them.

About a week after the return of the last man word was received that Abe Beeson intended to sue on his three policies. Now, a suit is always an annoyance and an expense, and it was likely to be unusually troublesome in this case. The evidence would have to be collected at the scene of the fire, and there were three men who were quick to assert that the scene of the fire was unhealthy. These men were not cowards, but not one of them cared to work up a case against Abe Beeson in the vicinity of Abe Beeson's home.

Then it was that the three companies decided to combine on one good man, to represent all their interests, and leave the settlement of the case in his hands. Gifford Oakes was the man chosen.

Oakes was a man of wide experience as an insurance adjuster, and he had frequently demonstrated the possession of courage, tact and strategical ability, all of which were essential to success in his calling. His appearance was deceptive. He was tall, rather gaunt, and usually slow and deliberate in his movements; no one would size him up as a particularly active man, and yet, in emergencies, he could be amazingly quick of mind and body.

"You must be prepared for trouble,"

cautioned Deekler, the general manager of the company that employed Oakes. "The man is ignorant, suspicious and mad. He has been walking ten miles to an express office, to see if his money has come, every day or so since he drove the last adjuster away. He seems to think an adjuster's business is to cheat a man out of his money, and he says he'll shoot the next one that shows up."

"If he's honest," said Oakes, thoughtfully, "he's dangerous; if he's dishonest, he's a bluff."

"It's an interesting case, anyhow," said Deekler.

"It certainly is," admitted Oakes. "What's the easiest way to get to this place?"

Deekler told him where to leave the train, and explained that he would have to ride or drive from there.

"That's the way the other three went," inquired Oakes.

"Yes. It's about the only quick and practicable way."

"Well, I think I'll try a slow and impracticable way, then," said Oakes. "A man never knows all the moves in a game like this until the play is started, but it seems to me the first move is to come from a direction that he is not expecting."

After studying a map and timetable, Oakes decided on a town that was beyond his objective point, and from this he rode twenty miles back to Abe Beeson's. Furthermore, Oakes timed himself to arrive at dusk, dismounted and tied his horse some distance away, and made a circuit to approach the house from the rear. To come in that stealthy way was a risk, but there was also a risk in any other plan.

The first that Beeson knew of the presence of his visitor the latter stood in the doorway. Beeson instinctively reached for his gun, which leaned against the wall, but Oakes was prepared for that, and covered him with a pistol.

"What yeh want?" asked Beeson in the soft voice that had deceived so many.

"I want to talk to you," Oakes replied. "I'm told you have a habit

of discouraging discussion, so I thought I'd make sure of your attention."

"Yeh got it," said Beeson, without the least trace of discomfiture or fear. At all events, he was not a bully cowed; he was a man. He recognized the advantage of the other and submitted quietly, even pleasantly. "Won't yeh sit down?" he asked.

"Thank you, no," returned Oakes. "I prefer to have you seated while I stand." Oakes knew that Beeson was a widower and lived alone, but there might be another in the house, and he commanded the only other door from where he stood. The structure was little more than a cabin, anyhow, having only two rooms on the first floor and, presumably, two above. Besides, the standing man always has an advantage in such circumstances.

"Yeh seem to be some put out," suggested Beeson.

"Not at all," answered Oakes. "I merely want to have a friendly chat with you—that is, if you're Mr. Beeson."

"Not Misteck Beeson," came the gentle protest; "jest Abe Beeson, mostly called Abe. I'll take it kindly if yeh'll call me Abe; I answer to a betch. I 'most so'get Beeson."

"All right, Abe," said Oakes, still watchful, but a little more at ease, for the man did not seem to be as dangerous as he was painted. "I came to see you about your insurance."

"I thought yeh was one of them damn skunks," remarked Abe pleasantly.

"Better go slow," cautioned Oakes. "That's no way to get the matter adjusted."

"A'jasted," repeated Abe. "I got the insurance papahs, ain't I?"

"I suppose so."

"An' ever'thing's gone, ain't it?"

"I guess there's no doubt about that."

"Then pay me."

"Please keep still, Mr. Beeson," cautioned Oakes, detecting a movement that seemed like a preparation to spring for the gun.

"Abe," corrected Beeson.

"Well, Abe, then. After what I've heard of you I can't afford to take any chances." Still, the man's soft manner of speech and the entire absence of braggadocio had its effect, and Oakes was really less cautious than when he entered. "Now, Abe,"

he added, with an abruptness that he hoped would prove disconcerting, "you burned that store yourself."

"Well," said Abe inquiringly, as if it were a matter of no moment.

"But you can't do that," asserted Oakes.

"Yeh said I did," remarked Abe. "If I did, I could, couldn't I?"

Oakes found that he was the disconcerted one.

"I mean," he explained, "that you can't collect insurance on a building that you burn yourself."

"Can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what yeh take my money for? What do I git? What's the use of insurin' at all?"

The man was in earnest, and Oakes decided then that it was a case of ignorance and not of attempted fraud. He believed he had a right to burn his building and get the money for it, and this doubtless led in a measure to his suspicion of the investigators. There was nothing to investigate. Consequently Oakes was considerate enough to explain the matter carefully—going over the terms and showing how impossible it would be for companies to do business on the basis suggested.

"Arson is a crime," he said in conclusion, "and a man may not profit by his own criminal act."

"Then yeh don't pay me at all?" asked Abe, seemingly bewildered.

"Well, I'll give you a dollar apiece for the policies and a receipt in full," replied Oakes. "That will pay you for your trouble in signing a release. But I want those policies, and I want them now."

"Will yeh show me where it says all yeh've talked?" inquired Abe humbly. "I ain't never read all it says. I read hard."

"Certainly, I'll show you," returned Oakes. "I want you to understand

that we're perfectly straight in this matter."

Abe reached slowly into his inside pocket, and Oakes was instantly alert. His revolver covered Abe, and his eyes followed every motion.

"Don't reach for anything else," he cautioned. "I'll shoot at the first false motion."

"I know yeh will," returned Abe. "That's why I'm goin' slow."

Holding his revolver in his right hand, Oakes opened one of the policies with his left and put his finger on a clause. Abe bent over it, knitted his brows and slowly spelled out the words.

One word seemed to stick him, and he went over it twice. Oakes, impatiently, finally leaned over to help him. The next moment he discovered a cold, steel barrel between his face and the paper, and a calm, even voice was saying, "Move an' I plunk yeh. Drop yeh pistol." Oakes, his revolver momentarily turned away, knew that he was helpless, and he obeyed.

"Yeh bettah move back a little," was the next suggestion, and Oakes straightened up and backed away, being careful to keep his hands in sight. "I 'most always have this, too," Abe added, referring to the revolver he was holding, "but it wasn't handy to get it while yeh was lookin'. Yeh bettah not move yeh hands away."

Oakes's revolver had fallen on the table, and Abe let it lie there, but, alert and watchful, he got his gun from its place against the wall. Then he searched Oakes for other weapons, and, finding none, placed his own and gun on the table and resumed his seat. Oakes had backed out of reach of the table, but the gun—a short rifle—was pointed directly at him and lay close to the hand of Abe.

"I know the gun bettah than the pistol," the latter explained, and then he added: "I reckon yeh don't want them papers now, do yeh?"

"I don't believe I do," Oakes replied, "but they won't do you any good."

"It seemed like yeh prized them a mighty lot yehself," remarked Abe. "Don't think yeh'd want them so bad,

less there was money in them. Looks to me like yeh over-played yehself."

"That was to avoid annoyance," explained Oakes. "What can you do with them?"

"Well," said Abe, "I reckon yeh might write an order fo' the money an' somethin' to say that ever'thing's all right, an' then yeh can go."

Oakes's mind had been busy, and his eyes, too. Almost directly behind Berson was a window, and Oakes had finally fixed his eyes on that. He now glanced away quickly, glanced back, and nodded slightly. The pantomime was not lost on Abe, who turned instantly to prevent an attack from the rear. He had thought of the possibility that Oakes was not alone. He swung back with equal haste, but he had given Oakes time to jump for his pistol and over turn the table.

"That was pretty well done, wasn't it, Abe?" asked Oakes, covering his discomfited opponent.

"I call yeh a good man," was Abe's tribute.

"Well, I'll just make sure of those policies this time," said Oakes, gathering them up with one hand. "You don't need them, for they'd only lead you into an expensive and useless lawsuit. Now, if you care to give me a receipt in full for all claims on each policy, I'll still pay you a dollar apiece for them. But you needn't do it, if you don't want to."

"Don't seem like I bettah let three dollars get away," remarked Abe; "but I write slow. Tell me what."

Oakes pushed Abe's gun and pistol away with his foot, and then dictated the receipts. He put them in his pocket, dropped three silver dollars on the table, picked up Abe's weapons and backed to the door.

"I'll leave your things down the road a bit," he said, "but it won't be safe to come after them right away."

"Will yeh do me a favah?" asked Abe humbly.

"What is it?"

"Don't tell folks heah that yeh did it."

"I won't," laughed Oakes.

And he didn't.

The Maid From Montreal

By F. K. Scribner in The Argosy

It happened because at the psychological moment, when we had accepted an invitation for a ten-days' yachting trip with the Van Arsdale's, the nurse's second cousin fell off a ladder, fractured three ribs, and was carried home in an ambulance.

He should have been taken to a hospital, anyway, and even if he wasn't there was no necessity for our nurse feeling called upon to rush to the rescue. My wife and I argued until we had exhausted the vocabulary, but the lady of the white cap and apron was obdurate.

The second cousin's wife had a good position in some sort of a factory, and could not be at home to nurse the invalid; nothing would do but the call to duty must be obeyed; blood was thicker than water.

It made no difference that we had counted upon the Van Arsdale outing for weeks, and it was too late to withdraw our acceptance; to New York she must go, and even the handsome bonus I dangled before her eyes counted for nothing.

If the cousin had been killed outright the thing would have been simplified; we could have spared the nurse for a day to attend the funeral. As it was, it would be a good month before she was willing to return to us, and in the meantime the cruise around Long Island was to take place.

For two days my wife was in despair, and I racked my brains for a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Of course there were plenty of nurses in the city, but to get a new one would only partially relieve the situation; we could not think of leaving the children with some one of whom we knew nothing.

Then, suddenly, the clouds parted and a way seemed open before us. It came in the nature of a letter to my wife from Montreal.

Her old college room-mate, with her husband and family, were about to start on a protracted visit to some-

body; they were going to leave their nurse behind, a nurse peer among her kind. And the girl would want a situation for the summer.

I received the news when I came up from business at the end of a hot day; all during that two hours' sweltering train-ride I had been thinking of the cool breezes of the Sound, and cursing nurses in general. The expression upon my wife's face when I stepped on the verandah told me something had happened.

"Is she coming back?" Is the man dead," I asked excitedly.

"Better than that," my wife replied with a happy laugh, and fished the letter out of her pocket.

I shared in her enthusiasm.

"Better wise at once; they will leave Montreal to-morrow. There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken—"

"I sent a telegram late this morning, and here's the answer."

She thrust the yellow slip into my hand. I glanced over it hurriedly.

The best nurse in the provinces; had her four years and often left the children with her. Delighted to have her go to you. Let us know; leave to-morrow at two.

Emma.

"Good for Emma!" I cried. "I presume you can rely upon anything she recommends?"

"Implicitly," my wife answered. "She and George are very particular, especially where their children are concerned, and she knows we are. This is a perfect godsend."

"Then we'd better take her?"

"Better?" cried my wife enthusiastically. "We will take her, Charles. And we'll go on the yachting trip and not worry for one minute about leaving the children behind."

I turned toward the steps, jangling my hat more firmly upon my head.

"Then I'd better make tracts for the telegraph office; it closes in half an hour. I'll send a night message, and it will reach them in Montreal the first thing in the morning; we want to nail such a good thing instantly. What did you say the address was?"

She gave it to me, and I covered the half mile to the telegraph office in record-breaking time. I sent this despatch:

Mrs. George Baker,
73 Y Street, Montreal, Canada.

Want nurse by all means. Send her on to us here in Canterbury, on first train she can get out of Montreal.

C. V. Harris.

We spent the evening in planning for the yachting trip, and retired in a more cheerful frame of mind than since the tumble of our late nurse's unfortunate relative. But a shock waited us with the coming of the new day.

My telegram must have reached the Bakers early, for while we were yet at the breakfast table a reply was forthcoming. I read the message in silence and passed it over to my wife.

C. V. Harris,
Canterbury, New York.

Nurse will be glad to take situation, but cannot send her on alone. Not used to traveling, and extremely timid. Some one must meet her here.

E. Baker.

"Well!" said my wife, looking across the table at me.

"Well!" I answered grimly.

She gave a little nod.

"Of course you will go to Montreal, Charles," said she sweetly.

I laid down my fork.

"And the thermometer at ninety, if it's a degree. My dear, do you consider? A journey to Montreal and back will require two days, or rather nights. You know how I de-

test riding in a sleeper; and the office!"

"I consider leaving the children; we can't give up the yachting trip because you dislike riding in a sleeping car, can we, Charles? And the office can do without you—for twenty-four hours."

My wife spoke in a tone with which I was familiar.

"But to take such a journey, just because a fool girl is afraid to—"

"But as she is afraid, and will not come alone—you can see how it is. Oh, Charles!"

I did see. It meant at trip to Montreal. I pushed back my plate savagely and glared out of the window.

My wife smiled sweetly.

"It will not be any trouble for you at all," she explained. "You can leave New York at seven-thirty to-night and reach Montreal early in the morning; then you can leave there at seven to-morrow night and be here before noon the day after. It will give you a whole day in Montreal, and you won't even have to go to an hotel."

"Thanks," said I, "I presume I can sit in one of the parks, or perhaps take the lady for a drive; it may make her better natured."

My wife came around to my chair and kissed me.

"You won't even have to carry a dress suit case; I've half a mind to go with you. If it wasn't for leaving the children we could take a nice little journey together," she said coaxingly.

"Oh, we might take the children; a long ride in a stifling car would do them good. We might ask a few friends to go with us; Montreal is a nice place in the middle of July," I growled.

She ignored the sarcasm.

"Hain't you better go right down and telegraph? You know Emma will be leaving at two this afternoon. Make it clear just where you will meet the nurse, and find out how you can recognize her."

I lighted a cigar and tramped through the heat to the telegraph office; fortunately it was on the way

to the station. I was mad, and the message I sent was to the point.

Will meet nurse at six-thirty to-morrow evening in waiting-room, Windsor station; train leaves at seven. Wire description.

It was not until I had almost reached New York I remembered I had not kissed my wife good-by; that I would not see her again until I returned from Montreal, and that the answer to my telegram would be sent to Canterbury, not to the office address. When I reached the latter I telephoned; my wife replied cheerfully; she did not seem to mind my abrupt leave-taking. To men the answer to my wire arrived she would call me up.

It came just as I was preparing to go out to lunch.

"Emma telegraphs the nurse will be at the station as you suggested, but wouldn't it have been simpler to have met her at the Baker house? Still you will not have any trouble in knowing her. She has light hair, blue eyes, and is about twenty-five. Take good care of yourself, Charles, and don't sit up all night."

"But," I yelled back, "what's her name? Didn't they send her name?"

"I guess Emma forgot that; but it is hardly necessary—with the description you have," came the reply buzzing over the wire.

I hung up the receiver and swore, it might be just possible that more than one girl with light hair and blue eyes should happen into the Windsor station. It was too late to wire again to Montreal; the Bakers would be upon their journey within a quarter of an hour.

I passed the afternoon in a state of ill humor, secured my ticket and sleeping car berth for Montreal on the seven-thirty, and spent half the night in the smoking compartment. It was stifling behind the thick curtains of the berth. When I finally awoke in the Canadian city I had a racking headache, and resorted to a drug store for relief; afterward I

decided to act upon the suggestion my wife had made over the telephone. I drove around to 73 Y Street.

But I might have saved the expense and trouble. The house was closed. I could have inquired next door, but it never occurred to me; I drove back to an hotel, ate my lunch and spent the afternoon in the lobby, trying to keep cool.

As evening approached I began to fancy the worst of my troubles were over; I had got through one night and a long day, and twelve hours more would see me back in New York—with that precious nurse. Had I known what was before me!

Somewhere about six-thirty I strolled into the waiting-room of the Windsor station. I had decided to get supper on the train; it would help pass away the time, and doubtless the new nurse had had nothing since the midday meal.

There were a score or so of persons in the big place. I walked leisurely around, examining the different females from the corner of my eye, looking for light hair, blue eyes, age twenty-five.

There were all sorts scattered about upon the benches, but only one answered the requirements; she was seated in a far corner, had an air of extreme timidity, and appeared to be waiting for some one.

I cut several circles, approaching a few feet nearer at every round. I suddenly began to realize that tackling a totally strange female was not such an easy matter. I was unused to that sort of thing, and there was danger of an embarrassing mistake.

The hands of the big clock over the door marked fifteen to seven; only a quarter of an hour before the train started. I had secured two berths during the afternoon, and the time for action had arrived.

I summoned all my nerve and approached the lady of the light hair, blue eyes, apparently about twenty-five. I say apparently: I was always poor at guessing ages, especially when it comes to women.

As I stopped before her the girl looked up quickly.

"Good evening," I said, pleasantly; "I see you are in good time."

Her face flushed furiously, then turned paler, and she returned my gaze haughtily.

"The train will leave in fifteen minutes," I continued, and reached for her travelling bag.

She drew back, made a grab at the satchel, and her lips began to tremble.

"Sir!" said she in a freezing tone. "I saw I had made a mistake; I had forgotten to introduce myself."

"I am Mr. Harris, and I've come to take you on to Canterbury," I explained.

She drew herself up, and her eyes began to flash.

"What do you mean, sir?" she cried angrily.

I remembered that she was blessed with extreme timidity, and to be accosted by a total stranger in a public waiting-room was doubtless something of a shock to delicate nerves.

"Oh!" said I reassuringly, "the journey is not a long one, and you'll be at home before you realize it. The children will be glad to see you."

She arose and looked quickly around the waiting-room.

"If you insult me further I shall call for assistance," cried she desperately, and then broke suddenly into a fit of weeping.

What course I might have pursued, for the hands of the clock were approaching seven, still remains an uncertainty. Here was our nurse on the verge of hysterics, and if we missed the train it meant a night in Montreal.

I braced myself in desperation, when the matter was snatched rudely out of my hands.

A fussy old gentleman, armed with a bundle of magazines, bustled through the doorway, and casting one hurried glance in our direction, rushed across the waiting-room. Already the few people who had not departed to get a train were gathering round; the old gentleman pushed his way through these and trotted up to me.

The girl gave a little cry and fled to him, uttering some words which I could not plainly distinguish.

The old fellow turned upon me, his face flaming with anger.

"You miserable cur!" he shouted. "I'll have the law on you for this: addressing and insulting defenseless women."

He looked wildly around for an officer, but, fortunately for me, none of this fraternity happened to be in the vicinity. The old gentleman looked hurriedly up at the clock, hesitated, then shook his fist under my nose.

"If I didn't have to make this train journey I hear from me for this, you—your accursed!" he stormed.

The hot blood rose to my face, but realizing that I had made a mistake, I replied, in as calm a voice as possible under the circumstances:

"No insult was intended, I assure you, sir. I was to meet a—nurse, and her description—light hair, blue eyes—you see, I thought this lady might be—my name is Harris, and—"

"Damnation!" roared the old fellow. "So you took my daughter for a nurse, did you? If I had time I'd—"

Most of the crowd were laughing; even the girl began to smile feebly. Feeling myself a fool, I burst out:

"I was to meet the creature here to-night—to take her back to New York; you see, my wife expected—"

"Dart your wife, sir," he shouted angrily, and grabbing his daughter by the arm hurried her through the door which opened on to the train platform.

I glanced up at the clock. It lacked just three minutes of starting time.

And then the gods turned a smiling face upon me. From somewhere near at hand appeared before me a trimly clad figure carrying a dress-suit case. Her eyes were heavenly blue, her hair was light, and her age could not have been more than twenty-five.

She looked me up and down hurriedly, seemed to hesitate, threw a rapid glance around the room, then opened her lips.

"You are Mr. Harris, from—from New York, and you are waiting for—"

There could be no mistake this time.

"Thank heaven!" I cried under my breath, seized the suit case from her hand, and gesticulated wildly toward the door.

"Our train leaves in two minutes; come on!" I almost shouted.

The gong was sounding as we climbed aboard, and I dropped the case on one of the seats I had reserved. The girl sank down by the window and shaded her face with one gloved, small hand. Until the train was well out of the station she did not alter her position.

"Scared half to death and embarrassed," thought I; "no more hysterics for mine," and I made for the smoker to give her time to get used to her surroundings and recover what little equanimity she might possess.

The buffet porter aroused me from my meditations.

"Anything you'd like, sir?" asked he, and shoved a menu under my nose.

The little incident in the waiting-room had destroyed my appetite, but I suddenly remembered the new nurse and that perhaps she was superfluous. I threw away my half-smoked cigar and walked down the aisle.

The girl was gazing fixedly out of the window, but as I stopped before the seat she gave a little start and turned her head suddenly.

An expression of relief flashed into her eyes and the shadow of a smile crossed her lips.

"Oh!" said she, "it is you, Mr.—Mr. Harris."

Really I began to feel sorry for her; she could not help having timid nerves. I resolved to put her at her ease.

"Well, we're well started, and it will be New York early in the morning. There is nothing to feel nervous about. Have you never travelled before?"

She raised her hand for a moment to her lips, then looked up into my face.

"Very little, sir; but—but I like children, and your little baby will be—"

"Baby?" I retorted. "Not a bit of

it. Eddie is seven and Maud just turned four. Didn't Mrs. Baker tell you about them?"

Then, as she did not reply:

"But I suppose in the hurry of getting ready for their journey she didn't think of such small matters. Fortunately she didn't want to take a nurse with her, else my wife couldn't have got you. You'll like Canterbury, Miss—"

She looked at me questioningly; I hastened to explain.

"You see, Mrs. Baker failed to put your name in her telegram, but the description answered—when you finally got to the station."

I glanced up and down the car; the other girl and her irate father were not there. Thank goodness, their berths were in another Pullman.

The new nurse nodded as I finished my last remark.

"It was not like Mrs. Baker, she is usually so thoughtful, but the hurry must have made her forget to give you my name. It's litely—Nellie Healy, sir."

She seemed to be recovering from her timidity.

It had already dawned upon me that this girl was extremely pretty, though there was a certain look in her face which puzzled me. Why, in the name of common sense, should she be nervous a stage of the journey? I resolved to put her at her ease, but not so familiar as to frighten her and bring on the timidity again.

"Well, Nellie," said I easily, "I'm sure you'll like your new place, and Mrs. Harris will explain everything to you—just what the children require. Have you had any supper?"

"No, sir," she replied demurely; "you see, I hurried so—"

"Then I'll have the menu brought to you; the porter will set the table right here, and—order anything you want."

I was moving off when she spoke again.

"Mr. Harris," said she, in a nervous voice, "will I have to sleep in this car with all these people?"

"Why, yes," I replied, "but you must not let that trouble you; hundreds and hundreds of people do it."

"But I have read in the papers how easy it is to rob persons sleeping behind only a curtain for protection."

"Don't let that worry you, either," I rejoined reassuringly.

"But, you see, I've got quite a little money with me, all Mr. Baker gave me yesterday; if you only would keep it until—we get to New York I wouldn't feel so nervous about it."

"Certainly," I answered, smilingly; "I'll take care of it for you."

She thrust her hand beneath her waist and drew out a little packet securely wrapped in brown tissue paper, looking nervously around as she did so. With a quick motion she thrust it into my hand.

"Hide it where no one will find it, sir," she said in a whisper.

I dropped the packet into an inner pocket, glad that one cause of her nervousness was so easily relieved.

"I'll return it in the morning," said I lightly, and made my way back to the smoking compartment.

There I interviewed the buffet porter, ordered a sandwich and a bottle of beer to be served to me there, and told him to take the order of the girl in lower nine.

At the end of an hour I received my bill, glanced at it carelessly, then sat bolt upright. If the new nurse was unused to travel, the novelty had certainly not impaired her appetite and—one item which stared me in the face—was a Manhattan cocktail.

I paid the bill, and leaned back to think. Our old nurse—all the old nurses we ever had—and Manhattan cocktails were strangers. That sort of thing couldn't go on; I would speak to my wife about it. Nellie Healy, the timid, the unsophisticated, drinking cocktails in a public Pullman!

After a time I returned to the body of the car and found her gazing out of the window. She looked up with a little smile.

"If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to—to—they have to make the beds somewhere, don't they?" asked she.

"I'll speak to the porter, but you'd

better wait till we stop at the next station; the customs man gets aboard there, and he'll want to see all the baggage," I replied.

Then, as she looked frightened and bewildered, I hastened to add reassuringly:

"It is simply a matter of form, and I don't suppose either of us has anything he would even care to look at; on the whole, they are first-rate fellows."

I began to wish the journey was at an end; if I had to keep on explaining things in order to prevent this girl going into a funk I would be at my wits' end presently. I secretly dreaded the hour when she should crawl in behind the curtains; a nervous female on a sleeping car—especially when you have her in charge—is something to be avoided.

I took the seat in No. 8 and settled back to wait for the appearance of the customs official, thinking it the part of wisdom to be on hand when he should tackle her. A quarter of an hour's rain brought us to the point where he boarded the train, and when the blue cap fronted by the golden eagle put in an appearance I nodded to her reassuringly.

The official came up the aisle, asking a question here and there, and looking into a bag or two; then he stopped in front of me and put the usual thing.

I had only a small hand-bag, and he just glanced inside; then he turned to No. 9.

The girl looked up with a frightened expression, just the sort to put the examiner on his guard.

"Anything dutiable, miss?" he asked.

The girl gazed at him for a moment as though he had demanded that precious packet of money I had dropped into my pocket.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," she stammered. "I just left my last place, and—"

The official smiled.

"Open your bag, please, and we'll look at it."

The girl literally tore open the straps and threw back the cover; the

official fumbled about for a moment, smiled once more, and passed on. I beckoned to the porter, asking him to make up lower nine.

"Sit over here," said I to the new nurse, "and when it's ready you can go to bed as soon as you please. Don't forget to pull the curtains together; I'll wake you in the morning."

I went back to the smoking-room congratulating myself that the worst of it was over. If I had only known!

I smoked the part of a cigar and was thinking of turning in myself, when I suddenly remembered. I had not asked that girl about a trunk. If she possessed one it might be reposing somewhere in the Windsor station.

I began to kick myself mentally, when I recollected that, anyway, there had been no time to attend to baggage; I could face my wife with a clear conscience on that point.

The only other man in the smoker was a clean-cut individual with a carefully trimmed pair of grey mutton-chop whiskers, and as I started for the door I stumbled over his feet. I apologized, and by way of pleasant remark that it was a deucedly hot night for traveling.

"Until one gets used to this sort of thing and knows how to get the most comfort out of nothing," he replied.

"Don't crawl in behind those infernal curtains and lie in a hot box all night; I've got a section, but can't be in not going to be cooped up. Get a couple of pillows from the porter, open your windows and you'll be fairly comfortable. Ever try that way?"

But I had passed one night without sleep, and decided a bed, even in a sleeping car, was what I wanted. I turned in and presently fell asleep, it seemed only for an hour, when some fool yanked open the curtains and looked in on me.

For the next hour or so I lay sweltering, but consoled myself with the thought that the blundering idiot hadn't poked his head into No. 9; I reckon the car would have heard from it.

At six o'clock I got up, dressed, and woke up the new nurse, hastening to explain that I wasn't a robber, but

that we were due to reach New York in three-quarters of an hour and I didn't want her to be late. She answered, and I retreated to the smoking-room; I wasn't going to do any more explaining on that train—so I thought.

We must have been somewhere near Mott Haven, and I was going back to see what had happened to the new nurse when my friend of the mutton-chop whiskers, who had been sitting next me by the window, put out his hand and touched my arm. I turned in surprise, which changed to astonishment when his fingers closed upon my coat sleeve.

"Just sit down a minute," said he sternly, "unless you want to kick up a row in here and put the passengers on."

I tried to jerk away, but his grip was too firm for that.

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded angrily. "If you are drunk or crazy it's time you were—"

"Neither, my friend," he retorted pleasantly. "But your game's up. Better submit quietly, or I'll have to put the irons on you right here."

Astonishment deprived me of speech for the moment, then I found my voice and replied, as calmly as possible:

"I suppose you are an officer of some kind; that, or a fool. I want to say right here that I won't submit to this nonsense. Let go my arm."

"Gently," said he sternly, and the lines about his mouth grew tense.

Then it flashed upon me that he was doubtless an officer and I was the victim of one of those astine mistakes which so frequently happen. He took me for some one else and had arrested me.

"Look here, my friend," said I, "you doubtless imagine you are attending to your business, but you're a long way off the track. My name is Harris—C. V. Harris, of Harris & Davidson, brokers, in New Street; here's my card."

I pulled one out and stuck it in front of him, but he merely glanced at it.

"You may be Mr. Harris, broker—"

diamond broker—but you're the man I want, just the same. You can do your explaining before the commissioner."

Now, there are times when a man wants to keep his nerve. Mad as I was, I realized that to raise a row right there would only make matters worse; he was bigger than I, and stronger, and evidently thought he knew what he was about.

To pitch into him would only be to draw the attention of the whole train, and I'd be marched out, the centre of a gaping crowd. I forced myself to speak calmly.

"Very well," said I; "some one's going to suffer for this; I'll prove who and what I am before the proper authorities. Would you mind telling me on what charge I'm arrested?"

He smiled grimly.

"Would you mind letting me have a look into your pockets?" he answered coolly.

"Oh," thought I, "so that's it? It's either robbery or he thinks I'm smuggling something. We can settle this thing right here."

I dumped out the contents of my pockets, which willing action brought a look of surprise to his face. There was my wallet, three cigars, some letters, a couple of note books, a few odds and ends, and the little packet of money the nurse had entrusted to my care. That was all.

He looked over the articles spread upon the seat, and suddenly his hand went out and closed on the tightly wrapped tissue paper. In a moment he had one end open, peeped in, and a grin smiled across his lips.

He carefully stowed the packet away in his pocket, and looked sharply into my heated face.

"You're a cool one, but you know you'd be searched, anyway, I reckon," was the statement which greeted my ears.

I could at that moment have committed murder without a regret, but we were well through the tunnel and in a couple of minutes more must pull into the station; already some of the passengers were passing the door of the compartment, and to create a

scene would be the worst thing imaginable. I gulped down the overpowering desire to strike out at the sneering face before me.

"As it appears you are determined to go ahead with this thing, I'm not such a fool as to raise a row here," I said desperately. "But there's one thing before we leave the train. I've got a nurse back there, and she's a stranger to New York; I presume your official duties will permit you to allow me to get her started on the right track before you carry this outrage any further. Then I'll accompany you to the commissioner, or to the devil, if you say so."

I can swear that the fellow grinned in my face, and he looked more the well-to-do gentleman than a plain clothes man.

"Oh," said he lightly, "I guess your nurse won't get lost in the wicked city. Here we are—come along."

It was too much. I jerked myself loose, but he made a quick movement and grabbed me by the collar.

"Another move like that and—" The jingle of the handcuffs in his pocket put point to the unfinished sentence.

I realized that I was powerless; a line of passengers were streaming past the door. The last was the ebony-faced porter. He glanced inquiringly into the compartment.

"New York, gentleman," he announced.

I controlled myself as best I might.

"See here," said I, "there's a girl back there in number nine. Put her in a cab, will you? Send her over to the West Shore station; tell her to follow these instructions."

I took out one of my cards and wrote hurriedly on the back:

"Take 915 train from Westbawken; get out at first stop—Canterbury—and tell them to drive you up to the Harris place."

I pulled out two bills, a one and a five, and handed them with the note to the porter.

"Give her the five and keep the other for yourself. I trust you'll attend to this at once," said I.

The fool who stood at my elbow was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"I guess we'll be moving, Mr. Harris," said he, and I felt his hand on my shoulder.

He walked back with me and I got my bag; then, the last of the passengers to leave the car, for the nurse had also disappeared, was alighted from the train. On the broad platform a man was waiting who glanced at me sharply and nodded to my escort.

"The cab's outside," said he gruffly, and I marched along between the pair of them.

I had resolved to hold my peace until I was before the commissioner. Probably he would not be a blustering idiot, and the tangle could be straightened out. Some one was going to suffer before the game was over. On that I was resolved.

A cab was waiting outside the station and my captors headed for it. It was just then, as my foot was upon the step, I caught sight of the girl I had brought from Montreal. She was getting into another cab; the porter had followed my instructions.

I don't like to think of that ride downtown, or of the two hours I was kept waiting, under guard, until the commissioner appeared at the Federal Building. Because I was taken there, and not to police headquarters, I knew myself for a government prisoner; the charge would probably be "smuggling."

I even smiled when I thought of it: how easy it would be to confound those fools when it came to a showdown.

It was a little after nine when the commissioner put in an appearance. I was taken into his office and arraigned before the desk.

There was quite a little gathering in the big room—Inspector Somebody or other, several important-looking clerks, and half a dozen reporters. I saw one of these latter engaged in making a hurried sketch of me.

I looked at the commissioner, and my spirits rose. He was apparently a pleasant official, who would not fly off on a tangent, but would listen to reason and judge accordingly.

He looked me over, leaned back in his chair, and nodded to the inspector. The latter nodded back, and gave vent to the following oratorical effort:

"The prisoner before you, your honor, was arrested by one of our secret-service men in a Pullman car on the seven o'clock express from Montreal. As your honor knows, the department has been on the lookout for a gang of clever smugglers who have been working the Canadian border for the past three months; thousands of dollars' worth of gems have come into the city free of duty, and we have been exhausting every resource to get at the source of leakage."

"Finally our agents in Montreal got a clue, and it has been followed up with gratifying success: a gang of half a dozen, with headquarters in Montreal and this city, was the party wanted. We discovered the identity of one of these smugglers, and two of the smartest men in the service have kept their eyes open. We didn't want to arrest on suspicion—we wanted to take the gang, or at least one of the prime movers, redhanded."

He glanced at me, then continued: "Your honor will observe how clever these smugglers considered themselves to be when I inform you that they carried on their work without the little subterfuges so commonly employed by their kind. No hollow canes, false shoe bottoms, secret pockets in trunks and suit cases; they counted on their very boldness to throw us off the track. This was demonstrated last night."

"The day before yesterday it was learned that the member of the gang whose identity we had discovered was about to take a journey from Montreal to this city. This person was a woman, the cleverest of the whole lot. She was shadowed, followed to the Windsor station last night, and there, as we hoped, was joined by a confederate—the prisoner before you."

"One of our men followed them into the sleeper and saw the woman pass to her companion a little package, which the latter dropped carelessly into his pocket. Naturally, so simple an

action between a lady and gentleman traveling together would have passed unobserved—had neither been under surveillance and suspicion.

"Our man decided not to act then, for the train was still on Canadian territory; instead, he permitted the pair to retire unmolested, but sat up all night with his eye on their respective sections. In response to a telegram a second officer boarded the train en route, and this morning, just before reaching the city, the pair were put under arrest. Both expressed indignation, but this is all the evidence we required. This package was taken from the prisoner by Detective Morrowson."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out that brown tissue paper covered packet which the new nurse had entrusted to me, and which the fellow with the mutton-chop whiskers had later appropriated. With a quick movement he tore off the wrapping and laid upon upon the desk before the commissioner a dozen or fifteen sparkling diamonds.

"For a moment, the room whirled around me and I gasped like a fish taken from its natural element. Then I heard the commissioner speaking, and a dreadful calm succeeded my emotion."

I realized it all then. It was the new nurse; the timid, unsophisticated Nellie—the cleverest of a clever gang of smugglers.

Commissioner Spears rolled one of the diamonds over with his finger.

"It seems to be a clear case; and you have the woman?" said he.

"In another room, your honor," replied the inspector.

The commissioner turned to me.

"Well," said he, sternly, "do you care to make a statement?"

I did. I saw myself in about as tight a box as one can well imagine. I knew I was innocent, but I also knew the man with the mutton-chop whiskers was not the fool I had judged him. The smuggled diamonds had been passed to me, had been found in my possession; I had been used as an easy tool.

But better to prove myself such

than to accept the other alternative. I stood up there and poured out my tale from beginning to end. I grew dramatic, wept almost in sympathy with myself, and, when I finished, even the commissioner was grinning broadly.

"A novel defense, a most novel defense, Mr. Harris," said he quietly. "Of course you are prepared to prove what you say?"

"Yes!" I almost shouted. "Right here, if your honor will permit me the use of your telephone."

He nodded toward the instrument on a little stand in the corner.

Go ahead, Mr. Harris," said he quietly.

I called up Davidson, my lawyer, and my lawyer's partners; also a bank president, and two of the members of my club. Then I called up Canterbury and got my wife on the wire.

"Arrested and held for smuggling; all because of that beastly nurse business; come down to city at once—Commissioner Spear's office, Post Office Building. Bring all those infernal telegrams from Emma; get copies of the messages I wired to Montreal. If you can't leave the children bring them with you, or lock them in the cellar." I sent the words hot over the wire.

I heard my wife gasp "Oh, Charles!" and knew that she had left the instrument. I arose and confronted the commissioner.

"Sounds like a good beginning; I'll hold this case over for a while, said he, with a friendly nod.

They began to wander in presently. First my lawyer, then Davidson, the bank president, and one of the club fellows; all substantial citizens whose word went for something. The commissioner explained; every one smiled but the lawyer; my character was lifted out of the mire and elevated to a pedestal.

The inspector and the secret-service men were frowning; there was a twinkle in the commissioner's eye as he said softly:

"If Mr. Harris will step into my private room we will further adjourn

the hearing until the arrival of his wife."

I sat by the window, guarded by one of the secret-service men, and listened to Davidson's pleasantries for a couple of hours or so. Then the door opened, and my wife rushed into my arms.

There was another case before the commissioner, and we had to wait until it was finished, but at last my turn came again.

My wife had brought all the telegrams, and the commissioner read them carefully; then he asked her a few questions, took off his gold-rimmed eye glasses, and looked at the inspector.

"It seems to be a case of mistaken identity; I think Mr. Harris has proved conclusively that he is the victim of an unusual conspiracy; we will call it that," said he.

The inspector acknowledged the truth of the remarks, but he didn't manifest any evidences of pleasure.

"Discharged!" quoth the commissioner briskly, and I was a free man.

My lawyer was frowning ominously; he drew himself up, faced the desk, and delivered himself of a brief statement.

"We shall begin a suit for heavy damages, your honor; it is outrageous," said he solemnly.

The case, as far as I was concerned, was over, but I turned to the commissioner.

"Your honor," said I, "might I request a favor?"

"A dozen; you certainly deserve it, Mr. Harris," he replied.

"Then," said I, "I'd like to ask that—that woman just one question."

He nodded to one of the detectives.

"I'll grant the permission," said he.

They took me to the room where Nellie Healy was waiting under guard. As I entered she looked up, saw me, and a smile crossed her face. I did not return in kind.

"My girl," asked I gravely, "would you mind telling me how you worked it?" I confess that I am curious."

For a moment she hesitated, then began to laugh.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, if it will do you any good. I overheard all you said to that old party in the Windsor station, and saw a good chance to make use of you. Later, on the train, you gave me the rest. I needed to know to work the scheme. Don't you think I'd make a good nurse for the children, Mr. Harris?"

I turned and left her without prolonging the conversation. As the secret-service man closed the door behind me I heard her last words:

"And thank you so much for that nice supper, Mr. Harris."

When we were well out of the building and bowling up-town in a cab, I asked my wife where she had left the children.

"With the Richards," she answered. "And, Charles?"

"What?" said I crossly.

"Mary phoned yesterday that her cousin died suddenly; he was injured internally. She will come back to us if we want her."

"All right," said I, "we need her, don't we?"

"But what will Emma think? You know we agreed to—"

"Drat Emma, and this whole confounded nurse business," I answered savagely.



A Revolution in Travel

By Gaudie Norris in American Magazine

A TRAIN of Pullman coaches mounted upon a single row of wheels beneath the centre of each car, running upon a single rail, now dashing up or down hill, now taking a "bridge" consisting of a mere thread of steel string a hundred feet above the glistening surface of a river and all the time dashing onward at a speed of from 60 to 140 miles an hour; this is the sort of a train in which you may ride in the future.

No announcement in the field of mechanics ever produced a greater sensation. Not even the story of the X-rays penetrating solids or the wireless telegraph canonading etheric waves across the water seemed more improbable. Yet the claim for the gyroscopic railway is made seriously by Louis Brennan, C.B., the inventor of the famous dirigible Brennan torpedo purchased by the British Government for \$550,000. Further, a six-foot model of Mr. Brennan's new car has been operated and put through rigid tests before the Royal Society of England, and the British Government, though usually slow in accepting extravagant claims for a new invention, has made appropriation for the building of two full-sized cars, forty feet long and twelve feet wide, with a view, if further experiments succeed, to adopting this new system of transportation.

For many years the inventors of the world have been trying to devise a practical railroad train that would run on a single rail, but, up to the present time, the only successful mono-rail system is one operating in Germany, the cars hanging suspended from a single rail overhead. This, however, is not greatly superior to the old two rail system. Engineers and inventors, long knowing that out of every 100 horse-power of the present day railway locomotive, 88 horse-power are lost in friction, rocking of train, etc., have dreamed of saving some of this waste, just as they have

dreamed of saving some of the 85 per cent. loss in coal burned to make steam. A gain of 10 per cent. would have been enormous. Mr. Brennan claims he can save 50 per cent!

Every body who has spun a top has wondered at its curious motions and those who have spun a gyroscope, which is merely a top supported at both ends in some sort of a frame, have marvelled at its ability to rotate steadily in any set plane with only one end supported from a string or stick. It is a self-balancer and seems to defy the laws of gravitation. Now, if a simple gyroscope have one end fastened to a wheel and be firmly attached to a toy car, the whole apparatus may be pushed along a wire, and as long as the gyroscope spins, the car will keep its balance. This is exactly what Mr. Brennan has done, though on a larger scale, in his experiments. Curiously enough, and this should make us chary of disbelief, the simplest things in science and invention have led to the greatest discoveries. The swinging sanctuary lamp gave us the pendulum clock; a falling apple impressed Sir Isaac Newton to a discovery of the laws of gravitation; the boiling tea kettle was the father of the modern steam engine; the accident of a breaking wire brought forth the telegraph.

Practically Mr. Brennan's gyroscope is made up of two steel wheels revolved at high speed in opposite directions, the wheels being supported on the best possible bearings and all enclosed in an air-tight enclosure. So perfect has the apparatus been constructed that, when the power is turned off, the wheels will revolve for forty-eight hours before coming to a dead stop. Each car must have its own balancing apparatus, 5 per cent. of the total weight of the car being required for this purpose. Any power may be used to propel the train or to spin the gyroscope wheels, but

a high spinning rate must be attained. With these conditions, it has been found possible to run the model trains at great speed and over all sorts of country. So long as a sufficiently high rate of revolution of the gyroscope wheels is maintained it is not possible to upset the car. The inventor claims that the sharpest curves—curves with a radius of the length of the car—may be taken at top speed without jar or jolt or vibration. More, instead of the rails being perfectly level, as are the tracks of our railroads to-day the rail may undulate up and down over rough ground, the car gliding along without danger of derailment or inconvenience to passengers. In fact, he goes on, riding in one of these cars so indescribably smooth is the motion and so conspicuously absent is the nerve-racking vibration that you would never suspect you were riding in a railway train, and traveling in this wise you might sit for ten hours without feeling more exhaustion than if you had spent the time in your pet rooms in your own hotel.

Anywhere inside the body of the car, front or rear or middle, are a pair of fly-wheels mounted side by side and spinning in opposite directions. These wheels are run by electricity at a speed of something like 4,000 revolutions a minute. And this is all there is to the mysterious contrivance.

Up to now, although the Indian Government and the Army Council have ordered gyroscopic cars measuring 40x12 feet, the only car which the inventor has built is a 6-foot affair with which he demonstrates the possibility of his invention on an enormous circular track made of gas pipes and laid in his own garden. The model was driven by electricity and moved at high speed over the crude rail, leaning inward as a bicycle leans when turning corners and without the semblance of danger of leaving the track even when taking the sharpest curves. The car shot up a hill of one foot in 5 carrying a weight equivalent to twenty tons for the full-sized machine. To test the ability of

sticking to the rails under all conditions the car was removed from the track and placed upon a net work of wire coiled into all sorts of fantastic patterns. Finally the loaded car was sent across a thin cable stretched 100 feet in air. A second time it crossed, carrying a boy and a third time it was sent over with a man.

To test the gyrostatic action of the car a weight corresponding to three tons in the full sized car was loaded onto one side, and strange to say, the loaded side actually rose in the air. More, as you pressed a hand against the side of the car it pressed back, combating or opposing the force to upset it as if it were a living thing; and even when the current was cut off from the motors the car maintained perfect equilibrium by the stored up energy in the moving fly-wheels for several hours.

Should it be advisable to stop the car and the fly-wheels while the vehicle is on the rails on a level, a lever releases a prop on each side of the car and it stands steady as a table upon its legs. In order to make up a train of the cars it is possible either to attach a motor to each wheel or to every other wheel or else to use a car provided to pull a train like a locomotive, a gyroscope being all that is necessary to maintain in each coach, any car being capable of coasting down a hill with free wheels.

Wherein lies the superiority of the new invention over our present trains? No one doubts that, if Mr. Brennan's claims be demonstrated with full-sized cars, he will revolutionize our railroad system and make for the world as great an advance as that by the introduction of steam power. Cars of any size may be built, millions saved in construction and rails laid rapidly enough to keep up with an army on the march.

The future may bring for us, instead of bridges over the rivers, cables over which will whiz gyroscopic trains; instead of unsightly elevated railroad structures that cut off light and cause the maddening rackets of our big cities, wire cables over which cars fill move without noise; street

cars on one rail instead of two; automobiles run like bicycles on two instead of four wheels, and who knows, perhaps even air ships may use the gyroscope to keep on an even keel.

Is it a dream? Perhaps, but no discovery was ever made by any one who did not have visions of scientific or material progress. That's the way the world moves.

In a Border Mining Camp

By F. W. Robt in *The Monthly Review*

It is generally supposed that after his thirtieth year, it is the bounden duty of a good citizen to settle down as soon as possible into the stereotyped decorum of middle age. I am happy to say that in my own case I have found this view of affairs to be quite incorrect. For at a time of my life several years later than the period which I have named, it was my happy lot to be spirited away by the wand of an irrepressible humorous destiny, and dropped gently into a remote corner of the mountains of British North America, where a new and vigorous mining camp was just springing into hasty life.

It will probably be assumed that the "Auri sacra fames" had something to do with my movements, but unluckily, perhaps, I was never conscious of having been stung by that particular gadfly, and, indeed, I think I may say that I drifted into Golden Gate more by accident than by design. However, I had not been there many hours before it struck me that unless I was much mistaken I was on the edge of a new and thoroughly original experience.

The town, so-called, was, it is true, not much more than a collection of ramshackle wooden shanties, hastily built, and dotted about at random on the slopes and terraces of a wild hillside, still for the most part covered with primeval forest. On every side frowned down upon it a desolation of mountains, torn by raging torrents into many a gloomy canon and gorge, and surging up as far as the eye could reach, tier upon tier, range beyond range, until their outlines faded into the blue mists of the horizon. The

streets and alleys wandered aimlessly among upheavals of naked rock, and lost themselves in sudden yawning hollows and precipices. One day they were inches deep in thick white dust, the next day weltered in Manchu-like morasses of mud, through the midst of which I recollect I used to plough with complete unconcern in long rubber duck-shooting waders, the flaps of which reached to the waist, a style of foot-gear which, by the bye, I can strongly recommend to any who is anxious to cultivate chronic rheumatism.

When I wended my way to the house in the "suburbs" where I rented a room from some pleasant Irish friends, the path led by a devious route skirting an awe-inspiring mud-hole about half an acre in extent, across a small but unexpectedly vicious mountain torrent, and through a tangled thicket of dense under-bush, which on moonless nights was as dark as a wolf's throat, from whose depths I have often heard other belated night-hawks, like myself, howling in vain for help and guidance.

But despite these and many other little inconveniences, Golden Gate was above all things a pre-eminently happy place. From dawn to dark and back again—for nobody took any particular notice of the times and seasons of day or night—hope reigned supreme in the breasts of the curious odds and ends of humanity who came hurrying from all quarters of the continent into this new Eldorado, and because they were all hopeful they were all good humored and merry beyond belief.

Among them there were of course

large numbers—perhaps a majority—of solid decent citizens, but the people whom I found most interesting and in many ways most instructive did not by any manner of means belong to this class, being more or less men of broken fortunes, frontiersmen who loved adventure and hated a settled life, waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of the ever-restless Border. It was a point of honor never to inquire into any man's past record, nor to allow it to trouble his future chances of success, a charitable leniency which must have been very advantageous and convenient for certain of our prominent citizens, whose antecedents, had the truth been known, were somewhat varied and picturesque. Of course, a population of this kind, many of whom had a supreme contempt for the sober, peaceful ways of older and longer settled communities, needed strong and dextrous management, and fortunately for us the administration of the law was in the hands of a masterful and masterly Warden of the Marshes—in the person of Jack Dunkirk, the mining recorder, chief of police, and representative of all the local executive power. To borrow language used of a far greater name "Stark man he was" and he loved the free prospect as if he had been his father." He was of great stature and strength, and when he strode along the streets in the morning, on his way to his office, the boys fell back in admiring and whispering groups, to let him pass, and I used to think that he looked like a modern manifestation of Jupiter Omnipotes condescending to earth among tribes of lesser mortals.

His fame and popularity were widespread, in fact he had at that period already won his way into myth and fable. I never heard of his going about armed, but he carried with him a strong and pliant cane which no doubt could become a terrible weapon when wielded by that mighty arm. His methods as policeman were distinguished by unconventionality and common-sense. Brawls and fights were, of course, matters of tolerably

frequent occurrence in a community like ours, which devoted a great part of its spare time to drinking and gambling, and sometimes they were pretty savage affairs, in which biting of ears and gouging of eyes and such-like ferocities were not unknown. On an occasion of this kind often have I seen a ring formed in saloon or street and a rough-and-tumble fight in full swing. Suddenly a rush falls upon the crowd, the ranks divide, and in strides Chief of Police Jupiter Tonnas, cane in hand and stern authority upon his brow. He takes his place unchallenged in the front, and watches the antagonists with silent and frowning attention. After a time their fury slackens, and they would fain have done, but Jupiter with an angry nod threatens them to proceed, and curtly announces that if they won't fight one another they will have to fight him. In such a dilemma only one choice can be made, and they fall too again with sinking hearts, until Jupiter decides that they have had enough punishment, that they won't be in a hurry to get to fighting again, and graciously intimates that they may now be permitted to stop. Then he walks unconcernedly away, amid all sorts of queer tributes from the bystanders, expressive of their admiration of the great man's personal prowess.

Many were the stories that used to circulate round lonely camp fires or at saloon gatherings of the achievements of this redoubtable champion of law and order. Our town lay only a few miles inside the Canadian boundary line, and was, therefore, at once a happy hunting ground of Western "toughs" and "bad men" and "bums-tooters" "from the other side," as we called the adjacent State of Washington. But from the very first of these modern knights errant of road seem to have recognised that in Jack Dunkirk they had met their master, and that it behooved them at least to assume airs of good behavior, as soon as they found themselves on the British side of the forty-ninth parallel, which in these parts is the international boundary line. In their

own country they were accustomed to take advantage of all sorts of laxities and imperfections in the administration of the law, and they waxed fat and rampant in their misdoings, in a community which is inclined to be easy-going and merciful, except on the rare occasions when it wakes up with a jerk, and handles its malefactors, while the fit lasts, with an energy that borders on the ferocious. This curious condition of affairs was brought home to me very forcibly some years ago by the following characteristic little episode: I started early one summer morning to ride from Bodie, a mining camp in the Indian Reservation in Northern Washington, to Summit City, fifty miles away across the border in British Columbia. At mid-day I stopped to eat and rest and bait my horse at a rough little village in a grove of cotton-wood trees, where a ferry boat runs across the Kettle River. There is a country store much frequented by prospectors and farmers, a building half hotel, half farmhouse, where you can get a very eatable meal; a large rambling collection of stables and barns, where the stage coaches are kept; and a few Indian huts, where the Indians, who are Roman Catholics, come sometimes to pray; and the usual collection of loafers waiting about for the chance of a drink in the bar-room. After lunch I lit my pipe, and strolling over to the store, was soon the centre of a knot of friendly inhabitants, all eager to hear the latest news from Bodie, which was in those parts something of a metropolis of civilization and society, though anywhere else it would have been reckoned a sorry enough spot. Remembering that "two things greater than all things are, the first love and the second is war," I bethought me of the latest adventures of Mike Flaherty, "the bad man" of Bodie, who some years ago, after murdering a "pal" in cold blood, had broken jail, and escaped the hanging which he so richly deserved. So I told them how on the night before I left Bodie this abominable ruffian had violently and of pure wastefulness,

assaulted a well-known mine foreman, who, I am happy to say, had retaliated with compound interest, and nearly beaten him to death with the butt-end of his "gun"—Angie, revolver. My audience listened to this moving tale with bated breath, and there was no doubt that their sympathies were all on the right side, that they execrated Mike Flaherty and applauded the drastic methods of the mine foreman. But of the fact that the law had been outraged, and ought to be most promptly vindicated, they seemed not to have the least idea, and the discussion was finally summed up by a very respectable and intelligent-looking carpenter, who remarked with a deep sigh, that was almost a groan, "Ah! that's the way to treat them 'bad men'—smash 'em with an axe, or beat their heads in with a club." And the crowd echoed their approval, "Yes, that's the only way to handle them 'bad men'."

So having done what I could for the entertainment of the village, I saddled my horse and rode away, thinking as I rode of our method of handling "bad men" in British Columbia; of Cariboo, where, as I have been told, they once hanged eight men at one assize; of a famous late chief justice who condemned a man to death and, as no hangman was forthcoming, slipped with his own hands the noose round the criminal's neck; and last, but not least, of our own Jack Dunkirk, terror of marauders and bulwark of the law.

One story of Jack Dunkirk's doings is so characteristic that I cannot leave it untold. A drunken "tough" with howlings and howlings makes night hideous beneath the very windows of Jove's private mansion. The great man is aroused from his healthy slumbers, and emerges—a portentous apparition—clad only in boots and breeches and night shirt. Once, say twice his dreadful warning rings out into the night: "Sam Rogers, you shut your mouth; if I hear any more of your noise I'll kick you out of town and down the wagon road into the Wild Horse River."

Thus for human folly! Silence

reigns for a few minutes. Then Sam Rogers forgets this awful threat, and is suddenly clutched, propelled most violently from behind, and bidden in a voice of thunder to leave the town and to tarry not upon his going, until he reach the aforesaid navigable stream, which at that time was the principal entrance into and exit from our remote mountains.

Oddly enough, there is a moral to this little tale! Sam Rogers seems to have abandoned his evil courses, for many years later—only the other day, in fact—is it not of record that he returned to Golden Gate from his violently enforced exile, and presented himself at the office of the great potentate at whose decree he had suffered banishment. There followed mutual recognition and hand-shakings and hearty goodwill all round.

Thus was Jack Dunkirk as policeman "illustrious and consummate," and as administrative officer he was even more admirable. From morning to night his office would be besieged by hordes of ignorant, dirty prospectors all intent upon recording their claims, registering transfers, passing cover the counter greasy "notes" or "bills" in payment of fees, and conducting themselves like a jostling, crowded herd of halfwild steers. Amid this scene of confusion, in a very Babel of tongues—for many applicants were foreigners, Swedes, Danes, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians (known, of course, as "Dagoes"), who spoke English most imperfectly—the target of endless importunities, towered the figure of the imperturbable Mining Recorder, now no longer the terror of "bad men," or the stern corrector of midnight brawlers, but the serene and unruffled guide, counsellor, and friend of innumerable ignorant, bewildered, grown-up children. My friend and one-time partner, "Cap" Carter, who was since drowned, or made believe that he was drowned, in the neighboring Chinook Lakes, was not a good man nor a discriminating judge of fine points of character. But the sight of Jack Dunkirk in the Record Office was too much for him,

and drew from him a fine, and almost involuntary tribute of praise:

"By gosh (says he), that feller's not human; he has all the damned foals in British Columbia buzzin' around him like a wasp's nest, and he never so much as says a cross word to none of 'em. I tell yer, master, he ain't human!"

Upon a tomb in one of the English cathedrals some enthusiastic hero-worshipper, in a burst of admiration, has celebrated the virtues of the departed with the words, "Oh! what men!" The phrase often recurs to me as I run over in my mind the collection of oddities and eccentricities with whom I came in contact in the streets of Golden Gate in those careless days. There was old Tom Robson, a tough "Cousin Jack" from Cornwall, who had been prospecting and mining and timber cruising in the west for many years. A very rough diamond indeed was he, as hard as nails and sturdy as an oak, so that in the coldest winter weather I have seen him lolling about in a snow storm with nothing on under his coat but a low-cut woollen sweater, which left his brawny throat and neck and the upper part of his hairy chest naked and entirely unprotected. I watched him once roll down over a steep mountain-side mixed up helter-skelter with his fallen horse, and when I ran round to the bottom to pick up the fragments, I found him sitting in a thicket of brambles comparatively unharmed but for the fact that the wind had been temporarily beaten out of his dogged old carcass and that the blood was running from a cut upon his forehead. His battered, weather-beaten face presented such a fantastically ridiculous picture of furious mind rage and comical bewilderment that I thought of Falstaff and Trinculo and all sorts of absurdities, and burst out laughing at him. For a moment he looked so angry that I thought he was going to punch my head; then I suppose he caught the humor of the situation, and fell to laughing loudly, too. A great man he was in a rough-and-tumble fight—the more savage the better as far as he

was concerned—and a terrible drunkard when the fit seized him. I need not say peace to his ashes, for no doubt he is still alive; in fact, I doubt whether so gentle a thing as death could kill him. A lawyer friend of mine once had to cross-examine him in court, and by way of starting pleasantly remarked: "Mr. Rolson, I'm told that you're something of a fighting man!" Old Tom put his hand to his ear, being very hard of hearing, and bawled out. "Fighting man, did ye say: fighting man: you step outside with me for a minute and I'll show you whether I'm a fighting man or not!" He came of a long line of miners, and had a sort of natural scent for a prospect, though I never heard of his finding anything particularly good. But, perhaps, prospectors are like card-players, and luck favours the young and inexperienced among them.

As you strolled along the streets on a fine spring morning you would find yourself rubbing shoulders with many local celebrities who would greet you with great cordiality, and invite you to drink with them a great deal more often than was good for you, and to gamble with them all day long and all night too if you cared to do so.

Conversation, of course, never strayed very far from the all-absorbing subject of mines and prospecting, and incidentally you would soon be invited to buy shares in a newly-formed mining company, or acquire an interest in some mining claim of highly problematical value. Needless to say, there were lots of sharks to be met with who were on the lookout for any greenhorn with money. But it is part of one's business in a mining camp as elsewhere, to learn whom to distrust and whom to cultivate, and it was no very hard matter to be half-fellow-well-met with every one without getting too closely involved with any particular schemer. The best plan in Golden Gate, as in most places, was to hold your tongue and let the people round you do the talking. They all had their own adventures to tell and were by no means slow about doing it, and while it was very probable that

you would find something strange and interesting in their anecdotes, you could make up your mind once for all that they would not even pretend to be amused by yours. At all events, many a pleasant hour have I spent lounging about the streets, or in the bar-rooms, or sitting comfortably smoking beside a warm stove fire, while bronzed, hatchet-faced Frank Launce described to me how he went prospecting forty years ago in the Arizona Mountains, when the Apache Indians were still an untamed tribe, and an intruder into their country carried his life in his hand every day; or Charlie Wilson, of the venerable grey locks and wild blue eyes, spoke dreamily of the wonderful "Lost Claim" of fabulous wealth which lies hidden high up in the Bitter Root Range, where he and his friends had sought for it in vain this many a year. Then, "with a whoop and with a holla," Liverpool Jack would break in, and in a burst of confidence tell you: "Why, bless your heart, I've served in the British Army and British Navy, and the American Army and the American Navy, and I'll be darned if a man can't have more fun in the British Army in a week than he can have in the American Army in a year!" I remember feeling myself thrilled with a glow of patriotic pride when I heard this somewhat ambiguous tribute to the merits of our most glorious national institution, and I have no doubt that "Liverpool Jack" had "sized" me up accurately, and had counted upon producing a favorable impression by his remark. He no doubt was by origin a Liverpool "Wharf Rat," but much foreign travel and many vagabond adventures had expanded him into a companionable enough ruffian. He decoyed me once to go with him to inspect a mineral claim which he wished me to buy, and I went, knowing full well that his glorious description of the property was a tissue of impudent falsehoods, but reckoning also that I should be rewarded by hearing many quaint tales.

After several hours hard and hot riding, followed by a long and tedious

scramble up a blazing sun-scorched rock slide, he gazed upon a naked and barren granite bluff and proclaimed triumphantly that we were now walking upon the ledge itself. "Ain't she a beauty," he kept repeating enthusiastically. "She's the biggest thing that ever happened! Ain't she a dandy!"

I sat down and groaned inwardly, and he must, I fear, have noticed that I was dejected and disappointed. But he would not admit defeat, and continued to expatiate on the glories of the ledge, even while I turned silently away and commenced the painful descent, too tired and disgusted to utter a word of expostulation or reproach. All the way home he tried to keep my fainting spirits with ingenious stories of love and war, reminding me for all the world of a dog who has done wrong and knows it, and tries to propitiate his lord and master with curvettings and gambols.

An eccentric personage of quite another variety from whom I used to extract much innocent amusement, went by the name of "Highly Metalliferous Brown," and was the victim of a positive passion for laying down the law on geology, mineralogy and topics of a kindred nature. He was a very tall, rather striking-looking man, with black hair and dark eyes, and particularly long, well-shaped hands, with which he would trace imaginary diagrams in the air for the instruction of his audience, who, if I am to judge by myself, never had the faintest glimmering of an idea as to the drift of his disquisitions. It was his habit to discuss the geology of the "camp" with the voice and air of one crying in the wilderness—the fervour of the prophet mingled with the sullen discontent of the unappreciated genius. Geology at the best is a hard and abstruse subject, but as handled by "Highly Metalliferous Brown" the thing became a dark, weird, impenetrable mystery. In any other country, and under any other conditions, this man would have been voted a bore of the first magnitude, and avoided like the plague, but here he was allowed to talk as much as he

pleased, and though no one paid much attention to him, he was regarded more or less as a credit to the community, and a demonstrator of the unrivalled possibilities of the district. New comers and "tenderfeet" were always introduced to him with a view, I presume, to being put through a sort of matriculation, and as a means of inoculating them with some measure of his gloomy prophetic enthusiasm.

I have never heard a word as to the history of this strange creature, nor do I know whence he came nor whither he has gone. He turned up apparently from nowhere and vanished in due course as silently as he had come. But if he is still living I have no doubt that he is still following the same way of life, and like scores of other oddities, some of whom I have attempted briefly to describe, is spending the remainder of his years in drifting from one mining camp to another, as fresh discoveries continue to be made in the wild sea of mountains that stretch from Lower California up through British Columbia into the frozen heart of Alaska.

Meantime, while we have been occupied in making the acquaintance of these and many other worthies, the street has been alive with a constant stream of mounted men going to and coming from the mining claims which have been staked out all over the mountains for who knows how many miles round the town. A glimpse at these horsemen and their surroundings will enable one to understand something of the daily life of the prospector and miner.

"Pete the Packer" goes by with his string of pack-horses tied each one to the tail of its predecessor, and loaded with a queer assortment of prospecting tools and requirements: boxes of dynamite, stoves, stove pipes, anvils, hammers, long-lengths of miners' drill steel, tents, sacks of flour, provisions of all kinds, piles of blankets, rough quilts and mattresses, and a hundred other odds and ends. All this equipment is to be transported to the lonely log cabin that has been hewn out under the great cedar

trees many weary miles away in some distant mountain range, where its owners will spend the long toilsome months striving with shaft and tunnel to wrest from the hard rocks the treasures that may perhaps repose within. Much skill is required, as may be supposed, to stow away such a quantity of incongruous and intractable articles upon the narrow frame work of a "cayuse," or pack-pony's saddle, so to hang and adjust each load that its weight is evenly distributed on either side of the animal, and to fasten the whole with that most complicated and voluminous arrangement of ropes known as the "diamond hitch." I have often wondered how the method of loading of pack-horses in the mountains of the Northwest compares with that in vogue in these islands before the era of wheeled traffic, but I have never seen any allusion to the subject, nor met any one who could throw any light upon it. The men accompanying the pack-trains, who were, of course, themselves nearly always mounted, wore red and blue shirts and curious blanket coats cut somewhat in the style of Norfolk jackets, of parti-colored design, that resembled one of the pictures in children's books of Joseph's coat of many colors. Sometimes, when I have been riding

home in the evening down some steep-pitched mountain trail, I have caught sight far below me of the pack-train toiling painfully and slowly up the long inclines, the bright colors of the men's attire standing out in vivid contrast to the somber grey rocks and the deep green masses of cedar, balsam, hemlock, and pine. A little later and a little higher up they will reach the night's camping ground, where loads will be unpacked, tents pitched, and soon the smoke of their fires will begin to curl up in blue wreaths among the trees. There will they lay them down in peace and take their rest, in the deep silence of the hills, broken only by the muffled tread of the horses as they wander round the camp in search of fresh grazing, by the distant howl of the timber wolf, or the shrieking bark of the coyote, and by the murmuring of the never far distant streams, which mingle drowsily with the rustling of the night wind in trees. In the freshness of the early morning, before the sun has climbed above the jagged edges of the mountains, if you peep quietly out of your tent, you may chance to catch a glimpse of the lonely wandering caribou, or of the deer, browsing, secure and unalarmed, in the dewy forest glades.



John Bull's Bread-Basket

By Helen Vandenhof in *Metropolis Magazine*

WITH a long-drawn "Whoo!" the driver pulled up. We were on the slope of a low pass which seemed to separate two vast vales. To the south were hills covered with poplar, just turning from green to gold. To the north, perhaps a hundred feet below, lay a lake dotted with wooded islands, and along its farther shores we could see the scattered homes of many settlers. Fine cattle were feeding in fertile fields, where grass, wild, peas and Saskatoon berries grew knee high.

This, then, was the gateway to the Saskatchewan Valley, famous buckle of the hard wheat belt. The scene should be known for one of the fairest in the world. Here at our feet lay the heart of Canada's grain fields which stretched east and west for 500 miles, north and south for 500. "Canada lies west"—gazing, one realized the force of the prophecy. In these rich, black, waxy lands, magnificent with potential harvests, lay the new-found strength of a nation. In this one-time wilderness where Indians had lurked in ambush, now smiled neat homes, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandahs. This valley, which was once a famous hunting ground, the scene of fierce tribal wars, had become a place of peace. To the north, not so many miles distant, and pushed but a little way back since the earliest day of the voyageur and coureur des bois, lay the primeval forest, trodden no longer by the waiting red man, but untamed yet, almost unhandeled; where the winters closed down, wrapping them in a silence broken only by the loon's cry or the crash of a snow-laden tree—the same sounds, the same aching silence endured in the old day by the family of the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company post.

"So this," said I to the driver, "is what you call 'John Bull's bread-basket'?"

"Who has been telling you that?" questioned the big-boned Canadian, flapping a fly from the neck of the cayuse. "Some newspaper chap or poetry writer, I'll bet—not any of our people." You see, there are fellows in every country who are never satisfied to tell the truth—just natural-born liars, so to speak. The fact is there is as much wheat grown in the State of Kansas as we raise in all of western Canada. But we haven't started yet, and Kansas has been at it a long time. We've got the climate and the soil, but we need farmers. Canada ain't any nation's bread-basket yet, but it may be some day. The Government crop experts tell us we can produce one billion bushels of wheat each year, and if the time ever comes when we do, not only Great Britain, but Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth will just naturally keep their eyes on Canada."

As the driver shook the lines and the little little cayuse scampered away down the slope, I remembered the statement of my host of the night before to the effect that western Canada's grain crop alone in 1906 had yielded approximately one hundred million dollars—nearly four times the value of the entire gold output of the whole Dominion—and at present in the wide stretches of the grain provinces were only 805,000 men, women and children. One hundred million dollars in grain produced by less than one million persons, who do various other things in the meantime—build railways, dig canals, irrigate small empires, rear fifteen-story buildings, bridge great rivers, sleep, eat, drink and saw wood—was not bad, even if that happy day when the eyes of Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth should be turned upon Canada were still a thing of the future.

Then I thought of other millions which my host did not mention: the

millions wrought from the forests and out of the mines, and still other millions from cattle, sheep, hogs, honey, fruit and garden truck. And I remembered that the work had only just begun, that only a few trees had been felled in the forest, only a few acres of a vast domain of wheat land had been broken, and I asked myself whether, in five or six years, when 3,000,000 people are working away where less than one-third that number work to-day, when the railways now in course of construction have been completed, when unexplored areas have been opened up—whether the annual production would be more than treble what it was in 1906.

Have you ever noticed the farm-boy let down the bars into a new fresh meadow, while the cows impatiently crowd around him, craning their necks, reveling in anticipation? The bars down, they do not remain to graze near the gate, neither do they begin at one side and work painstakingly across the field. North, east, south, west, they scatter over their new preserve, trampling down more than they eat. It is the embarrassment of riches.

And here is your simile from the grass and the herd: Western Canada was the big, new meadow reaching from the international line to the Peace River of the north eastward to Hudson's Bay, and westward to the Rockies. As it is with the cows, so it was with the pioneers when the barriers between east and west, north and south, had been removed by the extension of railway facilities. Into the meadow poured the pioneers, reveling in the great good land which for a century and a half had been the domain of few monopolists, fortified by Government influence and armored arrogant conviction that for them alone had nature evolved the immense potentialities of half a continent. The first settlers, on reaching the prairies from the south and east, spurned the land that lay nearest at hand, scattering far and wide to the utmost corners of the new-old world. Many sought a hardy livelihood trading in

peltries with the company; others fished or cut timber, and still others prospected for gold. But a vast majority turned to cattle raising. It became the dream of the early pioneers that one day western Canada would become the beef market of Old England. And not till the coming of the wheat did the dream change. When the trail of the Hudson's Bay Company was still over the country the rancher was not welcome—yet he came. The cowboy did not want the farmer, but the farmer in turn ousted him.

The day of the far baron passed; the day of the cattle grower was done. Canada at last had come into her own.

Here, as elsewhere, the coming of real civilization waited upon the railroads. Nature gave to western Canada, in her magnificent lakes and riverways, an unequalled system of interior communication, but they were like unto the separate links of a chain until man undertook to connect them and to cover the whole face of the vast country with a network of steel tracks.

In 1881 there was not one single track of railroad in Manitoba and the West. To-day 8,000 miles are completed and in service. Out of the country which these lines tap came 85,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1905 and nearly a 100,000,000 in 1906. The farmers on these prairies in 1905 shipped for export 55,000 head of cattle, averaging 1,325 pounds each; in 1905, 80,000 head. To harvest the crops of the prairie west an army of 23,000 men was imported, and more were needed. This was the country which was slow to find itself! From the Atlantic to the Pacific Canada operates 24,000 miles of railway; from the tidewater to the Great Lakes she has built a system of canals which cost her approximately \$1,000,000,000—a sum which she paid courageously with a promptness entirely out of keeping with the fact that her population to-day is less than ours was more than a century ago.

And despite the fact that her railway mileage per capita already is

greater than that of any other nation on earth, there are to-day in Canada under contract, or in actual construction, 9,000 miles of new lines.

In the work of widening the field for personal rights and personal opportunity the Canadian Pacific was the pioneer. It was the road which opened to the traveler the last wilderness, to the world the last west. In the years that have sped since Lord Strathcona, on November 7, 1885, drove the last spike in the transcontinental line, a new nation has been born. What part in the accoutrement ceremony has the railroad played? Remember this was Prince Rupert's land—a world of mystery over which the "fue trust" held sway. Is it not something to win and build an empire, to make it ready for the occupancy of the people of the earth? It is not a great and significant thing to institute competition where the most exacting of monopolies had reigned supreme, to substitute democracy for an absolutism, to offer a fair chance for all in place of special privilege for the few? Take a peep at the big map in the land commissioner's office. A bright-headed tack shows every settler in every district in this new-old land of virgin prairies, forests primeval, singing rivers and laughing lakes—and the railroad brought him here. Study the tacks. They tell the story of the most remarkable population movement known to history.

In the last ten years Iowa has sent nearly twenty thousand of her sons and daughters to settle in western Canada. From Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Washington, Idaho, the farmers came. Minnesota sent eight or ten thousand a year, North Dakota seven thousand a year, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, say, five thousand each. The Canadian Pacific is building sixteen new branches—it is spending six million dollars for rails and seven and one-half millions for rolling stock. But build as it will, it cannot keep pace with the needs of the day; the crops threaten to swamp all transportation. The railroad is moving fast, fast—but the invading thousands are moving faster.

The Canadian Northern, following where the older company led, has reached out into rich fields. Its new line to Edmonton goes straight through the heart of the Saskatchewan Valley and taps as fertile an agricultural district as the world has ever known. The rapidity with which towns have sprung up in this district is inconceivable to the man who has never listened to the song of the saw or the sharp conversation of the hammer with the nail in the building of an empire.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, a giant project, just now is engaging the energies of the Government and the genius of Charles M. Hays, the Yankee railroad man who rebuilt the old Grand Trunk. Other railways have been built by adding one rail to another; five thousand miles of the Grand Trunk Pacific are being completed simultaneously, and branch lines are taking form before the main line has known an engine. And recently "Jim" Hill, with a great Canadian enterprise, returned to his native country to get a share of the good things. Verily, these be brave days for the railroad man in western Canada.

When the railroads came the means of transporting wheat suggested the growing of wheat, and rapidly the grain trade assumed size and loomed up on the horizon as a new big factor in the country's development. In 1877 the Hon. William Hespeler built western Canada's first grain elevator at the town of Niverville, in Manitoba. In 1886 official authoritative statistics of Canada's yearly crops began to be compiled. In that year western Canada's wheat exports amounted to only 4,000,000 bushels. In 1890 they were 11,500,000 bushels, and by 1900 the total had jumped to 17,000,000 bushels.

Six years ago western Canada began to attract notice by exporting to the outer world annual grain values of 50,000,000 bushels and over. It was a beginning. This year the western Canadian wheat crop has cleared the hundred million bushel mark, and as yet the plow has scratch-

ed merely the edges of the great rich grain belt.

My driver in the Saskatchewan Valley had given me a clue, and by following it I got a somewhat adequate grasp of the situation by instituting a comparison between the State of Kansas and the whole of western Canada. It was then that I saw what a mere pittance the 100,000,000 bushels of to-day are compared with the harvests which the years of the future will reap.

Since 1901 the wheat crop of Canada's prairie provinces has amounted year by year approximately to the same total as that of Kansas, but against the 53,000,000 acres in the State of Kansas, the possible wheat belt of Canada boasts a total area of no less than one hundred and seventy million acres. Of this about five million acres were sowed to wheat in 1905. If Canada ever utilizes the whole of her wheat-growing possibilities, and if her present average yield per acre is maintained, she will turn into the world's bread-basket more than thirty times her present annual production. But there are "ifs" here, you say. Very well—for argument's sake cut 170,000,000 acres in half. This leaves 85,000,000 acres. Then, to be on the safe side, reduce the average allowance per acre to 10, a reduction of 50 per cent. Multiply 85,000,000 by 10 and your answer to this little problem in simple arithmetic is 850,000,000 bushels.

So much for quantity. Fortunately quality in products is an attribute upon which Canadians particularly insist, and endeavor to produce. To them as a nation, and to one man in particular, the whole flour-consuming population of the world is under obligation for the separating from a host of other varieties one that is pre-eminent—a high-class milling wheat. The discovery of the celebrated Red Fife was made some sixty years ago by a Canadian farmer named David Fife, and by him propagated until its value as a milling wheat had been demonstrated and well secured sufficient to supply first a few townships, then counties, then

the Northwestern States, and, finally, all the Spring wheat country of North America. The standard of the quality of Canadian wheat is most rigidly maintained by an act of Federal Parliament, called the Grain Inspection Act. This act fixed the standards of different grades of wheat very much upon the same basis as they are fixed in the States, but with this difference, that the standard for Canadian No. 2 northern is as high as the standard No. 1 in the United States. Above this grade there is No. 1 northern and No. 1 hard.

A week ago, at Indian Head, I talked with a man named Wilson. In 1899 he had bought 320 acres at \$5 an acre. "It was more land than I had ever dreamed of owning, but I had the money and I wanted to spend it," he said. "I was scared a little at first, afraid I had bitten off more than I could chew. But I needn't have worried.

Of a truth he need not have worried. Those acres which he had purchased were so unexpectedly fertile and, in the first season of his ownership, they yielded so bountifully of their wealth that prosperity wrote him lip and thigh. He bought more, and again more. "This last season I took 22,000 bushels of wheat and 9,000 bushels of oats from my farm," he told me. "I own 1,700 acres, one-third of which I have always allowed to lie fallow. The farm I paid \$5,000 for is now worth \$50,000. But my case is one of many. There are hundreds of farmers around here who have done better than I. From Indian Head station alone more than a million and a half bushels of wheat are shipped every year."

A year or two ago Hugh McKellar, formerly Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Manitoba, and recently an active force in the upbuilding of Moose Jaw, a thriving city which the recent census declares is the metropolis of the Province of Saskatchewan—a year or two ago, I say, this Hugh McKellar raised a smile in eastern Canada by declaring that the west would some day yield wheat for the world to the tune of one

billion bushels each year. Gradually this smile is fading. The rapidity of development is necessitating a constant revision of the old figures, not on the yield alone, but on the possible acreage—and always to the advantage of the west. For instance, the irrigation works of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Calgary, have brought into the market 1,500,000 acres of cultivable land at one time counted valuable for the grazing only. And during 1904 a new element entered into the calculation of ultimate wheat production through the demonstrated success of Winter wheat; that is, wheat planted in the Fall and harvested three weeks before wheat planted in Spring matures. Phenomenal yields of Winter wheat, forty to fifty bushels to the acre, were shown in parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. But large as these were they were not so astonishing as the success achieved in southern Alberta on land previously employed as a cattle range. The variety of Winter wheat known as "Kansas Turkey Red" developed remarkable productiveness.

Estimating an annual increase of 20 per cent. for several years in the acreage under wheat, an estimate fully attained by the actual conditions of 1904, 1905 and 1906, we have a

total acreage of 8,580,000 in 1910, which, at an average yield of twenty bushels to the acre, would give a crop of 171,600,000 bushels. This is about the amount annually imported by Great Britain, and it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Canada may soon be able to feed the Mother Country. Of course not all the wheat can be exported. Beside the item of home consumption—a growing feature, with the expansion of city life—there is an amount needed for seedling, requiring on the average a bushel and a half to every acre cultivated. We shall not, therefore, have 171,000,000 bushels to export as soon as that amount is harvested, but each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and the development of only one or two additional years would cover the shortage. Thus it will be seen that the day when western Canada has fully earned its title of John Bull's bread-basket is not remote.

If it is true, and few will gainsay it, that the seat of the new-found strength of our neighbor to the north lies in the prairie country, then it may be stated without fear of question that the story of Canadian wheat is, in fact, the story of Canada.



The Deputy

By R. M. Stoddard in Lippincott's

Lots of people have showed a consuming curiosity over the Bill Bruner business, and why he wasn't clinked when the gang he headed was broke up and scattered. I know why, all right, and I'm here to elucidate.

I'm some patriotic, and so when old Cullen, the sheriff, lassoed me into a corner at Malta and asked me if I wouldn't help round up Bill Bruner and his gang, and said his deputy was laid up with a boil on his neck, and wouldn't I help him out, I permits my self to be sworn in—especially when Cullen remarks that there's good money in it if we bring in Bill Bruner and collect the reward, which he said he'd split in the middle with me. Two of the Bruner gang had been pinched and sent up for six years apiece, but that didn't stack up very high, unless Bill himself was put where the coyotes couldn't bite him. So Cullen was good and anxious to gather him in, election day wasn't so far off yuh had to go to the calendar to hunt it up, and Cullen had his eye on a second shift at the sheriff graft.

I won't say he couldn't 'a' chose a better man than me, but he must uh knowed what he wanted in the line uh deputies; and, any way, I stood ace-high on riding and shooting and knowing the country like my letters. So I laid in a stock uh shells for my six-gun, and Cullen staked me to a rifle, and we loaded up a pack-horse and moseyed out to uphold the majesty uh the law. We started at sun-up and rode about forty miles out where the country is large and lonesome and spreads out over all outdoors nobody laying much claim to it. Cullen said Bill Bruner was rambling around loose somewhere out that way. But, Lord! there was sure plenty uh room for all of us without knocking elbows, and if we ran onto him, it looked to me like it would have to be straight, foot's luck. That

night we camped under a cut-bank, and I began to feel more at home than I did in town, even if Malta isn't such a hive uh humanity. Cullen seemed kind a dependent because we hadn't got sight uh Bruner yet, and he wasn't the best uh company.

Second day out, it commenced to rain. We got into our slickers and plugged along, telling each other it was a good thing for the country, and we hoped it wouldn't get tired and quit before it done any good. We was glad to see the range get a wetting up, and we didn't mind a little dampness. We camped that night on the dry side of a huddle uh rocks, and when found something beside our matches and tobacco that would burn, we got a fire going and started in to fry bacon and boil coffee, philosophical. The coffee came out all right, but the bacon wound up more boiled than fried; the wet was coming down for keeps. We turned in, some gloomy, and slept with a like in every hollow of the tarp we had on top uh the bed.

Next morning it was still leaking ice water, and we commenced remarking that it could quit any time now without any objections from us. It didn't, though; it kept coming right down till it went through our slickers, even. Cullen quit worrying about Bill Bruner and looking for clues, and wanted to know if I couldn't locate a ranch close handy by. He said Bill Bruner wouldn't be dubbing around in the rain, and we'd likely find him laying low at some ranch.

I'm some patriotic, as I said; but patrioters don't flourish none on rain-water and coffee-wash and parboiled bacon. I was like Cullen; I wasn't half as anxious to come across Bill Bruner as I was to get a roof over me; and the sooner I got it the happier I'd feel. So I says, after doing a stant uh thinking:

"There's a ranch and an old sheep

camp, both within riding distance; which one'll yuh take in yours?"

Cullen studied a minute, and I could see he was fair pining for shelter and a square meal; and the old swine didn't give a cuss whether I got in on the comforts uh home or not. "We musta' take no chance on missing our man," he says, judicial. "And as sheriff it's my duty to go where he's most apt t' be. So," he says, looking righteous, "I guess I better head for the ranch. You can take the outfit and go on to the sheep camp, and join me when the storm lets up. No objections, have yuh?"

"None whatever," says I—and I sure hadn't; for the camp wasn't more than six or eight miles, with the storm at my back. And the ranch he'd bid for was a good fifteen miles, and the rain beating in his face all the way; and when yuh got there, the old fellow that owned it was one uh these arguing jaspers that'll make a man plot murder by the time he's listened to him awhile. And the grub he sets up is something fierce. No, I was dead willing to take the pack outfit and the old sheep camp for mine.

So we parted company right there, and I took the pack-horse and started up the creek, and moseyed along for a mile or so, thinking how it don't pay a man to always be feeling for soft snaps. Then I turns a bend in the creek bottom I was following, and comes slap onto a suspicious-looking individual riding a K-L horse. He seen me at the same time and kinda pulled off sideways, like he was aiming to do the vanishing act. The K-L had been losing some bones, I'd heard, and the way the fellow acted didn't look to good to me. So I spurs up some to overtake him.

"Hi stranger!" I yells, "don't be in such a hurry!"

He was, though; and his hurry got more violent. So I took out my gun and cut down on him a couple uh times, and he pulled up reluctant and waited neck till I come up with him. I had a big hunch that I'd made a ten-strike accidental, and this was Bill Bruner. He sure eyed me unfriendly—but my gun was looking his

way, so he couldn't do nothing worse than scowl.

"What d'yuh want?" growls his nile, giving me and my gun the bad-eye.

"I just wanted to see the color uh your hair," I smiles back. "Yuh was going so fast I couldn't make sure whether it was red or not."

He looked plumb murderous. "Well," he snorted, "if you've found out, I'll ride on."

"Oh, I don't know," I says. "I was thinking we'd travel together, cully. I'm plumb lonesome. What did yuh say your name was?"

"Peter Marks," he snaps. "I'm a horse buyer, and in a hurry. And, hang yuh! what yuh holding me up this way for?"

I looked him over, and, near as I could recollect, he answered Cullen's description uh Bruner; so I settles down to business.

"Where did yuh get that K-L horse?" I asks.

"Bought him."

"Well," I says, "I'll gamble his owner wasn't none satisfied with the deal. But if yuh got the bill uh sale handy, dig it up; I know old Smith's handwrite."

He cursed some, but he didn't show up no bill uh sale. So I dug up the handcuffs Cullen had staked me to, and got 'em on him all right, and annexed his six-shooter. Then I headed him up creek for the camp, tickled to death at the way I'd put it all over Cullen. Yuh see, I was so new to the business I fair squeaked.

I heard him right along, and him cussing and explaining things by rans. But his explanations sounded some thin—which I won't say for the cussing; you could chop off chunks uh that with an axe. When we got up to the camp, a fellow came out and stood on the dry streak under the eaves, with his thumbs stuck in his chap-belt, and regarded us meditative.

"Hello, pardner?" I sings out. "Any room at the inn for me and my prototype?"

He looks at the irons on my prisoner, and grins. "Sure," he says, "if you got your own blankets, and

ain't too fastidious about the chuck. Say, how about smoking material? One uh the guests is plumb out and wants a smoke bad."

I got down and handed over my papers and tobacco, and told him who I was and who I'd got hobnobbed. He said he was mighty glad to see somebody that had nerve enough to take in Bill Bruner; he'd lost a couple uh good saddle horses himself, he said, and I could gamble he'd watch his nibs faithful while I picked the horses.

He had a good fire going when I got in, and when I unpacked and started to cook some supper, he pitched in and mixed as good flapjacks as I ever put my teeth into. Then he helped me search Bruner; and the first pass we made, we glommed a wad that stacked up over two thousand dollars. There was also a big, wicked jack knife, and a lot uh stuff that didn't amount to nothing.

I give the new man Bill Bruner's gun to keep whilst we stopped together; he didn't have one of his own, and he said he'd feed a heap better, camping with a horse thick, if he had something to shoot with.

So then, having warned Bill aplenty, I took the hobbles off his wrists and let him eat supper. He was a surly cuss, and mighty poor company, but the other fellow and me got real sociable and acquainted. His name was Fawn Ellety, and he'd been riding for the Seventy-Nine over on the Masselshell. He'd started over to strike the K-L for a Winter's job, and the storm headed him off, so he was going to lay up here till it quit raining. He'd got there about an hour before we pulled in. We found out we knew a lot uh the same fellows, so we was chumming to beat four of a kind before we got through eating.

After supper we smoked and talked, whilst Bill Bruner kept quiet and nursed the grouch he had against the world—and against me in particular. Then I found a deck uh cards on a shelf, and asked Fawn if he wanted to play. So we played pitch awhile. Then Bill he kinda come out from under his blanket uh gloom, and said

if we had nerve enough, and would give him back the roll we swiped off him, he'd take a hand at draw poker. I was agreeable, but Fawn said he wasn't loaded with dough, like our friend was, and couldn't stand anything higher than penny ante.

We used matches for chips, and played penny ante till Fawn said he was as near broke as he cared to be, and he guessed he'd have to draw out; but I'd been taking in matches off Bill Bruner till I felt plumb generous, so I stacked Fawn to all I'd won off Bill, and we went on playing.

Well, we played till the roosters would uh crowed, if there'd been any, and Fawn and me won quite a wad of Bruner's roll. He didn't seem none enthusiastic, and hinted strong that we was giving him the worst of it right along. Him and Fawn got to passing remarks considerable about it, and so I hobbled Bill again and told him to shut up and go to sleep. We went to bed, and I hid awhile listening to the rain singing its little song on the roof, and thinking uh Cullen's face when I hazed Bill over to him—and that was the last I knew for awhile.

When I come to, Fawn had a fire going in the stove that was there, and was whistling "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" kinda low while he cut bacon with his jack knife. I hid there a minute and listened to him. Then my prisoner turned over and commenced to cuss malignant, so I got up and pulled on my boots and told Fawn I'd cook the flapjacks.

"Looks like it was going to fair up," says Fawn. "I reckon we can pull out right after we eat. So if you want to take hold and get the rest uh the breakfast, I'll go wrangle the horses—yours and mine."

I said, "All right," and got busy. I was feeling pretty good, and willing to talk to somebody; but my prisoner turned sulky and wouldn't answer when I spoke, unless I grabbed the frying pan and offered to bat him over the head. We didn't converse none to speak of; I was using the frying pan constant for other things.

Time I had breakfast ready, Fawn

come in and said the horses was ready outside, and passed me up a compliment on mine, which I called Rabbit on account of him jumping high and long when he got strong out. He said he'd like to own that horse, if I'd sell him. But I wouldn't, and told him so emphatic.

"Well," he grins, "yuh want to keep cases on your friend Bruner, then; for I reckon that same cadillac is mighty tempting to a gent like him."

I made Bill Bruner help me pack, and Fawn held the horse for us. When we'd got the pack on, we started in to saddle up. I was just shaking out my saddle blanket, when somebody behind me yells: "Drop it!"—and it wasn't my prisoner, because he was in front uh me, where I could watch him.

I whirls around quick, and says! I like to fell over my jaw, it dropped so far and so sudden. Fawn he was standing there looking at us over two guns, and he was grinning kinda nasty, with his eyes drawn together till they looked like a wolf's. I wasn't raised in the woods; I've saw that look before. So I know when to pull my gun, and when not to commit suicide. I hangs right on to my little old Navajo and goes on shaking. "What t'ell, Fawn?" I inquires, like it was all a joke.

"Drop that blanket, Mr. Deputy, and put up your hands," he snaps, extremely business-like.

I done it. As I said, I wasn't raised in the woods. I ain't a plumb fool, like the kind yuh read about in stories, that jumps straight at a gen like that without bating an eye.

"Now, Mr. Prisoner, you take his gun and hand it over here—belt and all. And just dig up what money he's got on him. And don't be all day."

Well, my prisoner done it, and done it quick and thorough. He looked kinda dazed, but he didn't say nothing.

Fawn he tells my prisoner he'll trouble him for them two thousand dollars, and there's objections raised, and then a gun barks. I'm still scratching wood a foot higher than my head, and you can gamble I don't

turn around to rubber; but my ears is taking in great wads of information to make up for what my eyes is missing. I size it up that he shoots wide, and when his victim still shows some reluctance about handing over his roll, Fawn up and taps him on the head with one uh the guns. There's some language which I recognize emanating from my prisoner, and directly he's standing beside me and trying to scratch higher than I'm doing. We ain't either of us what you could call joyful.

"Mr. Deputy," says Fawn, and I judge he's conversing from the top of his horse. "I'm obliged to you for all these little tokens, and glad I met yuh."

"Go to the devil," I answers. "If yuh ask me, I'm plumb full uh regret."

"I'm grateful for all this money, and the pack outfit, and the horses—most especially your Rabbit horse which is a peach. Yuh needn't blast that poor devil's reputation no longer—I'll gamble he's a poor, harmless horse buyer, like he dawns. Any way, it's a cinch he ain't Bill Bruner—because I'm him. So long, boys."

We can hear him ride off, still whistling "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" kinda low and pensive. Lord! how I hate that tune! I turn my head and look at my prisoner, that ain't my prisoner no more, and he looks at me.

"You blasted horse-head, maybe you'll take a man's word next time," he growls.

I don't say anything back. So we stand there a minute longer, listening to the plunkety plunk of four horses galloping away over the wet sod. It sounded as dismal as anything I ever listened to—and the nearest ranch twenty miles off. When it comes kinda dim, we turn around and watch 'em set uh sight over a ridge where the sun is peeling at us sarcastic.

"A fine deputy, you are!" grunts the horse buyer, rubbin' a red welt at the edge of his hair. "A doggoned fine deputy!"

I aghs deep and regretful, but still don't say anything. It ain't my turn.

Learn to do One Thing Well

By Dr. Madison C. Peters in the Chicago Tribune

ONCE in a great while a man appears like Da Vinci, who, besides his devotion to painting and sculpture, excelled as architect, engineer, mechanic generally, botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy. He also was a poet and a splendid performer on the lyre. But such men are the exception and prove the contrary condition to be the rule.

Goethe said, "Wherever thou art, be all there." Agassiz was asked his opinion touching the chemical analysis of a plant. He answered: "I know nothing about chemistry." He was a naturalist. This is the age of the trained man—even specialists have their specialty. It does not pay to know everything. Only sophomores are omniscient.

The men who have been most successful in their callings have been the men of one idea, an all controlling idea, of which they made a hobby and which they rode to the mill, to market, and to meeting—about which they dreamed, talked, laughed, wept, and prayed. Columbus rode a hobby from court to court till he found two Jews, Louis de Santangel and Gabriel Sanchez, enormously rich merchants, who supplied the funds needed to fit out Columbus' caravels.

Morse was in Washington riding his hobby, the telegraph. One day, on leaving a congressman, the representative said to one of his constituents: "What do you think that old fool wants me to do? He wants me to help him to get a bill through Congress so as to stretch a wire from Baltimore to Washington, so that one fool over in Baltimore can talk to another fool over here in Washington."

Morse kept on riding his hobby until the telegraph encircles the globe and makes thought omnipresent. Harvey is distinguished for the circulation of the blood, and that alone. Arkwright, the cotton gin; Watts, the

steam engine; Fulton, the steamboat; Jenner, vaccination; Edison, electricity; Howe, the sewing machine; Garibaldi, liberty; Bismarck, the unification of Germany; Wendell Phillips, the abolition of slavery; Lincoln, emancipation.

President Hayes said to Major William McKinley on his entrance into Congress: "To achieve success and fame you must pursue some special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing—become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your specialty. Why not take up the subject of the tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame."

McKinley began studying the tariff, became the foremost authority on the subject, and the McKinley tariff bill made William McKinley president of the United States.

The miscellaneous man is well described by Pread:

His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to
roses;

It slips from politics to pens,
It glides from Mahomet to Moses,
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their courses;
And ending with some precept deep,
For skinning cells and shoeing
horses.

As with knowledge, so with work. The successful worker to-day is he who singles out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty, and to that devotes himself thoroughly. The specialist does not have to look for a job. The job is looking for him.

America is a poor country for the average man. Everything is crisscrossed—downstairs. There is room at the

top. The men who climb to lofty positions over the heads of a hundred others not always are men of conspicuous ability, but availability. The man who knows how to take hold of things by the handles has the call. The secret of most men's failure is mental dissipation, wandering energies, squandering energies upon a distracting variety of objects, instead of condensing them into one. He is not the diffused electricity, but the concentrated thunderbolt that is terrible in its power.

The gunnery that is most successful must play continually upon one point. Young's phrase, "Time elaborately thrown away," applies to the man who attempts to know or do everything. There is a business which is not business.

A personal friend said to Lincoln, "Mr. President do you really expect to end this war during this administration?"

"Can't say, sir."

"But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?"

"Peg away, sir; peg away; keep pegging away."

And "pegging away" did it. Cyrus Field spent thirteen years of anxious watchings and ceaseless toil, wandering in the forest of Newfoundland, in pelting rain, or on the deck of ships, on dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, crossing and recrossing the ocean fifty times before he at last laid the Atlantic cable.

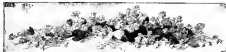
Industry is a good quality, but it

never will win without concentration. The man who dabbles in too many things, who scatters himself on several lines, divides his purpose, wastes his energies, smothers his enthusiasm, and usually fails. To succeed you must be unanimous with yourself. An old German proverb says: "To change and to change for the better are two different things."

It seldom is that the most brilliant men achieve the highest success, but the stickers. Perseverance is more effective than brilliancy. When President Johnson tried to drive Stanton from the cabinet Charles Sumner sent the secretary this message: "Stanton, stick." He stuck, and the nation benefited.

The men at the summit were not pulled to their positions. They pushed their way there. When Daniel Webster was speaking at Bunker Hill the crowd pressed so hard towards the platform, endangering those seated thereon, that Webster, seeing their peril, shouted to the people, "Keep back!" "It is impossible!" cried someone in the crowd. The orator exclaimed "Nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill!"

And few things are impossible to the persevering, invincibly determined man. You must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. The world admires and crowns the determined doer. Like the postage stamp—stick till you get there. The only "good time coming" you are justified in hoping for is that which you make for yourself.



Thoughts

By Ella Spink

If the people in this world knew to-day the power of right, generous, clear thoughts and the retarding stumbling power of wrong, fearful, hard thoughts, they would, methinks, turn on the searchlight of wisdom. They would find out just what and how they are thinking and then stem and turn the tide of thought into healthy, loving channels, gaining for themselves and those around them, better health, morals, higher and more spiritual understanding. This makes us ask, What are my thoughts? It is the beginning of new things; it is the still small voice. Angels are good thoughts and good thoughts are angels. Sickness is thought and so is sin. It is of great moment to understand this, because thought takes the form of firm belief and leads through suffering even to death if it is not changed and re-educated. Is it better to think of sickness and sin as realities or to think they are evils that can be overcome and that health is our God-given estate and that right is the master of wrong?

We do not know, most of us, when holding unkind, uncharitable, perhaps wicked, thoughts, that they do most surely revert on those who hold them and bring undesirable conditions. Webster states that indigestion is caused by bad temper. Hate, resentment, dishonesty, immorality depict themselves in like ways, such as rheumatism, fever, headache. It is necessary to really search our thought here because some hold wrong thoughts and are hardly conscious of it. They are more to be pitied than blamed; but ignorance has to be uncovered and corrected. What is the remedy for all this? If wrong thought causes such havoc, the only course to pursue is to substitute right thought; destroy hate with love, cultivate gentleness, patience and kindness, look for and see good, hunt up our neighbors' best

qualities, where before we saw only the worst and perhaps did not want to see the best. By holding these good thoughts ourselves, we uplift and help those who come in contact with us. You will hear a friend say: "Fine fellow, that Mr. Jones! He seems only to see the good in everyone. The other day I went to see him on a business deal, intending, without being actually dishonest, to slightly misrepresent things, thereby making my profit larger. I found I could not but be square with him. He trusts me so and seems to think the best of me."

If the thought is worry, trust God more, turn to the first Psalm and apply it practically to everyday needs. Our children do not worry, but know that they will be provided for. Is our Heavenly Father's love less than our human love? All good which we are capable of using properly is ours if we only open our eyes and see. Do not let any wrong thought rule you. Turn your face as the flowers do to the light.

Now, the world's thought for centuries has been: that life and intelligence is in matter, and that matter has a law to hold over us. Violating or disobeying that law, we must suffer. Consequently, we are afraid of this law of the flesh. We thought flesh had ills which we all were heir to, and nothing could prevent the liability. Now comes the precious news. Individual happiness and prosperity improves communities and causes national and international peace. Then, as our talents lie, some with the pen, some the song and others by the power of eloquence, let us write, sing or speak this new thought to the world.

Hungry and needy ones will say, "I'll try it. I'll change my thoughts. If my old way of thinking has led me into sin and error, I'll correct and start anew." But how can this be

done? There is a book written and published, the reading of which will so change the thoughts and old concepts that every erroneous condition of life is changed and even the good bettered. This book is called "Science and Health," with key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker G. Eddy. This book teaches mortal anew. Its teachings may at first seem visionary and even impossible, but as an actor was heard to say, if it did not do anything else for him it gave him peace of mind. It does more than that—it heals sickness and sin. It exposes the fallacy of material sense, regarding man, and takes him, through spiritual sense, to his at-one-ment with God—God, the only cause and creator and the principle of man and all his actions.

Suppose yourself in a sick room where the doctor has pronounced the case hopeless. The relatives grieve

and sorrow, but think it is hopeless. The patient resigns himself and knows no alternative but to die. Some one understanding the teachings of Christian Science, the science of Christ, puts to practical use what he has read and the second verse of the eighth chapter of Romans, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made you free from the law of sin and sickness."

An English Earl's wife, in India, had her hands loosened after eight years' suffering, by reading "Health and Science." Hundreds and thousands bear testimony to the healing of right thoughts and changed beliefs. If you had a fortune unexpectedly left you, old conditions or what others thought would not prevent you from accepting your heritage. Now this truth is more than fortune. Let everyone see they take their share.



Attractions of Eastern Canada

Intercolonial Railway's Series of Booklets

Attractions of the Maritime Provinces for the Tourist and Sportsman—
Well Illustrated and Excellently Printed Booklets, Which Should be Read by All

Eastern Canada possesses attractions for the tourist and sportsman unsurpassed by any other portion of North America. Glowing skies, magnificent coast scenery, behind which lurk lovely harbors, rivers leading to lakes which Frochette calls "sapphires dropped from the caudata of fairies"; forests of pine, spruce, waving birch and "quivering poplar," dark cedar and brilliant maple, and withal the cool air, which is life to the weary resident of the city who is fortunate enough to visit this land. For the sportsman these rivers and bays abound with fish of all descriptions, and in no part of America is there so much game, moose, caribou, deer, bear, etc.

For the lover of history and romance there are also many interests. Long before the Pilgrims landed on the gusty coast of New England venturesome fishermen from St. Malo and elsewhere in the old world came to ply their calling in the northern waters, which Jacques Cartier named the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleurs in 1534, and around the coasts of which, now forming the shores of the Province of Quebec and northern New Brunswick, linger the shadows of romance, fame and glory.

To present a few of the attractions of this beautiful summer land, which notwithstanding the thousands who travel over the road each year is yet a veritable terra incognita to the average tourist and sportsman, the passenger department of the Intercolonial Railway has prepared a beautiful and useful series of booklets. For general information this series is far in advance of anything of the kind ever presented to the public by this railway before, and should be in the hands of everyone seeking rest and sport.

The first of these publications is entitled "Tours to Summer Haunts." It is a pamphlet of some hundred pages, printed on coated book paper and generously illustrated with art-

istic half-tone reproductions of scenes incident to the text, with sub-heads in marginal indent, supplementing which is a schedule of tours and excursions from Montreal to the principal points of interest in the Maritime Provinces. The text details the character of the country, the historic and scenic points of interest, and facilities offered to visitors of rod and gun, all interesting and instructive reading for even those who have no opportunity of visiting the places described. Then follow "Fishing and Hunting," "The Hunting Grounds of the Miramichi," "A Week in the Canadian Woods," "Big Game of the Southwest Miramichi" and "The Maritime Express," all of which are eminently practical subjects, indicated by their respective titles.

"Fishing and Hunting" has the game laws of the different provinces compiled in addition to tabulated information concerning the varieties of game and fish to be found in each locality along the whole line. It is a splendid effort to present desired information in concise form, and meets the requirements admirably.

"The Hunting Grounds of the Miramichi" presents to its readers a short historical reference to the tribe for which it is named, and directs the lovers of rod and gun where to find victims.

"A Week in the Canadian Woods" and "Big Game of the Southwest Miramichi" informs the hunter and tourist of the attractions of the territories indicated by the names.

"The Maritime Express" is really an annotated time-table describing the locality of each station, and giving valuable information regarding business, sport and other data necessary or desired by travelers from Montreal to the eastern termini of the road.

The booklets are legibly printed, well illustrated with half-tones, and each has a full four-page map of the country traversed by the railroad.

The Weir Wardrobe of Canada

Phenomenal Success of Rod, Wire's Pant Industry

In the pioneer days of Canada the matter of store fixtures was of minor importance to the average storekeeper and was looked upon more as a luxury than a necessity. Few merchants could in any way realize the benefit that might be derived by the adoption of new and modern fittings for the purpose of store fixture economy.

Little by little and step by step a better class of fixtures appeared in the better class stores, and the average

lookout for any means by which he may minimize the cost of displaying and marketing his merchandise.

Few stores can be found so well manipulated that in them shop-worn goods may not be seen—goods which not only lock up a certain amount of capital which might be better utilized in other ways but render the merchant dissatisfied every time they come to his notice, without his knowing exactly how to dispose of them without monetary loss.



OFFICERS OF THE WEIR WARDROBE CO.

E. L. MOTT,
Superintendent.

ROD. WEIR,
Managing Director.

A. A. MERRITT,
Sec. Treas.

merchant, in order to protect himself, felt called upon to adopt as a measure the method of his more prominent and successful competitor.

One of the greatest innovations within the last few years has been the wardrobe system, which less than five years ago was looked upon with ridicule by some, and by others as a detriment rather than a help to the successful handling and selling of ready-to-wear stocks.

In times such as these, when every merchant has to battle with the fiercest competition the world has ever known, it behooves him to be on the

In clothing or ready-to-wear stores where goods are kept in piles on tables, the general inclination of the salesman is to show the newest and brightest goods, thinking that the prospective customer must know the old-timers as well as he does himself, which, by the way, is in many cases an erroneous idea. The fresher goods in this way are usually to be found on the top of the piles, while the goods at the bottom are seldom, if ever, shown, especially as the salesman, thinking the chances for their sale so very slight, is only too willing to refrain from upsetting a pile of thirty

or forty garments and make himself extra work, as he considers, for nothing.

With the use of the wardrobe system, the goods being hung and classified according to their various sizes, such a state of things is done away with, as the salesman, in drawing out an extension slide with all one size garments on it, is compelled to show not only the new goods, but the old ones as well, and in many cases the customer seeing them on an equal

wardrobe system in these stores so enhanced the value of the garment hung therein that it became apparent that instead of being a luxury the wardrobe was an absolute necessity to any merchant carrying ready-to-wear garments if he wished to keep his stock in proper saleable shape.

The aforementioned facts led to the origin of what is now known throughout Canada as the Weir Wardrobe System.

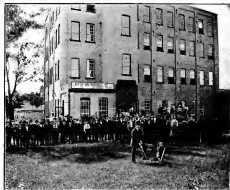
The patentee, Mr. Roderic Weir,

the stamp of "ready-made" plainly visible.

Mr. Weir, after working for eighteen months and obtaining several patents and improvements on his original wardrobe ideas, commenced in a small way to exploit and place his goods upon the market, deciding that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander and when it had been proved that a certain brand of clothing could be sold better, kept better, and have a greater intrinsic value by the use of the wardrobe system,

ment for charter, he formed a company in Winnipeg, and from there operated, having all the goods manufactured, for a time, in Ontario.

Realizing the great increase in his western business and the importance of not localizing the output of the company, he went to Ontario and there obtained a sufficient volume of business to warrant the purchase of a factory for the company's own exclusive use. For this purpose, the company was re-organized and an Ontario charter, under the name of the



Mr. Wm. Threshold Tearing Firm Out for Addition to Weir Wardrobe Factory.

level decides in favor of a garment which has perhaps been in stock for a considerable time.

Again, one of the greatest benefits of the wardrobe system is that space may be used from the floor to the ceiling instead of the old way of merely utilizing the centre of the store.

After a great struggle to overcome the prejudice of a number of the leading merchants, exclusive stores were opened and primitive wardrobes installed. Crude as they were, the

having studied and had personal experience in the handling of ready-to-wear garments in both manners, felt that the time had now come when all merchants seeking to improve their business and enhance the value of their stock would be open to purchase a fixture which would not only benefit themselves but be a labor-saving device to their salesman and insure their goods going to the customer in a fresh and bright state instead of the old manner of sending goods out with



Successor McMillan Laying Corner Stone of new Addition.

there was no reason why any vendor of ready-to-wear garments should not have the same opportunity to place himself and his goods on a par with any others, provided that all things were equal, the object being to put on the market a wardrobe system which would fill the requirements and at the same time not be of such an expensive nature that it would become a drag on any merchant, however small, who might wish to purchase it.

Applying to the Manitoba Govern-

Weir Wardrobe Co., of Canada, Limited, capitalized at \$100,000, was obtained, and men of the highest business integrity became the stockholders of the new company. Mr. Weir continuing his previous position as managing director.

A factory was purchased at Mount Forest, a solid brick structure, four stories high, which looked at the starting point to be far too large for the requirements of the business. Today, after 15 months' occupancy of

the original building, the company have erected and are now occupying an addition to it, a building that gives three times the original floor space, and tenders are now out for the erection of new dry kilns, which when completed, will make the Weir Wardrobe factory of Mount Forest one of the finest buildings of its kind in Canada. The buildings, kilns, engine houses, boiler houses, stables, etc., and lumber yards, cover a space of over three acres, while the offices and show rooms of the company are on a par with anything that can be seen in any factory. The lawns in front of the factory and the model way in which the building itself is kept makes it one of not only beauty and utility, but of benefit to the people living in the surrounding district.

The factory has capacity for 150 hands, and the company, starting as it did, a one-man game, less than four years ago, shows a progress which certainly says much for the demand of up-to-date store fixture appliances throughout Canada.

Mr. Weir's patents cover various unique and labor-saving devices, amongst them being metal roller-bearing extension slides, flexible store wardrobes, collapsible staircases for ascending to the top of wardrobes, suit counters, and over twenty different designs in combination house wardrobes, made either for men's or women's use, from a modest price up to the highest grade that the most fastidious could wish for.

The company employs a number of the brightest salesmen on the road, their western business being in charge of Messrs. Rutten and Chipman, who take entire control of the same with very satisfactory results.

Silent salesmen, show cases and fixtures for general store equipment, are shortly to be added to the lines this firm make, and any merchant wishing to re-construct his store will be able to place it in the hands of this

energetic firm, both with confidence as to their ability to advise what is best and the sure knowledge that for anything he may purchase he will receive the fair market value.

The Manitoba charter still continues in force for the exploiting and disposal in other countries of their various patents, a company being formed in the United States and a factory purchased at Mason City, Iowa, under the style of the Weir Wardrobe Co. of America, which is operating very successfully.

Mr. Weir hopes shortly to leave for Europe and form a company there for the manufacture of their goods in Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries.

The town of Mount Forest, in the county of Wellington, Province of Ontario, where the home of the Weir Wardrobe Co. is located for Canada, is most liberally endowed with all the qualifications necessary to become a first-class manufacturing centre, several good factories being already located there.

Surrounded by a beautiful country with two railroads running through it, and carrying with the above cheap rent and produce, it is a point which any mechanic or workman employed in a factory might be only too pleased to make his home.

The difficulty in securing good mechanical labor at certain times makes this a very important feature, as there is every opportunity for factories coming to a town of this class to keep their employees for any reasonable length of time under such conditions.

A spur track is in contemplation through the centre of the manufacturing district and parties on the lookout for first-class opportunities wherewith to establish a manufacturing industry, could not do better than lay their proposition before the Board of Trade at Mount Forest, from whom they would receive most generous treatment.

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. ■ ■ ■

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How I Saw the Monitor-Merriam FightNew England
To Khartoum. Sir Henry CraikCornhill
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A Reserve of Rifles—Essential Item of Defense. Spectator (May 18)

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Art as a Factor in the Struggle for Evidence. Felix ClayMonthly Review

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

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The Telephone Exchange. S. J. LelandWorld To-day
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Canada's Excuse for Exclusion. Douglas HallOverland Monthly
How Stockbrokers "Heat Up" Business. R. BedfordGrand
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Largest Hydraulic Gold Mine in the World. H. H. Livingston
.....Technical World
Six Wheeled Motor Cars. D. BeacroftTechnical World
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 Two Girls on a Trolley Trip. Mary Mullett. Ladies' Home Journal
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CONDITIONAL SALES ACTS. Annotated by Mr. Justice Barron. Toronto: The Curwell Co., Limited. This is a new edition of a work first published by Judge Barron in 1898, and which has been of great service to the legal fraternity, and should be a useful handbook for business men generally.

Sporting.

TEXT BOOK OF JU-JUTSU. As practised in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi. London: Health and Strength Library. Cloth, 2s. 6d. A book on the art of Japanese wrestling, with all the various operations of attack and defense clearly illustrated with cinematographic pictures.

KNOTS AND SPLICES. By Captain Justus, Cardiff. Glasgow: James

Brown & Son. Cloth, 1s. This appears to be a very useful little book, particularly to amateur yachtsmen. It contains a complete exposition of the art of knotting and splicing ropes; each particular knot or splice being illustrated by a diagram.

Historical.

GREATEST FACT IN MODERN HISTORY. By Whitelaw Reid. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth. This is an attractively printed brochure containing an address which was delivered by the American Ambassador to England, before the Senate of Cambridge University, at their solicitation. Mr. Reid graphically and tersely glances over the course of events which led up to, and culminated in, the revolution of the American colonies. The revolution he characterizes as the greatest fact in modern history.

IN THE DAYS OF GOLDSMITH. By Tudor Jenks. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cloth, illustrated, \$1 net. The latest addition to the Lives of Great Writers Series by the same author, in which have already appeared biographies of Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare and Scott. The writer treats his Goldsmith in a sympathetic manner, trying to get away from the caricatures delineations of earlier bio-

graphics, who drew their inspiration from the figure portrayed in Boswell's Johnson.

Fiction.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BEAVER. By S. M. Baylis. Toronto: William Briggs. Book of short stories and poems. The stories deal with Canadian subjects, the scenes of most of them being laid in French Canada. The author makes loyalty to Canadian institutions and Canadian aspirations a prominent feature. The local coloring is excellent and the literary style of more than ordinary merit.

CRUISE OF THE SHINING LIGHT. By Norman Dimeson. Toronto: Henry Frowde. \$1.25. A tale of the bleak Labrador coast, with a love story cast among the simple fisher folk. A character worth studying in the paradoxical old salt, Nicholas Top.

SECRET, THE. By E. P. Oppenheimer. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. Cloth, \$1.25. A secret of international diplomacy, forms the backbone of this twentieth century romance. How a wealthy young Englishman becomes involved in this secret and how, working in conjunction with a man supposed to be dead, he passes through all manner of dangers to save his country, is its main theme. A subsidiary interest is interwoven in the person of a young American woman, who is at first hostile and afterwards friendly to the hero's side in the struggle.

STRONG MAN'S VOW. By Joseph Hooking. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. Cloth, \$1.25. Like all Mr. Hooking's stories, this is intensely interesting, being the history of a vow taken by an ignorant and unsmooth youth, to marry the beautiful daughter of the Lord of the County. How he rose from his humble position, and how his vow was fulfilled forms the basis of the story, which has an unexpected but happy ending.

MR. PERKINS OF PORTLAND. By E. F. Butler. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. \$1. The pages of this

book are full of fun of a socio-comic type. The vagaries of Mr. Perkins run along one line, that of advertising. His fertile brain seizes upon the most unlikely things and converts them into sources of untold wealth by the Midas-like touch of his advertising genius. To him who reads between the lines the author appeals to be poking fun at the gullibility of the great American public. But, then it is a kindly fun. He laughs with, not at them, and is easily forgiven. Mr. Butler wrote "Pigs is Pigs," a story well known to all readers of "Busy man's."

PRINCESS VIRGINIA. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Toronto: Mission Book Company. Cloth, \$1.25. The love story of a princess of the blood royal and the young Emperor of Rhastia. The princess, who had lived in seclusion until her twentieth year, determined to win the love of the emperor. Assuming the name of Miss Helen Mowbray, she went with her mother to Rhastia. By fortunate chance she met the monarch under somewhat remarkable circumstances. Later she was instrumental in saving his life. The outcome, after several trying experiences, was what would naturally be expected.

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theman, sadly. I'm afraid you've been drinking. I can smell it in your breath."

Robert didn't deny the impeachment—in fact, he couldn't—and just remained speechless, his eyes fixed on the ground in front of him.

"Now, Robert," continued the minister, "you never smell the odor of liquor in my breath."

"No, sir; I never did," was Robert's reply; then, in a most anxious tone of voice, he added: "What d'ye do for it?"

...

Prior to the last solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for his sergeant and observed: "There will be an eclipse of the sun to-morrow. The regiment will meet on the parade ground in madras uniforms. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed as usual."

Whereupon the sergeant drew up the following order of the day: "To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on the parade ground, where the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

...

Two fishermen named Smith, living near each other, had met with misfortune, the one having lost his wife and the other his boat.

A lady visitor called on the one who had lost his boat, thinking it was the one who had lost his wife. "Good morning, Mr. Smith. I am sorry to hear of your loss."

"Oh, it ain't much matter, marm. She wasn't up to much."

"Dear me, you don't say so."

"Aye, she was a rickety old crock. When I went out with her I was always in danger of my life. Indeed, I offered her to my maid only last week, but he wouldn't have her. I have had my eye on another for some time now."

But the lady could stand no more of the old man's denigration of the weaker sex, and hurriedly took her departure.

An Irishman had to go to law, and in consultation with his counsel he was told that he had a good fighting chance. Paddy who was anxious to win the case, was meditative for a moment, and then he said:

"Do you think it would be any good to send the judge a pair of ducks?"

"No, no; you mustn't do that," said his lawyer. "If you send him a pair of ducks he will be sure to decide the case against you."

A day or so later the case was heard, and Paddy won with flying colors. In the course of the congratulations Paddy remarked:

"It was just as well I sent the judge them ducks."

"What?" exclaimed counsel. "Did you send the ducks?"

"Yes," said Paddy, quite pleased with himself: "But after what you said I sent them from the man on the other side."

...

"John, the cook has left—"

"Now, Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office all tired out and hungry—"

"But, John, dear, I merely want to say the cook has left—"

"Yes, I know you merely want to say. And I merely want to say that it's a great shame that this household is eternally disorganized. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why—"

"John Smith, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding, and a pint of sherry on the dining-room table for you."

"Well, Gwendolyn, why is the name of common intelligence didn't you say that at first?"

...

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Eutychus, the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling out of a window, was taken up dead.

"What," he asked, "do you learn from this solemn event?"

The reply from a little girl came: "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

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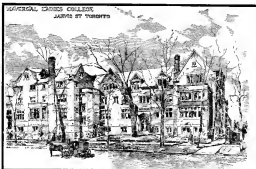
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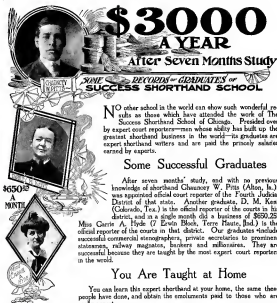
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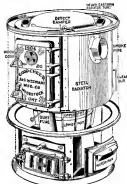
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